THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

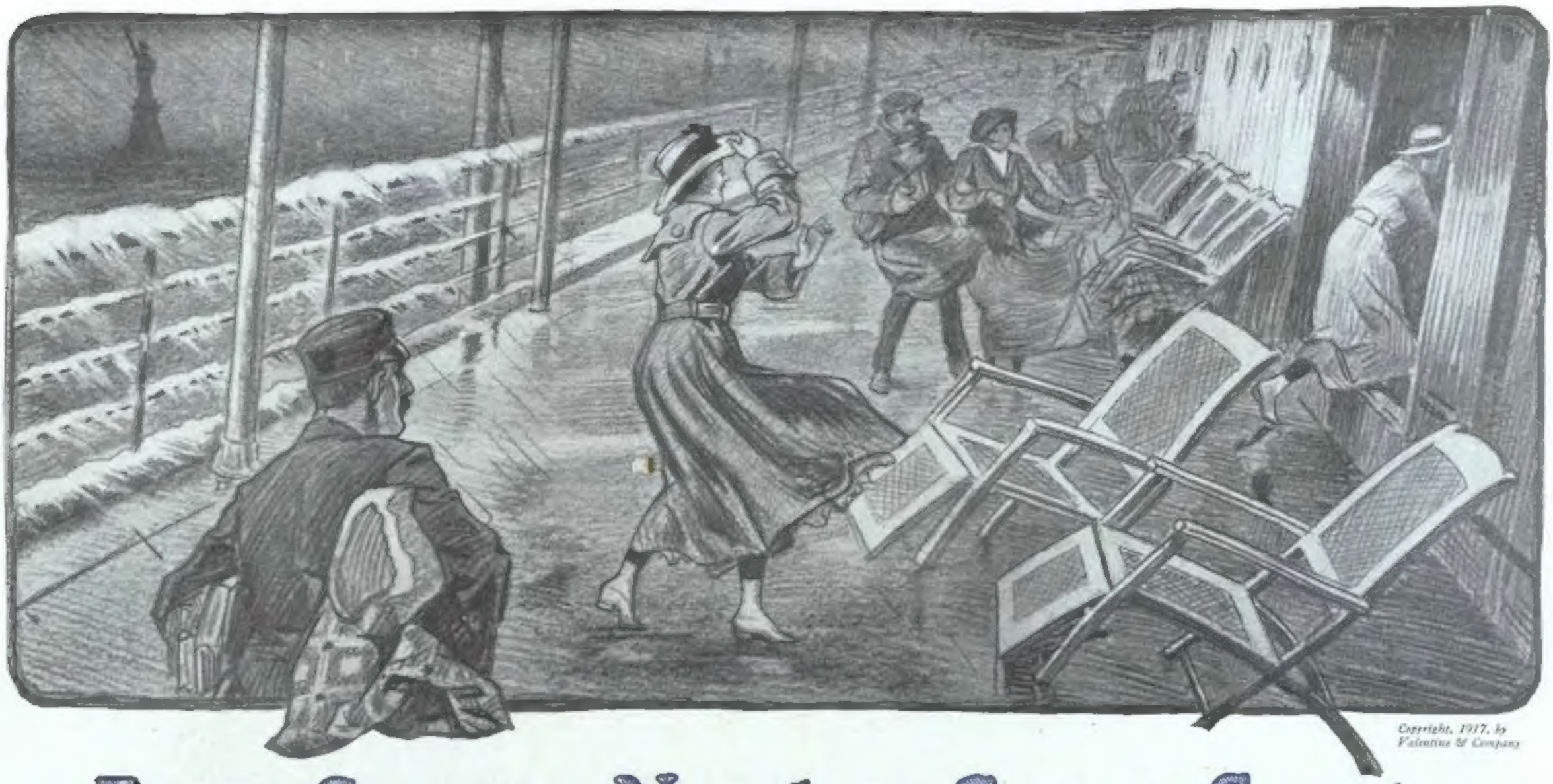
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 29, 1917 — 5cts. THE COPY

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a one cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

PAINTED
BY NEYSA McMEIN

FLAVIUS BEST, PINXIT



Copyright, 1917, by
Valentine & Company

From Stormy North to Sunny South the "Great White Fleet" uses Valspar

The United Fruit Company first tried Valspar on several thousand steamer-chairs. Here the service was very severe. Standing on the decks, they were exposed to the extreme of cold salt spray, rain and snow. Almost overnight they went into the other extreme—tropical sunshine.

This severe test, including rain, snow, salt water, sun—all ruinous to ordinary varnish—demonstrated the unusual quality of Valspar. After months of exposure the varnished surface was as bright as new, unharmed and unspotted. Imagine how long your varnished floor or dining-table would last under this treatment!

The result of practical tests was so conclusive that the "Great White Fleet" now uses Valspar on all its steamers. Every bit of varnished work, inside and out—even the pianos on these modern ocean-hotels—is finished with Valspar.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

This great organization tested Valspar in every way—in laboratory by chemists, in actual use on their well-known steamships. Such tests the houseowner never could make, but you may benefit by the tests of the United Fruit Company.

You need Valspar in your bathrooms, kitchen, laundry, pantry; in your halls, on the front doors, and on all your furniture, because it is spot-proof and water-proof—in fact, the way to keep Valspar bright and new is to wash it freely. Examine your woodwork carefully, note the many shabby spots where Valspar if used would not become shabby. Valspar has no substitute.

SPECIAL OFFER

Test Valspar in your home, in your own way, under the severest conditions you can devise. To make it easy, we will supply a small can for 20c in stamps, enough to make a real test. Send today, to VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Established 1832

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

New York Chicago Boston
Toronto London Amsterdam

TRADE VALENTINES VARNISH MARK

W. P. FULLER & CO.
San Francisco and Principal Pacific Coast Cities

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

He Fathers Punctuality

A PROUD godfather is kindly Big Ben, when baby first peeps at the world. He shares the joy of mother and dad—and their new duties, *too*.

He lends two willing hands for molding little lives. He helps make better men for Father Time.

From the wee small hours of infancy till twilight of old age, Big Ben is true to his trust. He's a faithful friend through life.

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Back of Big Ben stands a community of clock-makers. Each year they build more than four million alarms—accurate, long-lived, almost friction-free. And Big Ben is their masterpiece.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's; $2.50 in the States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Meter

Directions for Washing
White Corduroy
1. Wash in warm soapy water (Ivory Soap) until clean.
2. Boil one-half hour in soapy water (Ivory Soap).
3. Rinse in warm clean water; change water three times.
4. Rinse in cold blueing water.
5. Don't wring or squeeze.
6. Hang to drip dry, (in open air if possible).
7. Don't iron.
8. Unless the above directions are strictly followed you will not get satisfactory results.

CORDUROY and other fabrics which, at first glance, seem to require for their cleaning, something other than soap and water, can be washed as easily and successfully as any so-called "washable" material if one is particular to use Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap makes so great a difference in soap and water washing because it is free from the injurious ingredients that make ordinary soap unsafe for many things. By introducing into laundry work a cleanser that is mild, white, pure and as harmless as water itself, Ivory Soap makes safe the washing of almost everything.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

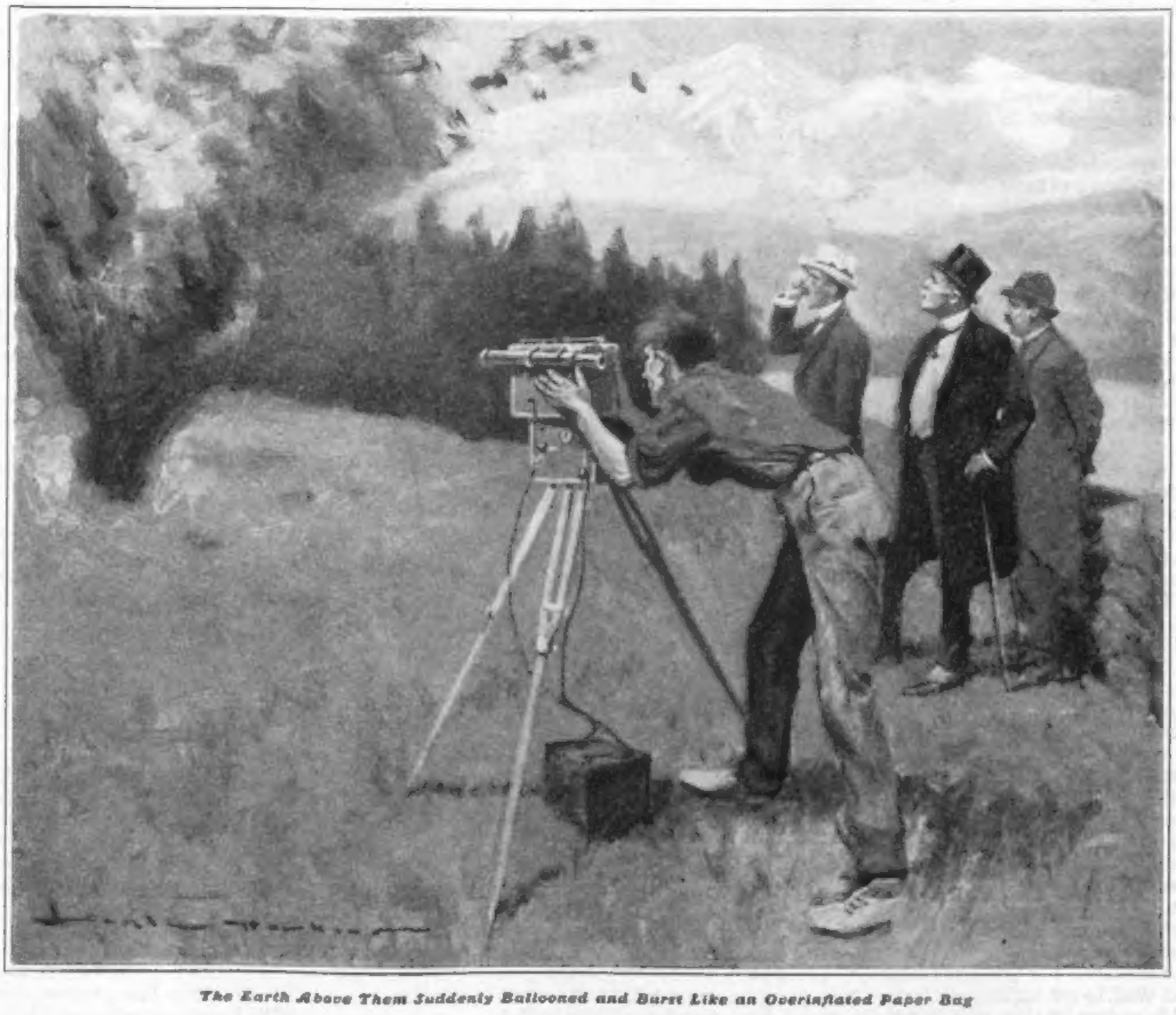
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917* *Number 13*

PLAIN GERMAN

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS



The Earth Above Them Suddenly Ballooned and Burst Like an Overinflated Paper Bag

BEYOND the arcaded sidewalks, whose square-pillared arches stand before the house fronts like cloisters, the streets of Thun were channels of standing sunlight, radiating heat from every cobblestone. Herr Haase, black-coated and white-waistcoated, as for a festival, his large blond face damp and distressful, came panting into the hotel with the manner of an exhausted swimmer climbing ashore. In one tightly gloved hand he bore a large and bulging linen envelope.

"Pfui!" he puffed, and tucked the envelope under one arm in order to take off his green felt hat and mop himself. "*Aber*—what a heat!"

The brass-buttoned hotel porter, asprawl in a wicker chair in the hall, lowered his newspaper and looked up over his silver spectacles. He was comfortably unbuttoned here and there, and had omitted to shave that morning, for this was July, 1916, and since the war had turned Switzerland's tourists into Europe's cannon fodder he had run somewhat to seed.

"Yes, it is warm," he agreed, without interest, and yawned. "You have come to see"—he jerked his head toward the white staircase and its strip of red carpet—"to see him—not? He is up there. But what do you think of the news this morning?"

Herr Haase was running his handkerchief round the inside of his collar.

"To see him! I have come to see the Herr Baron von Steinlach," he retorted crossly. "And what news are you talking about now?"

He continued to pant and wipe while the porter read from his copy of the Bund the German official communiqué of the previous day's fighting on the Somme. But his small eyes traveled to the porter's heavy face in brief glances of veiled keenness.

"I don't like it!" said the porter when he had finished. "It looks as if we were losing ground. Those English ——"

Herr Haase pocketed his handkerchief and took the large envelope in his hand again. He was a bulky middle-aged man, one of whose professional qualifications was that he looked and sounded commonplace, the type of citizen who is the patron of beer gardens, wars of aggression, and the easily remembered catchwords that are the whole political creed of his kind. His appearance was the bushel under which his secret light burned profitably; it had indicated him for his employment as a naturalized citizen of Switzerland and the tenant of the pretty villa on the hill above Thun, whence he drove his discreet and complicated traffic in those intangible wares whose market is the Foreign Office in Berlin. He interrupted curtly.

"Don't talk to me about the English!" he puffed. "*Gott strafe England!*"

He stopped; the porter was paid by the same hand as himself. The hall was empty save for themselves. His large face fell from its fussy irritation to a harsh quiet.

"The English," he went on, "are going to have a surprise!"

"Eh?" The slovenly man in the chair gaped up at him stupidly; Herr Haase added to his words the emphasis of a nod and walked on to the stairs.

In the corridor above, a row of white-painted bedroom doors had each its number. Beside one of them a tall young man was sunk spinelessly in a chair, relaxed to the still warmth of the day. He made as if to rise as Herr Haase approached, swelling for an instant to a drilled and soldierly stature; but, recognizing him, he sank back again.

"He's in there," he said languidly. "Knock for yourself."

"*Schlappschwanz!*" remarked Herr Haase indignantly, and rapped upon the door.

A voice within the apartment answered indistinctly; Herr Haase, removing his hat, opened the door and entered.

The room was a large one, a hotel bedroom converted into a sitting room, with tall French windows opening on a little veranda, with a view across the lime trees of the garden to the blinding silver of the Lake of Thun and the eternal snow fields of the Bernese Oberland. Beside the window and before a little spindle-legged writing table a man sat; he turned his head as Herr Haase entered. "*Ach! Der gute Haase!*" he exclaimed.

Herr Haase, black frock coat, protuberant white waistcoat and all, brought his patent-leather heels together with a click and bowed like a T-square.

"*Excellenz!*" he said in a strange loud voice, rather like a man in a trance. "Your Excellency's papers, received by the train arriving from Bern at 11:35."

He marched across the room, laid the bulky envelope on the writing table, fell back three paces and stood waiting.

The other smiled, raising to him a pink and elderly face with a clipped white mustache and heavy tufted brows under which the faint blue eyes were steady and ironic. He was a large man—great in the frame and massive; his movements had a sure, unhurried deliberation; and authority, the custom and habit of power, clad him like a garment. Years and the moving forces of life had polished him as running water polishes a stone; the Baron von Steinlach showed to Herr Haase a countenance supple as a hand and formidable as a fist.

"Thank you, my good Haase," he said in his strong deliberate German. "You look hot. This sun, eh? Poor fellow!"

But he did not bid him sit down; instead he turned to the linen envelope, opened it, and shook out upon the table its freight of lesser envelopes, typed papers and newspaper clippings. Deliberately, but yet with a certain discrimination and efficiency, he began to read them.

Herr Haase, whose new patent-leather boots felt red-hot to his feet, whose shirt was sticking to his back, whose collar was melting, watched him expressionlessly.

"There is a cloud of dust coming along the lake road," said the baron presently, glancing through the window. "That should be Captain von Wetten in his automobile. We shall see what he has to tell us, Haase."

"At your orders, Excellency," deferred Herr Haase.

"Because"—the baron touched one of the papers before him—"this news, Haase, is not good. It is not good. And this discovery here, if it be all that is claimed for it, should work miracles." He glanced up at Herr Haase and smiled. "Not that I think miracles can ever be worked by machinery," he added.

This was outside Herr Haase's range, but he did not flinch.

"No, *Excellenz*," he agreed firmly.

It was ten minutes after this that the column of dust on the lake road delivered its core and cause in the shape of a tall man, who knocked once at the door and strode in without waiting for an answer. To Herr Haase's clicked heels and bow he made no return, save a stare; to the baron he bowed perfunctorily.

"Ah, my dear Von Wetten," said the baron pleasantly. "It is hot, eh?"

"An oven!" replied Von Wetten curtly. "This place is an oven. And the dust—— *Ach!*"

The elder man made a gesture of sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "Sit down; sit down. Haase, that chair!"

And Herr Haase, who controlled a hundred and twelve subordinates, who was a Swiss citizen and a trusted secret agent, brought the chair and placed it civilly, neither expecting nor receiving thanks. He stood back upon his burning feet and prepared to listen.

The newcomer was perhaps twenty-eight years of age, tall, large in the chest and little in the loins, with a narrow, neatly chiseled face which fell naturally to a chill and glassy composure. Officer was written on him as clearly as a brand; his very quiet clothes sat on his drilled and ingrained formality of posture and bearing as noticeably as a mask and domino; he needed a uniform to make him inconspicuous. He picked up his dangling monocle, screwed it into his eye and sat back.

"And now?" inquired the baron agreeably. "And now, my dear Von Wetten, what have you to tell us?"

"Well, *Excellenz*——" Captain von Wetten hesitated. "As a matter of fact, I've arranged for you to see the thing yourself this afternoon."

The baron said nothing—merely waited, large and still against the light of the window, which shone on the faces of the other two.

Captain von Wetten shifted in his chair awkwardly.

"At five, *Excellenz*," he added; "it'll be cooler then. You see, Herr Baron, it's not the matter of the machine—I've seen that all right—it's the man."

"So!" The explanation, which explained nothing to Herr Haase, seemed to satisfy the baron. "The man, eh? But you say you have seen the machine. It works?"

"It worked all right this morning," replied Von Wetten. "I took my own explosives with me, as you know—some French and English rifle cartridges and an assortment of samples from gun charges and marine mines. I planted some in the garden. The place was all pitted already with little craters from his experiments; and some, especially the mine stuff, I threw into the lake. The garden's on the edge of the lake, you know. Well, he got out his machine—a thing like a photographic camera, rather, on a tripod, turned it this way and that till it pointed to my explosives, and—pop!—off they went like a lot of fireworks. Pretty neat, I thought."

"Ah!" The baron's elbow was on his desk and his head rested in his hand. "Then it is—what that Italian fellow said he had made discoveries concerning in 1914. Infra-red rays, he called them. What was his name, now?"

"Never heard of him," said Von Wetten.

From the background, where Herr Haase stood among the other furniture, came a cough.

"Oliver," suggested Herr Haase mildly.

The baron jerked a look at him.

"No, not Oliver," he said. "Ulivi—that was it; Ulivi! I remember at the time we were interested because, if the fellow could do what he claimed——" He broke off. "Tell me," he demanded of Von Wetten; "you are a soldier; I am only a diplomat. What would this machine mean in war—in this war, for instance? Suppose you were in command upon a sector of the Front; that in the trenches opposite you were the English; and you had this machine. What would be the result?"

"Well!" Von Wetten deliberated. "Pretty bad for the English, I should think," he decided.

"But how, man? How?" persisted the baron. "In what way would it be bad for them?"

Von Wetten made an effort; he was not employed for his imagination.

"Why"—he hesitated—"because—I suppose the cartridges would blow up in the men's pouches and in the machine-gun belts; and then the trench-mortar ammunition and the hand grenades—well, everything explosive would simply explode! And then we'd go over to what was left of them and it would be finished." He stopped abruptly. "*Aber*——" he began excitedly.

The old baron lifted a hand and quelled him.

"The machine you saw this morning, which you tested, will do all this?" he insisted.

There was no change in his voice or in the strong deliberation of his manner, and he did not move in his chair; but

"Did You Ever See a Swiss Who Carried a Mark Like That?" He Cried, His Voice Breaking to a Screech

Herr Haase forgot his feet in a sudden thrill of emotion that seemed to swell upon the air of the room.

Von Wetten was staring at the baron. Upon the question, he let his monocle fall and seemed to consider.

"I—I don't see why not," he replied.

The baron nodded thrice very slowly. Then he glanced up at Herr Haase. "Then miracles are worked by machinery, after all," he said.

Herr Haase creaked his agonizing boots, but had no answer. The baron surveyed him thoughtfully, resting his eyes on him as a man rests his arm on a table. Then he turned again to Von Wetten.

"Well?" he said. "And the man? We are forgetting the man; I think we generally do—we Germans. What is the difficulty about the man?"

Von Wetten shrugged.

"The difficulty is that he won't name his price," he answered. "Don't understand him! Queer, shambling sort of fellow, all hair and eyes, with the scar of an old cut or something across one side of his face. Keeps looking at you as if he hated you! Showed me the machine readily enough; consented to every test—even offered to let me take my stuff to the other side of the lake, three miles away, and explode it at that distance. But when it came to terms all he'd do was look the other way and mumble."

"What did you offer him?" demanded the baron.

"My orders, Your Excellency," answered Captain von Wetten formally, "were to agree to his price, but not to attempt negotiations in the event of difficulty over the terms. That was reserved for Your Excellency. Therefore I made the appointment for Your Excellency at five o'clock."

"H'm!" The baron nodded. "Quite right," he approved. "Quite right; there is something in this. Men have their price, but sometimes they have to be paid in curious currency. By the way, how much money have we?"

Herr Haase, a mere living ache inhabiting the background, replied. "I am instructed, *Excellenz*, that my check will be honored at sight here for a million marks," he answered in the loud hypnotized voice of the drill ground. "But there is, of course, no limit."

The baron gave him an approving nod.

"No limit," he said. "That is the only way to do things—no limit in money or anything else! Well, Haase can bring the car round at—what time, Von Wetten?"

"Twenty minutes to five!" Von Wetten threw the words over his shoulder.

"And I shall lunch up here; it's cooler. You'd better lunch with me, and we can talk. Send up a waiter as you go, my good Haase."

Herr Haase bowed, but clicked only faintly.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz*," he replied, and withdrew.

In the hall below he sank into a chair, groaned and fumbled at the buttons of his boots. He was wearing them for the first time, and they fitted him as though they had been shrunk on him. The porter, his waistcoat gaping, came shambling over to him.

"You were saying," began the porter, "that the English——"

Herr Haase boiled over.

"*Zum Teufel mit den Engländern, und mit dir, Schafskopf!*" he roared, tearing at the buttons. "Send up a waiter to the Herr Baron—and call me a cab to go home in!"

It was in sunlight tempered as by a foreboding of sunset, when the surface of the lake was ribbed like sea sand with the first breathings of the evening breeze, that Herr Haase, riding proudly in the back seat of honor, brought the motor car to the hotel. He had changed his garb of ceremony and servitude; he wore gray now, one of those stomach-exposing, large-tailed coats that lend, even to the straightest man, the appearance of being bandy-legged; and upon his feet were a pair of tried and proved cloth boots.

The porter, his waistcoat buttoned for the occasion, carried out a leather suitcase and placed it in the car; then stood aside, holding open the door, as the baron and Von Wetten appeared from the hall. Von Wetten, true to his manner, saw neither Herr Haase's bow nor the porter's lifted cap. To him salutations and civilities came like the air he breathed, and were as little acknowledged. The baron gave to Herr Haase the compliment of a glance that took in the gray coat and the cloth boots, and the ghost of an ironic, not unkindly smile.

"*Der gute Haase!*" he murmured; and then, as though in absence of mind: "Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

His foot was upon the step of the car when he saw the leather suitcase within. He paused in the act of entering.

"What is this baggage?" he inquired.

Von Wetten craned forward to look.

"Oh, that! I wanted you to see the machine at work, Excellency; so I'm bringing a few cartridges and things."

His Excellency withdrew his foot and stepped back.

"Explosives, eh?" He made a half-humorous grimace of distaste. "Haase, lift that bag out—carefully, man!—and carry it in front with you. And tell the chauffeur to drive cautiously."

Their destination was to the eastward of the little town, where the gardens of the villas trail their willow fringes in the water. Among them a varnished yellow chalet lifted its tiers of glassed-in galleries among the heavy green of fir trees; its door, close beside the road, was guarded by a gate of iron bars. The big car slid to a standstill beside it, with a scrape of tires in the dust.

"A moment!" said the old baron as Herr Haase lifted his hand to the iron bell pull that hung beside the gate. "Who are we? What names have you given, Von Wetten? Schmidt and Meyer? Or something more fanciful?"

"Much more fanciful, *Excellenz*." Von Wetten allowed himself a smile. "I am Herr Wetten; Your Excellency is Herr Steinlach. It could not be simpler."

The baron laughed quietly.

"Very good indeed!" he agreed. "And Haase? You did not think of him? Well, the good Haase, for the time being, shall be the Herr von Haase. Eh, Haase?"

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz*," deferred Herr Haase.

The iron bell pull squealed in its dry guides; somewhere within the recesses of the house a sleeping bell woke and jangled. Silence followed. The three of them waited upon the road in the slant of the sunshine, aware of the odor of

hot dust, trees and water. Herr Haase stood, in the contented torpor of service and obedience, holding the heavy suitcase at one side of the gate; on the other the baron and Von Wetten stood together.

Von Wetten, with something of rigidity even in his ease and insouciance, stared idly at the windows, through which, as through stagnant eyes, the silent house seemed to be inspecting them. The baron, with his hands joined behind him, was gazing through the gateway at the unresponsive yellow door. His pink strong face had fallen vague and mild; he seemed to dream in the sunlight upon the threshold of his enterprise. All of him that was formidable and potent was withdrawn from the surface, sucked in, and concentrated in the inner centers of his mind and spirit.

There sounded behind the door the noise of footsteps; a bolt clashed, and there came out to the gate a young woman with a key in her hand. The baron lifted his head and looked at her; and she stopped, as though brought up short by the impact of his gaze.

She was a small creature, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, as fresh and pretty as an apple blossom. But it was more than shyness that narrowed her German-blue eyes as she stood behind the bars looking at the three men.

Von Wetten, tall, comely, stepped forward.

"Good afternoon, *gnädige Frau*. We have an appointment with your husband for this hour. Let me present—Herr Steinlach—Herr von Haase."

The two bowed to her; she inspected each in turn, still with that narrow-eyed reserve.

"Yes," she said; then, in a small tinkle of a voice: "My husband is expecting you."

She unlocked the gate; the key resisted her and she had to take both hands to it, flushing with the effort of wrenching it over. They followed her into the house, along an echoing corridor, to a front room whose windows framed a dazzling great panorama of wide water, steep blue mountain and shining snow slopes.

Herr Haase, coming last, with the suitcase, saw, round the baron's large shoulders, how she flitted across, and heard her call into the balcony: "Egon, the *herren* are here!" Then, without glancing at them again, she passed them and disappeared.

Herr Haase's wrist was aching with his burden. Gently, and with precaution against noise, he stooped and set the suitcase down upon the floor; so he did not see the entry at that moment of the man who came from the balcony, walking noiselessly upon rubber-soled tennis shoes. He heard Von Wetten's "Good afternoon, Herr Bettermann!" and straightened up quickly to be introduced.

He found himself, under his title of Herr von Haase, taking the hand—it lay in his an instant as lifelessly as a glove—of a young man whose eyes, overlarge in a tragically thin face and under a chrysanthemum shock of hair, were at once timid and angry. He was coatless, as though he had come fresh from some work, and under his blue shirt his shoulders showed angular.

But what was most noticeable about him, when he lifted his face to the light, was the scar of which Von Wetten had spoken—a red and jagged trace of some ugly wound, running from the inner corner of the right eye to the edge of the jaw. He murmured some inaudible acknowledgment of Herr Haase's scrupulously correct greeting.

Then, as actually as though an arm of flesh and blood had thrust him back, Herr Haase was brushed aside. It was as if the Baron von Steinlach, choosing his moment, released his power of personality upon the scene as a man lets go his held breath.

"A wonderful view you have here, Herr Bettermann," was all he said.

The young man turned to him to reply; it was as though their opposite purposes and wills crossed and clashed like engaged swords. Herr Haase, and even the salient and insistent presence of Von Wetten, thinned and became vague—ghostly, ineffectual natives of the background—in the stark light of the reality of that encounter.

There were some sentences, more foining, upon that radiant perspective which the wide windows framed. Then:

"My friend and associate, Herr Wetten here, has asked me to look into this matter," said the baron. His voice was silk—the silk "that holds fast where a steel chain snaps." "First, to confirm his impressions of the—the apparatus; second"—the subtle faint-blue eyes of the old man and the dark suspicious eyes of the young man met and held each other—"and second, the question, the minor question, of the price. However"—his lips under the clipped white mustache widened in a smile without mirth—"that need not take us long, since the price, you see, is not really a question at all."

The haggard young man heard him with no change in that painful tensity of his.

"Isn't it?" he said shortly. "We'll see! But first I suppose you want to see the thing at work. I have here cordite, gelignite, trinitrotoluol; but"—his hare's eyes fell on the suitcase—"perhaps you have brought your own stuff."

"Yes," said the baron; "I have brought my own stuff."

The garden of the villa was a plot of land reaching down to a parapet lapped by the still, stone-blue waters of the lake. Wooden steps led down to it from the balcony. Herr Haase, descending them last, with the suitcase, paused an instant to shift his burden from one hand to the other, and had time to survey the place—the ruins of a lawn, pitted, like the face of a smallpox patient, with small holes where the raw clay showed through the unkempt grass—the craters of which Captain von Wetten had spoken. Tall fir trees, the weed of Switzerland, bounded the garden on each hand, shutting it in as effectually as a wall.

Out upon the blue-and-silver floor of the lake a male human being rowed a female of his species in a skiff; and near the parapet something was hooded under a black cloth, such as photographers use, beneath the skirts of which there showed the feet of a tripod.

Herr Bettermann, the young man with the scar, walked across to it. At first glimpse it had drawn all their eyes; each felt that here, properly and decently screened, was the core of the affair. It was right that it should be covered up and revealed only at the due moment; yet Bettermann went to it and jerked the black cloth off, raping the mystery of the thing as crudely as a Prussian in Belgium.

"Here it is," he said curtly. "Put your stuff where you like."

The cloth removed, a contrivance was disclosed like two roughly cubical boxes, fixed one above the other, the upper projecting a little beyond the lower and mounted on the apex of the tripod. A third box, evidently—by the terminals that projected from its cover—the container of a storage battery, lay between the feet of the tripod, and wires linked it with the apparatus above. Beside the tripod lay a small black bag such as doctors are wont to carry.

Von Wetten took a key from his pocket and threw it on the ground.

"Unlock that bag," he said to Herr Haase, and turned toward the baron and his host.

Herr Haase picked up the key, unlocked the bag, and stood ready for further orders. The baron was standing with Bettermann by the tripod; the latter was talking and detaching some piece of mechanism from within the apparatus. His voice came clearly across to Herr Haase.

"Two blades," he was saying; "and one varies their angle with this. The sharper the angle, the greater the range of the ray and the shorter the effective arc. But, of course, this machine is only a model."

"Quite so," acquiesced the baron.

"These"—Bettermann's hand emerged from the upper box—"are the blades."

He withdrew from the apparatus a contrivance like a pair of short tongs, of which the shanks were stout wires and the spatulates were oblongs of a thin whitish metal like aluminum, some three inches long by two wide.

"The essence of the whole thing," he said. "You see, they are hinged; one sets them wider or closer according to the range and the arc one requires. These plates—they are removable. I paint the compound on them and switch the current on through this battery."

"Ah, yes!" agreed the baron dreamily. "The compound—that has to be painted on."

The thin face of the inventor turned upon him; the great eyes smoldered.

"Yes," was the answer; "yes. I—I paint it on—enough for three or four demonstrations; and then I throw the rest into the lake. So my secret is safe, you see."

The baron met his eyes with the profound ironic calm of his own.

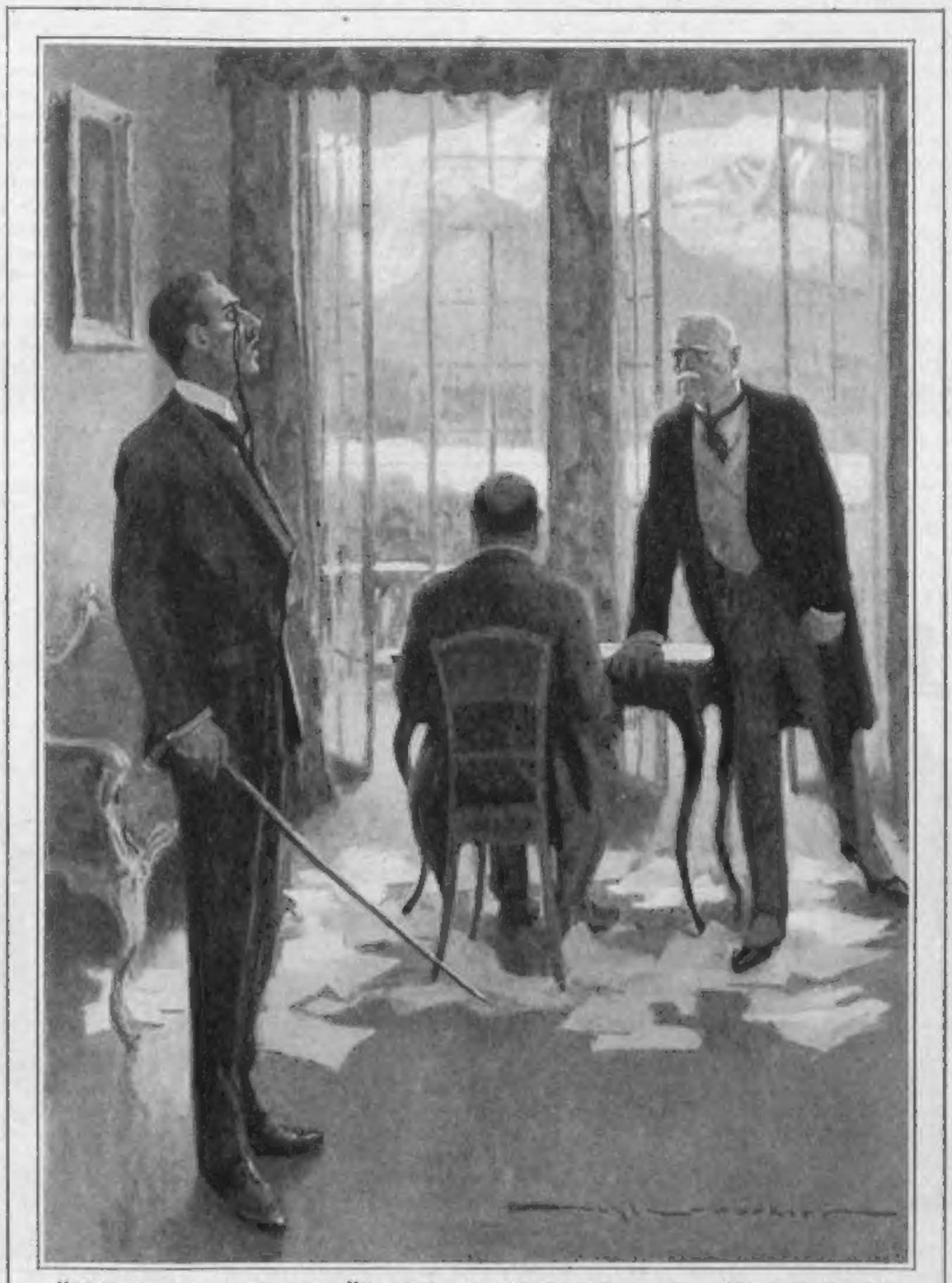
"Safe, I am sure," he replied. "The safer, the better. And now, where would you prefer to have us arrange our explosives?"

"Where you like," he said, bending to the little black hand bag. "Lay them on the ground or bury 'em, or throw them into the lake—if they're waterproof. Only don't put them too near the house. I don't want any more of my windows broken."

There was a tone of aggression in his voice and his eyes seemed to affront them; then strayed in a moment's glance toward the house. Herr Haase, following his look, had a glimpse of the little wife upon the upper balcony, looking down upon the scene. The young man with the scar—it glowed at times, red and angry—seemed to make her some sign, for she drew back out of sight at once.

Herr Haase would have liked to watch the further intercourse of the baron and the lean young man, but Von Wetten, indicating to him a small iron spade, such as children dig with on the sea beach, and a pointed iron rod, set him to work at making graves for the little paper-wrapped packages he took from the suitcase.

(Continued on Page 93)



"Of Course I Know," He Said. "You'd Have Cut the Dirty Traitor Down Where He Stood!"

DADDYING THE DOUGHBOYS

By George Pattullo

IT WAS pay day in the little French village, and barrels of Uncle Sam's gold were being emptied into the pockets of the doughboys. Eleven hundred men were billeted in the place. Of course the gold would be speedily changed into paper and silver francs—probably round par, too, because money means little to a soldier and exchange means nothing at all. And, of course, another generation of the French will be hauling American gold eagles out of the family sock fifty years from now.

The new captain of the company, whose street was the second on the left as you entered the village, stood gazing at the line of men filing past the paymaster, and his face was the face of one with doleful misgivings. Said he to Pop, the top sergeant: "How have they been behaving lately?"

"Beautiful, sir. Just like lambs, only more so."

Hull groaned. "Then they're sure to play the devil," he remarked. Soldiers are like children in this: Just after they have been good for a while is precisely the time you should watch them.

Later in the afternoon sounds of revelry reached him as he sat at the window of his bedroom checking a list of things the cook declared he needed. His window looked out on what had once been a garden but was now a jungle of weeds and tall grass, with flashes of color where a few dauntless flowers reared their heads. A high stone wall surrounded the garden, with a massive clamped door in it like the doors of medieval times; and the house was a big stone pile, green with age. Its red-tiled roof was cracked in a thousand places, yet no rain came through.

The Lone Wolf on the Warpath

SOME American officers live in châteaux, with gentlewomen for landladies, but you entered Hull's room through a barnlike hall wherein were stored all manner of antiquated farm implements and the accumulated junk of generations. However, the bedroom itself was not half bad. He had a washstand in one corner, a table with a lamp on it in the center, three chairs, a rug on the floor, and a perfect whale of a bed, which completely filled a sort of cupboard provided with a door in order that the bed might be shut off from view during the day. This arrangement is evidently dictated by the same genteel propriety responsible for our folding beds in America.

"I'm a bad man from the Big Bend and I eat 'em alive! Wow!"

The ear-splitting yell broke the slumbering quiet like a blow.

"I killed two men in Dublan and three in El Valle," continued the bad man from the Big Bend, "and I got me a couple more in Douglas. I aim to do some killing here right now. Wow! I'm a lone wolf and it's my night to howl."

Hull sighed resignedly and put away his papers. "Here," he said, "is where I've got to show 'em. They don't know me yet." And he passed out through the door in the wall to the street.

A crowd of soldiers was gathered in front of the cobbler shop. The cobbler conducted a species of saloon in connection with his shoe business, and it was there that the boys bought their wine and beer. The men were jostling and laughing round a wild figure in their midst, who from time to time threw back his head to emit the weird howl of the lone wolf. He was hatless and his bleached hair glistened in the sun. It was one of Hull's own company, crazy drunk on champagne.

"Here comes the captain," warned a man on the fringe.

"What the hell do I care?" bellowed the soldier. "I'm a bad man from the Big Bend, and if an officer gets fresh with me I'll bust him. Wow! I'm a wolf and I will howl!"

Hull thrust through the press and confronted him.

"Go to your billet," he ordered.

But the soldier had not yet learned the discipline that obeys under any circumstances. He had enlisted only three months before, and a command from an officer meant rather less than nothing in his present state. So he swore and expressed an ardent wish for a fight.

"Here, you!" cried the captain; "tie this man up. Do you hear me? You—Armstrong and Gibbons—grab him!"

The command came like the spat of a rifle, and half a dozen of the company immediately pounced on the mutineer and threw him to the ground. He struggled and raved, but they held him securely while a corporal bound his wrists behind his back and hobbled his legs.

"Now let him sit up."

They did so, and the soldier began to talk. His feet and hands were helpless, but his tongue was free and he used it to lash the captain and every brand of officer on top of earth.

"Gag him!"

"Please, captain, I don't know how," responded the corporal weakly.

"What! You a corporal and can't even gag a man? Here, give me some rope and I'll show you!"

With that he took his empty pistol holster and tried to force it into the drunken man's mouth, but the soldier kept his jaw locked.

"Give me a stick, somebody!" he said; and when it was forthcoming he stuck the end between the tight lips and pried the teeth open. The soldier yelled like a maniac.

Then the captain rammed the stiff leather into his mouth and tied it there securely. Of course the private tried to bite him, but he had his eye peeled for that and foiled the attempt.

"Now," he said, when the soldier lay impotent and voiceless at his feet, "carry this man to the hospital and tell the doctor to give him a dose that'll make him so sick he'll be glad to keep quiet."

Some of the men lifted their comrade and started off. Hull went back to his room.

It so happened that the doctor was an easy, good-natured man of limited experience, and the sight of the soldier bound and gagged, and with a cut lip, struck him as wanton cruelty.

"This is wholly unnecessary," he exclaimed fussily; "wholly unnecessary. I can handle any man alive without employing such methods. Here, take out that gag and untie his hands and feet."

The soldiers looked at one another; but it was an order and they obeyed. Next instant two of them were flat on their backs, the doctor received a kick in the stomach, and several hospital orderlies who obstructed the man's path were knocked endways. And when the cyclone had passed there was the patient streaking down the road toward the open country.

The captain heard the shoutings and the running feet and came out to ascertain what new row was in progress. By that time the soldier was legging it across the face of France at ten good miles an hour.

"Go catch him!" he commanded. "He'll hurt somebody. Sergeant, send the fastest men you've got—those two football players."

The Doctor Obeys Orders

A HOT pursuit began, and in about an hour's time the drunk was led back to the hospital, badly blown, and with a black eye contracted by bumping into the fist of one of the football players aforementioned. The doctor perceived it with savage joy. He wasted no more pity on the bad man from the Big Bend, but shot some stuff into him that so nauseated him that he was glad to drop into bed and stay there until sober.

When the company were undressing that night they discussed this affair in whispers. Up to that moment they hadn't really known the stuff that was in the captain, and it was a startling glimpse. Only Muller showed sympathy with the mutineer, but that was to have been expected—Muller was an I. W. W. type, forever complaining and as constantly shirking. Whenever he could do so without incurring the risk of discovery he sowed discord and discontent among the men; which was the reason Pop merely waited for a good excuse to land on him.

(Continued on Page 38)

Dare He Suggest It?

The Trail From Desolation

By Robert Welles Ritchie

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

THE doctor from Donner was traveling light; a pair of six-foot ski and a battered medicine case constituted his dunnage. His dress was primitive, but accommodated to the exigencies of midwinter in the Sierras—heavy Mackinaw, with a collar that could button round the throat against a ninety-mile gale, and a pocket stuffed with cheap cigars; trousers tucked into coarse woolen socks; arctics on his feet; and a coonskin cap, pulled far down over his ears.

The five hours on the little steamer making its biweekly trip down unfreezing Lake Tahoe were less tedious to the doctor than they might have been had he not indulged in a pleasant retrospect of the very recent trimming of the Humbert Mills timber boss—an operation punctuated at its climax by the telephone call that summoned him thither.

With Thaddeus Bowers, M. D., better known to Donner and the countryside for fifty miles round as Doc Bowers, there were but two incidents above the mean in life—a successful bluff at poker and an encounter with a fractious or capricious woman. He measured his conduct in each instance by precept, long since tested in experience. Perhaps the mold of his features—long, lean jaw, barbered blue, and with its reservoir of nervous strength in the hollow below the socket; black eyes, which could veil themselves, and usually did, in the shadow of a craggy nose; a mouth marked only by the cigar-stained fringe of a mustache and a thin under lip—perhaps, I say, this cast of countenance contributed to Doc Bowers' success in his favorite sports. Who knows but what long indulgence in these diversions may have contributed somewhat to his rock-ribbed facial contour?

"I've Been Watching," Marie Stanton Said in a Voice Shaken by Nerve Strain. "I've Been Here Alone, Watching for an Hour"

Down and down nosed the little steamer into a midwinter wilderness of snow gorge and shimmering peak—the summer playground of thousands, but from October to May a little Tibet, hedged off from the rest of California by the ten-thousand-foot spiked wall of the Sierras, its lamaseries snow-buried hotels, housing caretakers.

A knot of a dozen outland figures awaited the coming of the boat at the Tallac wharf end, for this end-of-the-lake port was a center for many wintering hermits from the back country—strange, solitary beings who had skied down from Meyers Station, on the Placerville Road, or skimmed the gorge drifts whirled down from Keith's Dome.

The arrival of the Donner doctor was more momentous for all even than the coming of the mail or the express package of hard liquor. They stood in single file along the clear edge of the wharf, their backs to the unshoveled drift that leaped above their heads. Doc Bowers stepped from the boat into the midst of the clamor.

"Mighty lucky you come, doc; he'd 'a' murdered that woman if let alone! He's a nut, doc, with booze piled high as his woodpile. She won't let nobody in, an' she won't say a word agin the man ——"

"You, Hanley!" Doctor Bowers shook off the volunteer givers of testimony with an impatient jerk of his elbow as he singled the Tallac storekeeper from the number and walked him through the unroofed tunnel of snow toward the shore end of the wharf. "Now give me the rest of it."

"Well, doc, the whole proposition's got me stumped." Hanley, a gaunt mountain man unused to much speech or the succinct phrasing of thought, honed his chin with a mittened hand. "I only know I found Mrs. Stanton—that's the name they go under—found this here Mrs. Stanton three days ago makin' camp all by herself in the cabin at Lake o' the Woods—got there on snowshoes she must 'a' made herself, because they look like waffle irons. An' she's all beat up round the face and eyes. I says to her ——"

"What did she say?" Bowers interrupted.

"Not a damn'd thing, doc. She just shuts the door on me, sort of haughtylike."

"Well, what next?"

"So I goes down to where the Stantons 'a' been living since November—you know that Queen Annie bungalow Whosis, the rich San Francisco man, built on Fallen Pine Lake, right under Cathedral; well, I goes down there. An' there's this here Stanton, velvet drunk. Not bad, you know, doc; just velvet, like he's been on the stuff 'bout a week.

"Listen what he says to me, doc: He says, 'Life, like a dome of many-colored glass ——' Wait a minute, now; I learned that po'try just as he says it, it coming so strange and all:

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

"That's the way it goes, doc, if you can make head or tail of it."

The storekeeper cast a quizzical glance at the physician, as if to mark a telling narrative shot. Bowers' countenance was all the poker player's.

"An' I says to him: 'What you been doin' to the missus to mark her up so like she is?' Which is where he begins to cry. Just a sort of whimpering sound, doc. Just stands there whimpering like a whipped pup for a minute; then he goes in the house an' shuts the door in my face."

The snow crunched beneath their tread for a minute before Doctor Bowers broke silence.

"What kind of a woman is this Mrs. Stanton?"

"Real city folk—swell topnotchers, both. Proud as a grouse cock—that's her! Not caretakers, them. They don't belong here outside of a twelve-dollar-a-day soote at the Tavern. That's the strange part of it, doc—a swell city man and his handsome wife holing up here in twelve feet of snow, mixing with nobody, never coming down here on steamer days."

"I'll eat a snack with you, Hanley; then I'll go on up to Fallen Pine—alone," said the doctor.

An hour later the Donner doctor was boring into untracked wilderness with the long, hip-free stride of the trained ski runner.

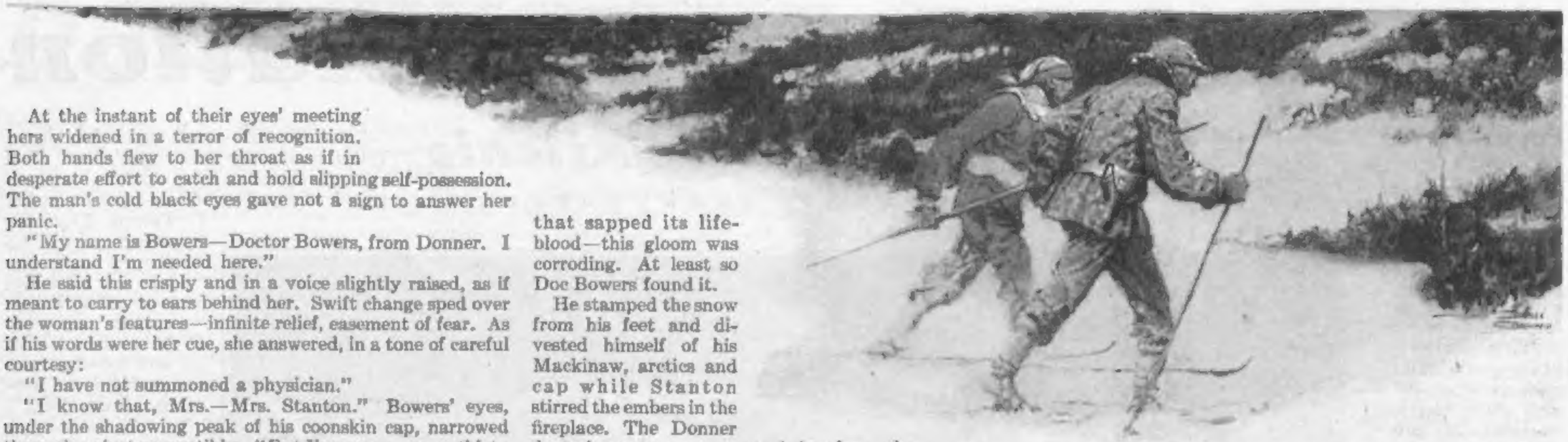
A wilderness snatched from æons gone when the world was on the lathe of the Fashioner and the chisels of ice and dour frost rounded it to form! White and black was its pattern of dreadful monotony—the white burning to incandescence where the sun lanced down upon it; the black of tree trunk and beetling cliff face blacker than the void of ocean depths by contrast. On the right the palisades of Mount Tallac climbed sheer into the blue; bare pinnacles at the summit, scoured clean of snow by perpetual rush of winds, showed like fangs of a monster buried under fathomless snow and painfully fighting through. At the left the forested slopes of the Moraine carried their mournful ranks of pines, each a funeral plume of billowing white.

Not the specter of a sound. Silence as of Genesis' First Day and ponderable as the weight of snow that lay over all this Sierra crest. It was a lack of noise so absolute as to carry to auditory nerves a gasping sense of vacuum. Nor was there hint of motion; not so much as the springing back of a branch relieved of its burden by a puff of wind. Even the twin ripples of snow rolling back from the turned-up tips of the traveler's ski fell over thickly, like cream under the skimmer. One held under the spell of the winter silence and seeing the black figure of the ski runner pass over the drifts would say he was speeding without volition—a shadow thing, lacking substance.

Three miles back from the steamer landing the blue-black expanse of Fallen Pine revealed itself like a plaque of chilled steel in the pavement of the glacial gorge. Here again the phenomenon of open water in the midst of frozen wilderness. Doc Bowers skirted the northern bank, where the flank of the Tallac pitched straight down from fearsome heights to water's edge. He came finally to the peak of a buried house, whose gable windows looked staringly upon the almost flush level of snow, like the eyes of a man in quicksand. Smoke ascended straight from the white-capped chimney, denoting buried life within.

The traveler skirted the eaves to the opposite side of the house, where he found a tunnel to the door. A recent snowfall had partly filled the cut; no footprints sullied the fresh surface. Bowers stepped from his ski, plunged them upright in the snow bank and wallowed down the clogged tunnel to the door at its end. He knocked.

He waited several minutes and knocked again. A step sounded, muffled from within; the door swung back grudgingly. A woman stood in the narrow space between door and jamb, her hands braced against the wood on each side in a conscious gesture of denial.



They Had Not Taken a Dozen Steps When the Low Break in the Unblemished White, Behind, Disappeared

At the instant of their eyes' meeting hers widened in a terror of recognition. Both hands flew to her throat as if in desperate effort to catch and hold slipping self-possession. The man's cold black eyes gave not a sign to answer her panic.

"My name is Bowers—Doctor Bowers, from Donner. I understand I'm needed here."

He said this crisply and in a voice slightly raised, as if meant to carry to ears behind her. Swift change sped over the woman's features—infinite relief, easement of fear. As if his words were her cue, she answered, in a tone of careful courtesy:

"I have not summoned a physician."

"I know that, Mrs.—Mrs. Stanton." Bowers' eyes, under the shadowing peak of his coonskin cap, narrowed themselves just perceptibly. "But I've come—come thirty miles in fact—because I understand my professional services are needed here. I often travel farther than this."

His veiled eyes—the eyes of the gambler—kindled to the challenge of the woman's demeanor as he studied her face. It was a face to pique Doc Bowers' liveliest gaming spirit. Thoroughbred in every lineament, from broad brow under simply parted strands of red-gold hair to finely modeled chin; her eyes, set wide apart under brows drawn to a thin line, might be called hazel or violet, according to the shifting lights her moods flashed into them; the stamp of a strong will stiffened the contour of lips that otherwise would have been all feminine.

An ugly discoloration stained the whiteness of one rounded cheek. The woman knew the stranger's eyes had noted it and resentment burned deeper in her own by reason of that knowledge. She made a patent effort to retain the mask of civility when she addressed him again:

"Doctor, we—my husband and myself—cannot be held responsible for the idle gossip of the mountain boors who live about here. We regret, of course, that any of it should have reached you, and we appreciate deeply your coming all this distance, even on misinformation; but ——"

"Why spar, my dear, with the delightful caprices of Fate?"

The interruption came suddenly from the gloom of the interior room just revealed beyond the door, and the figure of the speaker took its place beside the woman between the doorposts.

He was spare of frame, though the suggestion of lithe muscle and leashed strength was not wholly concealed by his khaki shirt. It was his face the newcomer quizzically studied. Smiling, careless features of a Greek piper on oat straws were his; one of those dancing men from the shards of an Attic wine jug. His brow was the dreamer's; his lips, under a silky beard, the sensualist's; and beneath his eyes, where the skin lay in dark crescents, burned the seal of that pagan playfellow who had become a master.

"My dear doctor," Stanton continued with a gracious gesture of a white hand, "you must pardon Marie's apparent incivility. The sweet child has a delightful, droll notion that there is something shameful—something to be forever concealed from the world's crass eye—in what I consider my pleasures. Do step in and crack a pipe of Canary with me, though we'll call it by the more prosaic name of Old Black Cat gin."

Out of the corner of an eye Doc Bowers saw the cloud of shame and mortification that passed over Marie Stanton's face. Secret elation nipped him, for by so much she had revealed her hand, even as a clumsy player revises his call for cards on the draw and exposes his weakness thereby. As for her husband with the rippling tongue, whose cruelty no neat phrases could gloss, it required no medical mind to make diagnosis. He was, even as Hanley the storekeeper had found him, velvet drunk; but the nap of that velvet was new to the mountain doctor.

Bowers accepted Stanton's invitation and entered. Even as the door closed behind him his alert mind leaped to mold a plan commensurate with the unusual circumstances encountered.

He found himself in a broad living room whose only light was the fitful blaze of logs in a large fireplace; dull white smears marked the windows, snow-engulfed. There were hints of Indian blankets on the floor; of heavy rustic furniture, disposed with a feminine eye to interior charm. But the gloom of this buried crypt, wherein a woman's heart was chained to the weight that sapped its life-blood—this gloom was corroding. At least so Doc Bowers found it.

He stamped the snow from his feet and divested himself of his Mackinaw, arctics and cap while Stanton stirred the embers in the fireplace. The Donner doctor's next move was to bring from the pocket of his heavy outer jacket one of the cheap cigars he carried there; he bit off the nub, spat it into the fireplace and carried a lighted match to the tip. He neglected to offer a smoke to his host, though shrewdly he watched the face of the man kneeling in the ashes for a chance revolt at his impertinence.

"Now I'll take that drink," Bowers said shortly when his cigar was drawing and Stanton had risen from the hearth. He saw Marie Stanton suddenly turn at his words—she was at a distance from him and her face was but a dull blur of white; but one of her hands shot out in protest. "That pipe of Canary Cat," he finished.

"With all the joy in the world, my dear doctor," Stanton caroled.

He did a curious pagan skip and hop out of a side door, and Bowers could hear him rummaging in a rear room. There was a clink of glass.

Marie Stanton crossed swiftly to where the Donner doctor stood, legs wide across the hearth, puffing rank clouds. His body screened her from the firelight when she stopped before him; of her face all he could see were the two burning eyes and the furrow of pain between them.

"You are going to drink with him?" she challenged. "You, a physician, and knowing—knowing what you must have discovered the minute you saw him!"

"His invitation, Mrs.—Mrs. Stanton," Bowers retorted easily, rocking contentedly from heel to toe.

"But—but, Thaddeus"—the name seemed to slip from her lips unbidden—"you must see he's ——"

"Just on the edge, Mrs.—Stanton; just on the ragged edge," he caught her up with a deliberate parting of the lips into what passed with Doc Bowers as a smile.

For the space of several seconds she stared up into his saturnine face as if she would read the answer to a cruel riddle there. Veiled eyes and lips still parted in a dry smile denied an answer. Her shoulders sagged forward ever so slightly.

"Why did you come here?" she asked simply.

For answer the doctor suddenly shot out a bony forefinger and laid it on the bruise that stained her cheek.

"Oh!" The cry of hot anger was stifled between white lips as she struck his hand from her and started back.

The Figure of the Woman Suddenly Was Beside Stanton

Stanton reëntered the room just then, quavering a bit of song. He had a bottle and glasses on a tray, which he set convenient to the fire.

"What ho, doctor!" he chirped as he tipped the gin bottle over a glass. "'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake,' as Saint Paul—wise old Gentile—wrote to Timothy."

Bowers checked the other's hand when his own glass was less than half filled, but looked on indifferently while Stanton poured a second glass brimful. His appraising glance followed the lifted glass to rest on the face of his host—the face of a bacchanal from the shards of an Attic wine jug. He noted the twitching of muscles under the eyes, the slopping of liquor over the glass when it was raised to lips.

"A toast to you, grubby man of medicine come out of the snows!" Stanton was chanting. "And heeltaps to it!

"Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blest'd who ne'er was born."

Bowers drank with ceremony. Over the rim of his glass he perceived dimly the figure of Marie Stanton, standing where the firelight hardly touched her. He guessed rather than saw the expression that lay beneath the parted strands of red gold which a vagrant shaft of firelight caressed and burnished.

"And now, Stanton," the physician brusquely cut in on the other's potations, "strip off that shirt. I want to see how long you have to live."

A murmurous sigh, which was like a strangled moan, sounded from the gloom where Bowers had seen the play of firelight on hair. As for the drinker, he set his drained glass on the tray with a child's merry laugh, got to his feet and pulled his shirt over his head. A log, parting that instant, sent up a lambent flame which bronzed a torso as muscle-perfect as that of the Discus Thrower.

"'Or ever the silver cord be loosed,' doctor," he quoted as he lifted his arms to accommodate the listening ear. "Make your estimate conservative, my dear sir—conservative, for others of your profession have guessed most mournfully. And my precious Marie, who moved this ambulatory scandal called Stanton up here to the cloak of the wilderness—Marie has awaited Finis so patiently."

If the barbed cruelty of the words carried to Doc Bowers, his features gave no sign; but hardly were they spoken when two bony exploring fingers pushed smartly into flesh a little to one side of the spine. A sharp gasp, and when the physician looked up to the face above him it was gray with pain.

"Aha!" breathed the doctor, and continued his fingering and sounding.

At last he straightened up; once more the dry smile curled the lip under the cigar-stained mustache. He looked intently into his subject's eyes, now blurred ever so slightly.

"Stanton, you're fairly near the end of your string." He said this in an easy conversational tone, lightly almost. "And the passing out will be rough. Your wife ——"

"Oh, Marie is a jolly philosopher," the other interposed airily. "She knows how to take my vagaries; and the last *feu de joie* ——"

"Your wife gives evidence of having taken some of your vagaries," Bowers interrupted, his voice becoming steely hard on the instant. "It is of her, not you, I was thinking. You have strength—a great deal of strength. In the end you will be like a mad dog. You will use your hands, your teeth. You will batter and tear whatever is near you. If you continue to live alone here under twelve feet of snow—just you and Mrs. Stanton alone—I feel justified in leaving a revolver with your wife to use when ——"

"How dare you!"

The figure of the woman suddenly was beside Stanton; her arms were linked behind his bare neck and her bosom laid protectingly on his naked chest. Her face, as it was turned toward Bowers, flamed battle. The man's countenance showing above her coiled hair was a study in bewilderment mixed with amused toleration. Marie Stanton's wrath poured itself out tumultuously:

"You come here unbidden. You encourage this man to drink. You speak coldly of hideous, unbelievable things. Oh, the same—just the same cold science machine! No heart to understand suffering; no compassion for frailty! If—if you can do no more than you have done, please leave us."

Doc Bowers, who had stood tolerantly smiling under her indictment, allowed his glance to shift from her blazing eyes to the face above her shoulder. He saw the dazed eyes slowly close; saw the head loll forward.

"Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve ——"

Stanton was singing in a broken babbling voice.

Bowers stepped quickly forward, lifted the weight from the shoulders it was bearing down, and half dragged the sodden figure to a couch. As he threw an Indian blanket over the bare torso he called for a glass of water. She hurried to obey. Then, when a shining thing of glass and silver came out from the battered medicine case and deft fingers

caught up a pinch of flesh on the recumbent arm, Marie Stanton turned away, for she was feminine to the core. She heard the doctor's casual voice:

"I'll leave this hypodermic needle with you. When he gets—when you think he needs to be quieted, use it. Is your telephone working?"

She made no answer. It was impossible to find speech after her recent outburst. There was a noise of fumbling along the far wall of the room. She heard Bowers disengage the receiver and the faint whisper of the operator, thirty miles away at Donner, in answer to his "Hello!"

"Mrs. Stanton." She slowly turned to face the one alone with her in the fire-splashed gloom. With all her resolution, she felt herself shrink under his inscrutable gaze. "Mrs. Stanton, I'll remain at Tallac for a few days. It's only an hour on ski from here. When—er—the emergency comes use the phone; then, if you have to, meet me on the trail. But don't go again to the trapper's cabin on Lake o' the Woods."

A minute later the door closed on Doc Bowers.

On the second night after Doc Bowers' visit to the snowbound house on Fallen Pine—it was about sundown, had there been a sun to set—a quiet game in the room behind the Tallac store was interrupted by the sudden shrill alarm of the telephone bell. The whirring metal chattered with an intelligence which seemed bent on out-shouting the diapason tongues of the storm that had been bellowing down from the Sierra crest half the day. Doc Bowers dropped his cards and was at the instrument in three long steps.

"This is Doctor Bowers!" he shouted into the rubber cup.

The answer came eerily out of the turbulent ruck and welter of the wilderness:

"If you can—come! I do not dare—be alone until morning. He's ——"

"Hanley"—Bowers turned from the telephone to address the storekeeper—"does that caretaker at Fallen Fine Lodge still keep his kicker-boat down at this end of the lake?"

"Sure, doc; he uses it every time he comes down here for his mail. But you're not figgerin' on a kicker-boat on a night like this!"

The physician was climbing into arctics and did not answer. The three about the card-strewn table crowded round him, voluble with objurgations and warnings against matching his strength with the storm. Ever since Doc Bowers had returned, tight-lipped, from his visit to the Stantons the hermits of Tallac had fished and angled vainly for a word anent the abiding mystery on Fallen Pine; now this madness — —

A splash of light from the opened door revealed the Donner doctor on his ski and bent double against the rampart of the wind. Then he was gone.

There was no falling snow, for the afternoon's storm had lashed itself into growing fury with the passing of the sun, and the cloud rack was being splayed to tatters across the barbs of the divide. But every groaning pine in the wind's track unloaded upon the blasts, as upon an invisible traveling belt, the burden of its lashing branches; this, freezing as it was shredded, smote the ski runner in machine-gun volleys. The drifts under his feet heaved and writhed in ever-changing contour. Occasional sprays of spruce feathers drove blindly into his face or scudded like crippled bats over the pavement of the snow.

A thunderous roaring of the never-ceasing wind between confining mountain dikes seemed as fixed and stable an element of the wilderness as the deadly silence of two days back. The timbre of the storm voice never varied; it was like the crash of a full stream tumbling over a fall. Only the creaking and groaning of great pines in their swaying and the rattle of the driven sleet gave emphasis to the pitch of the storm.

The solitary figure leaning against the thrust of the wind as it pushed on into the ghostly dark was a midge in the night of the savage high country, contrarily driving against the current of mighty energies. Between death and life—and this Doc Bowers knew full well—was the margin of less than half an inch of hickory ski timber.

He covered the three miles between the Tallac store and the eastern end of Fallen Pine Lake in a little better than an hour. Were he to continue the ski journey round the heaped drifts on the lake shore to the Stantons buried house his labor would be redoubled, for the long expanse of open water gave free passage to the hurricane. There was the alternative of the kicker-boat, whose location on the hither shore of the lake he had determined before he left the store.

He found the half-buried boathouse, dug his way with one detached ski down to the closed door, and entered. A lantern hanging within he managed to light after many trials; its rays showed him the stout boat with its outboard motor attached to the stern. Even moored fore and aft, the Whitehall bucked and rolled to the wash of surf piling in through the open lake end of the shack.

Brief examination of the motor tank assured the doctor that it was filled. His next care was to lash his ski across the seats of the boat with a bit of line and stow his medicine case where it would not wash away. Then he twirled the engine turnover until the cough-cough of exploding vapor told him he was ready for the test, cast off the lines, and bucked his way clear of the boathouse. A great fallen pine, against which flotsam had piled up in a small dam, offered a rude breakwater just beyond the mooring; the comparatively smooth water behind this favored the motor and allowed it to gather strength for the battle.

Not tentative or casual was the joining of that battle. Hardly had the kicker-boat rounded the last barrier of the submerged pine when it was caught half on the broadside, lifted high, and hurled back toward the savage line of white where the breakers were gouging into the snow bank concealing heavy bowlders. By a quick shift of the throbbing screw, which in boats of this class serves both to propel and to guide, Bowers brought her head on to the next wave and slowly won through it. Then he laid her over to a tack nicely judged to that precise angle which would avoid the full force of the waves yet escape the shipping of too much water. Foot by foot the little craft won away from the shore and imminent disaster.

The moon came out fortuitously from a dugout of heavy cloud rack and swam clean in a pool of deepest blue. As if by magic all the expanse of whitecapped lake and the circle of peaks, close crowding and exalted to dim heights, leaped out of darkness. The lone voyager cast a quick glance up to the black pinnacles of Tallac, three thousand feet above his head; shadows clotted there were eyes aloofly looking down at him. Over in the glacial gorge behind Angora peaks the glint of moonlight on ice marked other eyes—coldly cynical eyes which stared unwinkingly.

Doc Bowers knew then he was playing against the inscrutable genius of the white wilderness. The stakes were his life and, very likely, the lives of two others. It was his turn to show his hand. These cold eyes were waiting for him to show his hand. Here, forsooth, was a time when no bluffs would be tolerated.

The doctor bent his head lower to catch the reassuring throb and snort of his puny motor over the voice of the gale. He felt the old prick and tingle of the game, a clutching of the hand of Chance at his throat. And he gloried in it.

Under the calcium glow of the moon the procession of whitecaps came on interminably. Each lift and fall of the boat presented a problem to the steadying hand on the motor: to gain a little and to ship as little of the driven water as luck and skill would allow. If only the moon would hold until he could make the landing two miles down to windward!

The shore was more than half a mile behind and the business of dodging and bucking was becoming almost mechanical when the voyager's ear caught an alarming note from the thrumming engine under his elbow. A catarrhal guttural burred its explosions. The doctor took the precaution of swinging the boat's nose in a short arc, so that its stern would be to the wind. Then the motor died.

What jockeying of that contrary thing of wires and valves, what desperate twirling of the starting wheel he did, Doc Bowers never knew. But he worked, standing in that pitching, buckjumping cockleshell as it drove shoreward to destruction—worked! The breakers were not fifty yards off when the engine began sputtering again. Slowly he veered the craft's nose round once more to the open lake; and, as it measured off lost ground like some seagoing inchworm, Doc Bowers baled with his coonskin cap.

It was full two hours, each hour a minute-by-minute fight against the baleful murder lust of the wind, before the end of Doc Bowers' voyage was in sight. And the landing at the snow-blocked wharf running out from the Stantons buried cottage called for all the Donner doctor possessed of skill and daring. Finally he had the boat moored fore and aft to the leeward piles. A cloaked figure stepped out from behind a snow bank the waves had eaten half away.

"I've been watching," Marie Stanton said in a voice shaken by nerve strain. "I've been here alone, watching for an hour, and I know how you've fought to get here."

"Your husband?" Bowers put in, as if the tribute in the other's words had been unheard.

"Oh—oh, I was afraid you could not get here!"

Terror cried out unchecked. In the moonlight her hooded features were marbled over, and her eyes, where recent horror still lay, were not earthly. Together, she on snowshoes and the physician with his ski under him, they climbed the snow slope to the door tunnel of the house.

He was fumbling for the latch when he felt a hand clutch his arm. The woman, very near him—so close he could feel her breath on his cheek—spoke hurriedly in a rush of pleading:

"Thaddeus—please save him; please! Be kind; be generous! Forget whatever you hold against me, Thaddeus, even though you have good cause to hate me. You have the power to save—I know you have wonderful power; and ——"

"You love this—this man in here?" Bowers put the question in a chill voice.

"I understand him—I forgive him; and—yes, I love him. He is all I have!"

"That's enough."

Thaddeus Bowers pushed open the door and came to a task such as to take full toll of all that skill which, in a happier day, had commanded attention and won applause in a field far wider than Donner.

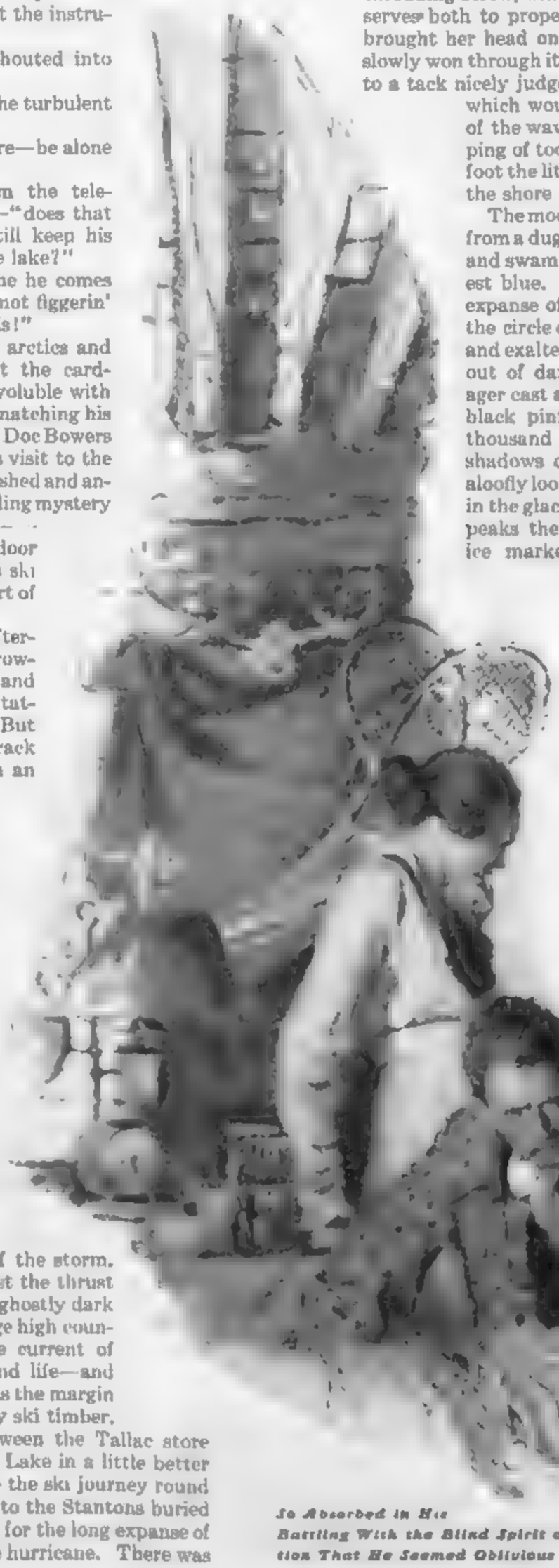
It was the fourth day of Doc Bowers' fight to drag a soul back from the Pit. Three nights and days the physician had remained in the buried house, so absorbed in his battling with the blind spirit of destruction that he seemed oblivious to the presence of a third—Marie Stanton. He was, in truth, what she had called him in her hot outburst of their first meeting—a cold science machine, absolutely detached from all motivation beyond the dictates of his craft of healing.

Now on this day of clean sunshine, when light tonic airs sifted down over Fallen Pine and all the white world of the wilderness was saturated with the vitality of the high places, the physician knew his grappling for the body of his patient had won; remained a vitiated and helpless spirit still to be fought for.

"Stanton, we're going to pile into heavy duds and make a hike out into the sunshine," Bowers announced to the figure stretched on the couch before the fireplace. "This dark hole's no place for a man to get strong in. Sunshine's your best tonic now."

The man lifted his lazy length from the couch in a curious lassitude

(Continued on Page 49)



So Absorbed in His Battling With the Blind Spirit of Destruction That He Seemed Oblivious to the Presence of a Third—Marie Stanton

The Outlawed German Sea Terror

By A. Curtis Roth, Former United States Vice Consul, Plauen, Saxony

THE submarine has appealed far more strongly to the popular German imagination than any other instrument of the war. It has been the talisman of the German dreams of conquest; it has remained the fetish of the War Party; it is now a desperate tonic for the fast-weakening resolution of the German people. For the rest of the world the submarine symbolizes the most important question of the Great War: Is the policy of *Schrecklichkeit*—frightfulness—to be allowed to turn back the current of the stream of history?

This is the vital question the year 1918 will be called upon to answer. The submarine, deadly, furtive, remorseless, has not yet been conquered. The supersubmarine, truly the last card of emperors and aggression, will soon be in full mad career about the business of endeavoring to throttle the civilization of democratic liberties. The German High Command plans to overwhelm the enemy upon the seas, separating the forces of democracy and conquering them in detail. Effective to-day, the submarine may become still more effective before the final crash of the presumptive German scheme. This war has established, however, that there is a counterweapon for every war device; and, the submarine once held at stalemate, despair will hasten the resignation of the German people for the productive works of peace.

The submarine problem, nevertheless, is still a knotty problem. It is true that the accomplishments of the submarine have fallen far short of the predictions of its masters. They caused the German people to believe that this weapon would force Great Britain to sue for peace before the end of 1917. The vain hollowness of this cheer must, by now, be clearly recognized by all the German people. The unjustified promise of a submarine peace by last August, however, must be considered in the light of the famine miseries among the German people at the time of its pronouncement. The German masses needed a spiritual intoxicant of the most powerful definite sort to tide them through their sufferings until the coming harvest. Hence, the German leaders administered their reckless stimulant in the hope of better times, and with the conviction that the submarine campaign must succeed over a two-year course.

Captain-Lieutenant Bertram, commander of the U-196, with whom I had many conversations, certainly did not share the mistaken optimism of the people. He was firmly convinced that the submarine would, in the long run, be the decisive factor in determining a German victory; but he foresaw the success of the submarine as a success won bit by bit and not achieved by a line of blockade drawn overnight.

He enjoyed an unshaken faith in the ultimate triumph of the submarine, brought about by a gradual reduction of enemy tonnage and by a gradual isolation of the various enemy forces.

The Submarine Program

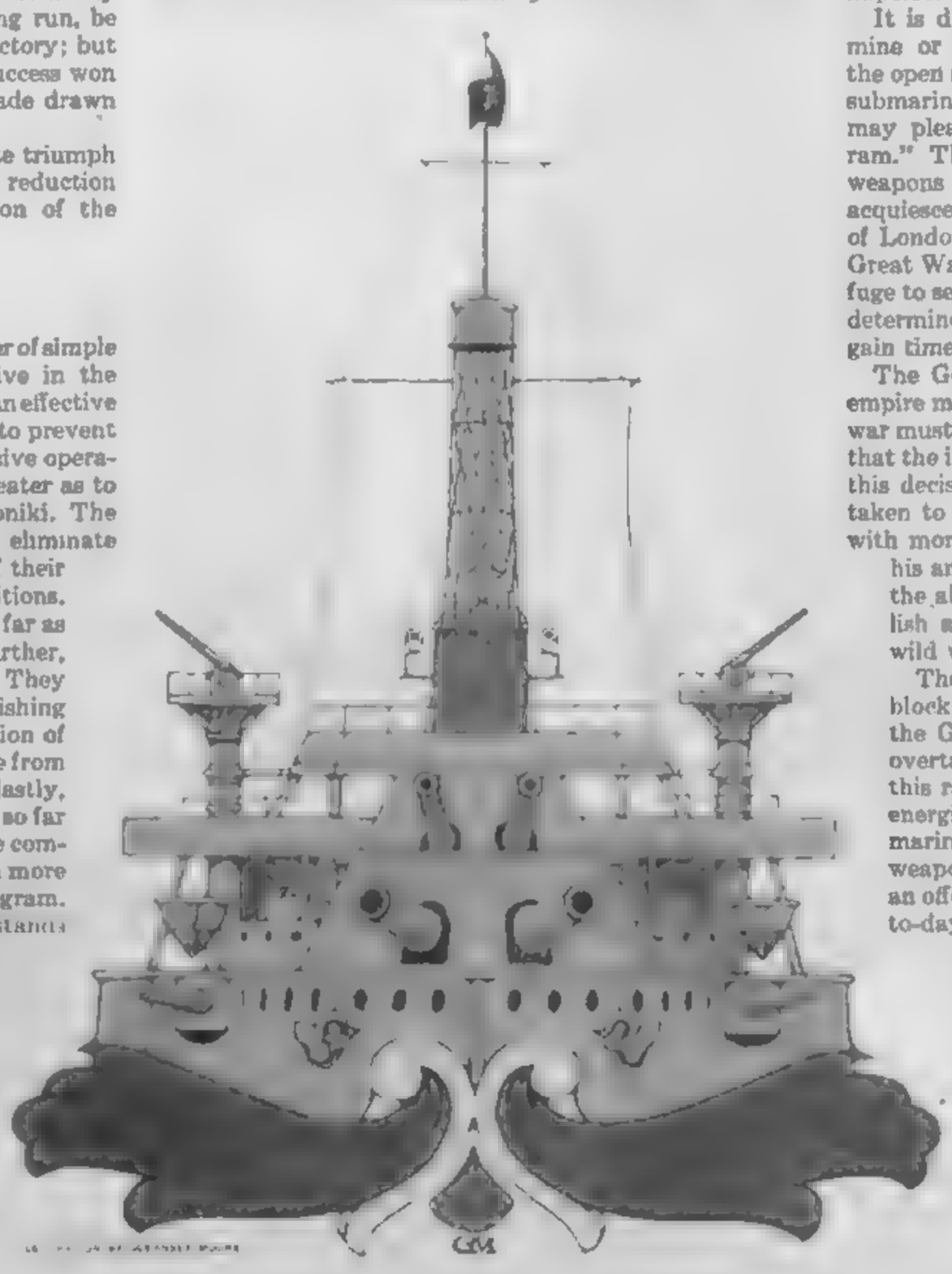
THE general submarine campaign had a number of simple objectives. The danger of an allied offensive in the Macedonian sector was to be eliminated by such an effective submarine blockade of the allied forces there as to prevent them from receiving sufficient supplies for offensive operations, and, finally, so to cut supplies for this theater as to force the withdrawal of the armies based on Saloniki. The submarines were to cripple Italy and finally eliminate the Italians as a serious war factor by cutting off their supplies of coal, iron ore, petroleum and munitions. They were to cripple France by diminishing, so far as possible, the import of the same supplies, and, further, to hinder the transportation of troops to France. They were to break down England's power by impoverishing the Island Empire through the steady destruction of its shipping and by cutting off the English people from the oversea markets that provision them. And, lastly, they were to reduce the tonnage of all countries, so far as possible, in order that Germany might start the coming peacetime race for shipping and business on more even terms. Such was the German submarine program.

In the economic factor of war Germany stands beaten to-day, and beaten decisively. Many thoughtful leaders among the Germans recognize this and the working people feel it. The government, the marine and the military, however, are unwilling to accept this defeat while there yet remains a ghost of a chance to save German prestige. The great hope of these leaders is to hold all military advantages while spreading as much economic disaster among their enemies as possible. The submarine is the instrument of this retaliatory warfare.

In America we do not appreciate how ugly the submarine problem really is. Since my return to this country I have been able to find only one account of the submarine peril that described with any accuracy the new subsea weapon and the menace of this service, grown utterly unmoral. The account to which I refer was written for the New York Tribune by Louis Durant Edwards, one of the American newspaper men in Germany. It was a faithful record of the development of the deadly twentieth-century pirate of the seas, and the first report to pass the German lines concerning the new *Tauchkreuzer*—the so-called diving cruiser. Being a newspaper account, it dealt with facts, without comment. I wish to complete Mr. Edwards' report with additional information, gathered from official sources, and to lay particular stress upon the gravity of the situation we are called upon to dominate.

For more than ten years the Germans have dreamed of winning supremacy upon the seas; and the fetish of this dream, since the outbreak of the war, has been the submarine. Immediately following August 4, 1914, the Germans were forced to acknowledge the overwhelming superiority of the British Grand Fleet. German merchant shipping was swept like magic from all the seas, and the German dreadnoughts dared not venture from their impregnable bases to strike a blow for the empire's vital commerce. It was sheer folly to challenge the British Navy upon the surface of the seas; but there remained the stealthy underwater way to get at the enemy. The Imperial Navy Office threw the weight of its energy into the development of the submarine and into the strengthening of this naval arm. Throughout all history the stab in the dark has characterized the strategy of the weaker opponent. By studying the British and the German navy lists German submarine and mine warfare could have been certainly predicted at the beginning of August, 1914.

The German Navy, moreover, had worked out plans for the starvation of Great Britain by submarine blockade before the great war cloud broke. Captain-Lieutenant Bertram insisted that a submarine campaign against the merchant shipping of our allies must be successful, because Germany had been studying, elaborating and proving plans for such a contingency for five years. Therefore, the attitude of hurt surprise that Germany adopted toward the blockade instituted by Great Britain was one of the veriest hypocrisy. The idea of starving the civilian population of a belligerent by blockade was an idea first discovered and accepted by German strategists.



And yet the Germans, by means of their untruthful propaganda in this country, actually managed to enlist the sympathies of some of our people upon the hypocritical plea that England was "violating the law of nations in waging war against civilians, and starving helpless women and children"; and more in a like sentimental strain. It is safe to say that the British Admiralty was informed concerning the German plans to cripple English commerce and to starve England into submission before the first gun in the war was fired.

Moreover, the Germans almost immediately set about these tasks. They scattered mines across the shipping paths converging on English ports, and began a cautious trying-out of their submarines. The Deutsche Tageszeitung pointed out in 1914 that Great Britain's vulnerable point was her great shipping interest, while the Leipziger Tageblatt began to preach submarine isolation of Britain and the starving out of "perfidious Albion."

Victims of an Unmoral System

THE Declaration of London was first looked upon as a dead letter in Berlin. That the true situation was not generally recognized in this country was due to the clever well-organized German propaganda, to the inherent inconspicuousness of the work of the submarine and the mine, and to the fact that the German operations were far less successful than the blockade operations carried out in the open by the English Grand Fleet.

The German Navy has developed a peculiar service philosophy that goes arm in arm with submarine and mine. It is a philosophy of license, made safe by inconspicuousness. It is a philosophy that upholds the crime that cannot be proved against you. It is, however, more a wrong-headed philosophy than a vicious one. I mean that the individual German military and naval man is splendid and true at heart, but a victim of a form of thought out of all harmony with the progressing ethics of the world. He is the last to condone a defect in personal character; but as an exponent of his nation's science of warfare he is the impersonal agent of an utterly unmoral system of thought.

It is difficult to establish clear evidence against the mine or the submarine. The mine unlawfully free in the open sea may have broken lose from its anchor, and the submarine deliberately sinking the unarmed merchantman may plead "the appearance of an enemy intention to ram." Thus, the latitude of lawlessness in the use of these weapons is very wide. This explains Germany's ready acquiescence in America's proposal that the Declaration of London should be made the governing sea law for the Great War. This readiness of Germany was a mere subterfuge to secure a freer hand; to enjoy an immunity she was determined to deny her enemy. It was, also, a move to gain time for a thorough war stocking of her warehouses.

The Germans are fully convinced that the dignity of empire must be won upon the seas. They believe that this war must, at last, bring a naval decision. And they believe that the improved and more powerful submarine will make this decision one favorable to them. The War Lord has taken to the sea, and there he hopes to intrench himself with more far-reaching results than can be obtained by his armies on the land. If Germany is unable to force the abdication of the Mistress of the Seas and to establish a Master of the Seas in her high place, then the wild visions of Pan-Germanism are forever shattered.

The British Navy is, of course, the great stumbling-block to German ambition. When the war broke out the Germans were in the midst of a hopeless race to overtake the Grand Fleet. They practically abandoned this race after August 4, 1914, and concentrated their energies upon the development and production of submarines. The submarine and the mine were the only weapons with which Germany could hope to undertake an offensive on the sea; and the empire's last ray of hope to-day is the outcome of a timely recognition of this truth. They have manufactured sea mines almost upon the scale of shrapnel, and submarines almost upon the scale of aëroplanes. The submarine has undergone a marvelous evolution in the last three years and the production of these craft has given rise to a huge industry.

My brother, who has long been established in Germany as an American dentist, sold to the German Government in the early months of the war a device of his invention for the plugging

(Concluded on Page 53)

FLAVIUS BEST, PINXIT

THE STORY OF A FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT PAINTER

By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

CAN it be that the psychic lady with the winter-weight eyebrows is right? Do we really vibrate to our names? Those who have followed the career of Flavius Josephus Best are inclined to think so. They date the success of this young portrait painter, not from that dexterous portrait canvas of Poldanzky—the sorcerer face lit by the glowing score before him, the sorcerer arm dipping down with its baton to bring up some more enchanted phrase of song—but from that early occasion back in Kittstown, Pennsylvania, when Mr. Cyrus Best huddled over the sitting-room fire and waited.

It was five o'clock on a December morning in the eighties, and the little room, lighted with its kerosene lamp, was very raw. Nevertheless, Mr. Cyrus Best showed no signs of impatience. On the contrary, his attitude was that of a man who is expecting any moment that the waiter will come and say "Your cutlet is here, sir."

This was, after all, not strange. Already Mr. Best was a confirmed parent. There had previously been served to him Lester and Earle and Beverly and Gladys and Dalbert and Marjorie and Phyllis and Roy. When, therefore, Doctor Templeton finally appeared in the doorway, the little fat man in the Windsor chair looked up with serene confidence.

Doctor Templeton was a middle-aged bachelor who was generally grouchy when called out on a case—only the severest sickness could persuade him that here was not some new plot against his comfort. And when it came to children he was like the croupier of Monte Carlo raking in the shining bits of metal. With the same grim and stony face this physician gathered in the reckless population of Kittstown.

"Well," said he, looking down on Best, "you're out of the amateur-parent class, I guess. A gol-darned, wollopin' red little devil of a man child."

For the first time the parent showed emotion. "Gee!" said he. "That'll be hard on her. She was that set on calling it Aline."

"And what are you going to call it?"

"Flavius Josephus," announced the little fat man.

"Hope he grows up one," said the doctor with his occasional laugh.

His wish was gratified. From the very first the infant upstairs seemed to get action from that name. In the first place he was handsome. In the second place he developed one of those impressionable minds that are like fly paper to any loose-winged bits of information. Down in the B grade he was always listening to the recitations of the A grade, and as a result his whole school career was a series of class-skippings. The most remarkable thing about Flavius Josephus, however, was his talent for drawing. At the age of two he was doing chickens—not the cream puffs on toothpicks generally filed under this name by loving relatives, but roosters with wattles, hens that ran. By the time he was six he had found much more pretentious sitters, and at ten his colored drawings were the features of local institute week.

It was when he was in high school that his father's business began to trouble Flavius. As a fraternity house it was all right. Every afternoon and night the dingy hardware store was crowded with customers whose custom extended only to the old ten-plate stove in the rear or the row of chairs outside. When they wanted anything portable these patrons usually walked three squares up Main Street to the thoroughly up-to-date emporium of Frantz Brothers. Among these social volunteers Major Beverly, the tax collector, was the most faithful. Always at four in the afternoon he arrived, with the meat for supper in his hand. Always at seven in the evening he showed up with the Baltimore paper and pointed out the defects in the national Administration. Once Major Beverly had bought a lawn mower at Best's and charged it, and every spring-cleaning he effected cash settlement for fifteen cents' worth of carpet tacks.

"I Had to Get Old Chambord to Hide My Clothes Last Night So I Couldn't Go Out and Spend My Money"

One evening when the figure with the inveterate beefsteak walked into the store, Flavius, who helped his father after school and on Saturdays, happened to be all alone.

"Good evening, major," he spoke up briskly from behind the counter. "Anything I can do for you this evening?"

The tax collector stopped short. Never before had he heard such an extraneous question.

"Well," he muttered at last a little shamefacedly, "you might give me three cents' worth of them brass tacks."

As the boy sifted the tacks into a paper the major fished out a crumpled dollar bill. Flavius took it, threw it into the cash drawer and turned to his customer.

"Pretty cold weather we're having now, sir," he remarked pleasantly.

Major Beverly did not reply. He was transfixed by the closed relations with the cash drawer. Utterly speechless, he glared at the boy.

"Anything else I can do for you, major?"

"You can give me my change—that's what!" roared the other.

"What change?" asked Flavius politely.

"Why, that ninety-seven cents!"

"Oh—that? Why, major, I thought of course you were paying something on that lawn mower you bought five years ago. But if you're not ——"

Already, however, Major Beverly was at the door. Never in all his life did he enter it again.

When at six o'clock that evening Flavius entered the cheerful kitchen of his home the rest of the family—early marriages had by this time reduced the number of children to two, Flavius and his brother Roy—had finished supper and Mr. Best was now sitting with his feet on the open baker door, in such a manner that his wife had to make a number of extra steps in carrying the dishes from the table to the washing pan. At sight of her youngest boy Mrs. Best stopped these complicated movements and, taking a skillet from the stove, scraped out some fried potatoes and a piece of ham upon his plate. The boy ate only a few excited mouthfuls. Then suddenly he rose from his chair.

"Father," he commenced peremptorily.

Mr. Best looked up from his paper.

"Father," the boy continued, "I've just insulted old Major Beverly. What's more, I'm going to insult him again—him and every other loafer that hangs round our place. Now I'll tell you what my plan is I finish with school this spring—and I might just as well stop now. Let me take over your business and run it—I bet you anything I can make a success of it. If you don't you're going to be bankrupt. I've been looking over your books."

"Save your face, Flav," whispered his brother Roy.

Roy, who, like all the other brothers, had removed himself to a more active center of commerce than the hardware store, had taken his turn remonstrating with the paternal methods. Whereas, however, he and the older boys had all suggested "Why don't you do so and so?" this youngest son offered to do everything himself. Before this latter method Best Senior was helpless as before an easy-chair. The very next day, therefore, Flavius stopped school; and it was not long before Kittstown discovered that the Best store was stretching itself from its long slumbers.

Among all the signs of awaking energy none was more impressive than the window displays, for which Flavius provided, by the aid of a huge board and house paints, a winter background of snowy road and fir trees. This innovation in commerce dazzled all Kittstown, and when Mr. Bruce McIntyre, representative of the Dulcimer Plow Company, made his January visit to town it was the first thing that he noted about the new management.

"Say, son, who did the trim in your window?" asked he, looking over the counter at the fifteen-year-old manager.

"I did," replied the boy modestly; "I'm managing the store now."

"Picture too?"

Flavius nodded.

"Well, let me tell you, son, you've done an elegant piece of art!"

Flavius looked at the jaunty gray derby, the magenta silk handkerchief and the neat half-loops of chestnut-brown mustache. Among all the salesmen, none brought such gusts from the outer world as Mr. McIntyre.

"Why, see here, boy," and Mr. McIntyre bent over the counter so that Flavius was enveloped in the musk of his handkerchief, "you ought to be a portrait painter. There's a lot of money in that. Take that fellow, Alonzo Beadle—he comes from my town in Ohio—and I bet you, sir, that he makes fifty thousand a year painting fool society women the way they think they ought to look."

"Fifty thousand a year—as much as the President—and just for doing something that you like to do!" Flavius

gasped. From that time forth the hardware store became merely a means to an art education.

It was not until he was twenty that the savings from his salary and the small percentage that his father allowed him on the increased business of the store amounted to the fifteen hundred that he considered necessary for three years' study in the famous Prometheus League of New York. His departure from the business was made possible by removing his older brother Roy from the drug store on the square and placing him in charge. It was this brother who came down, that burnished autumn morning, to bid him good-by as he started for New York.

"You're a darned fool, Flav," remarked the fat-cheeked Roy, looking up at his brother on the train platform. "You'd a lot better have put all that money back in the store."

"Just you wait and see if I am," retorted Flavius as the fussy little local pulled out; "I guess I can see farther than my nose."

At the Prometheus League Flavius was launched immediately in the section known as the Pink Antique. Here in this great bare room ranged with its grimy Venuses and Victorys and Mercurys, pliable young minds from Ohio and Indiana and North Dakota learn how to talk as they squeeze the damp wad of eraser between their fingers, to read Verlaine and George Moore, to sit in the top gallery at symphony concerts and to refer to Botticelli as a high-class illustrator. The very first thing that they master is the idea that being uncomfortable is being professional, and when Flavius entered the room that first morning he found the class of young men and women crouching about the Hermes of Praxiteles on the platform like so many prairie dogs. Some had their drawing boards pinned between the four legs of overturned chairs, but others scorned even so much mechanism. Paper on floor, they went for the glory of Greece on elbows and knees.

Usually it takes a student a year or more to finish with the Pink Antique. Flavius, however, cantered through the course in a few months. At the end of that time he entered the men's life class and started his first work in oils.

That first week he drew a position between Levitzky, a young Russian Jew, and Tennant, a radical young New Englander. Tennant was immaculate in a white shirt. Levitzky, on the other hand, wore a flowing tie and a blue smock that was stiff with paint. Even without these Levitzky would probably have been a poor workman.

"Ever done anything in oils?" asked Tennant of Flavius. It was the third day that the class had been at work on its present model—a slim, dark young boy from the East Side.

"No," replied Flavius.

"Then how did you know enough to put purple in that skin?"

Flavius turned his handsome hazel eyes to his companion. "Why, it is purple, isn't it?"

"You're a smart young man," commented Tennant. "My, Beadle is just going to eat you up! You're going to have Beadle, aren't you?"

"I guess so," retorted Flavius; "everybody says he's turned out more portrait painters than anybody in America. Gee, wouldn't it be great to get to paint like that?"

"Like Beadle? Oh, come now—you know what Robert Louis Stevenson says about tushing. Beadle's what I call the king of the tushers. He hasn't got much imagination or real feeling—he's just one of your flip painters. He knows how to do a gentleman in a two-hundred-dollar dress suit or a lady with a Russian wolfhound. But give me Tompkins every time—he's not so clever as Beadle, but he's thoroughly sound."

"Why not do like me—I take them both," put in Levitzky, speaking round the two brushes in his mouth. He was talented with brushes as a dressmaker is with pins.

"Of course you do, you grasping son of a gun! And what does it get you? It's like being between a bull and a barbed-wire fence. You never know which way to turn. No, young man," and he turned to Flavius, "you'd better stick to Beadle."

In spite of this advice Flavius took Levitzky's general hold on the situation and suffered the criticisms of the rival masters. Tompkins was the first of them to appear. A small man with mild mustaches, he created no such panic among the students as did the great Alonzo Beadle. Beadle was at this time a man of sixty—tall and broad-chested, and coming from his frilly white beard and mustaches with the same effect as a particularly large mutton chop from its paper fussing.

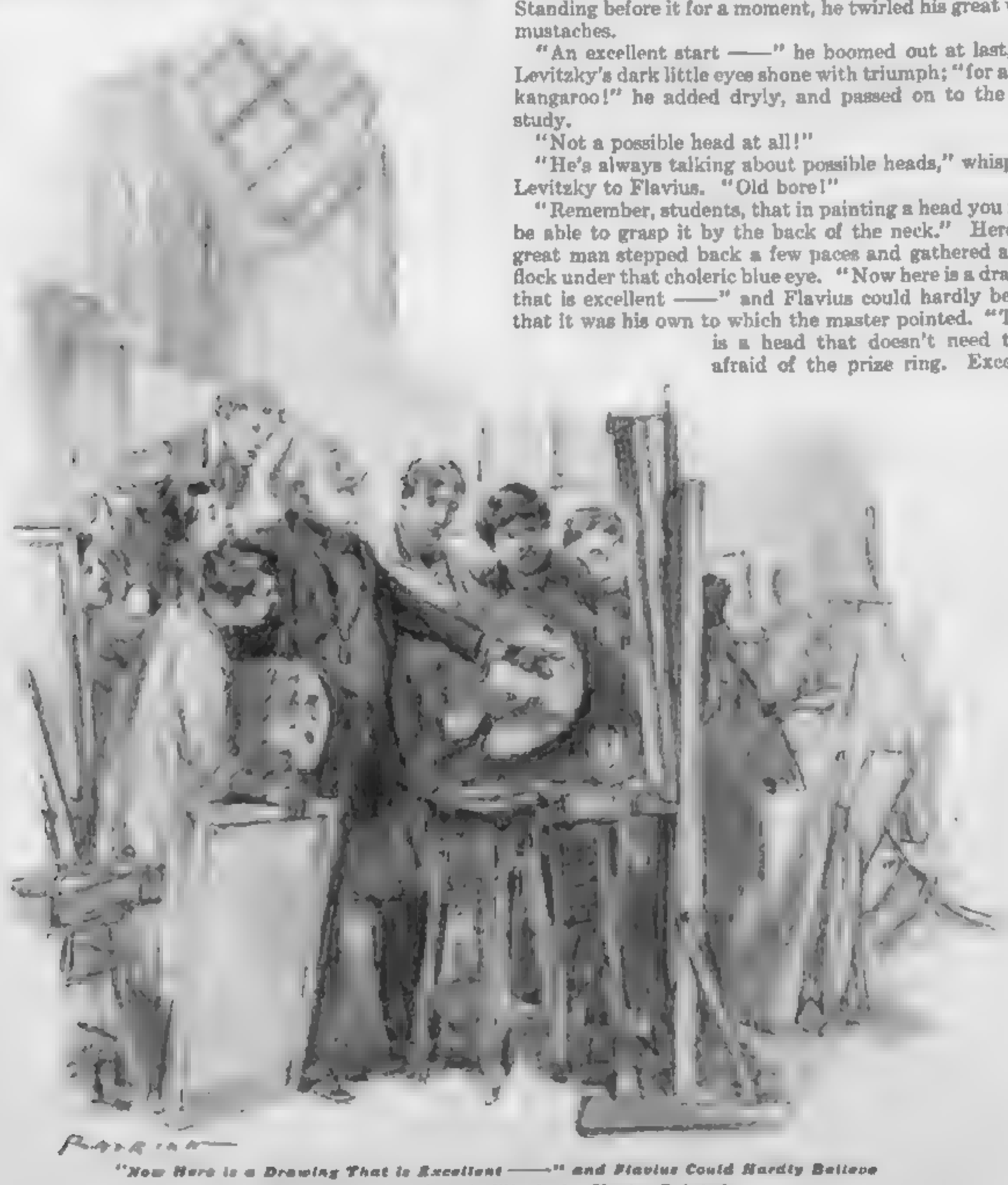
On that first day he paused at Levitzky's canvas. Standing before it for a moment, he twirled his great white mustaches.

"An excellent start ——" he boomed out at last, and Levitzky's dark little eyes shone with triumph; "for a pink kangaroo!" he added dryly, and passed on to the next study.

"Not a possible head at all!"

"He's always talking about possible heads," whispered Levitzky to Flavius. "Old bore!"

"Remember, students, that in painting a head you must be able to grasp it by the back of the neck." Here the great man stepped back a few paces and gathered all his flock under that choleric blue eye. "Now here is a drawing that is excellent ——" and Flavius could hardly believe that it was his own to which the master pointed. "There is a head that doesn't need to be afraid of the prize ring. Excellent draftsmanship there, boys! And don't be afraid of drawing—there are some people who are, you know. They think that if they can only stutter they can prove their God-given talent."



"Now Here is a Drawing That is Excellent ——" and Flavius Could Hardly Believe That it Was His Own to Which the Master Pointed

"Tell Me, Hi," Said Shei "What Kind of Illustrations are You Going to Have Flav Do for Your New Novel?"

As Flavius walked away from that first criticism his head was swimming. Already he seemed to see himself painting at the rate of fifty thousand a year. And then as, with chin upraised, he strolled out to the corridor he came upon Tennant putting away his materials in a locker.

"Aha, Best, what did I tell you? I knew Beadle was going to be crazy about you."

"But I thought you never listened to Beadle's criticisms!"

"Oh, every now and then I stroll in. You know what old Louis Quatorze said—that it was a wise thing to listen to what the majority had to say and then do the other thing. That's the way I am with the flip school."

Though Flavius was always impressed by the young New Englander's destructive criticisms he soon found the majority far too comfortable a van to leave for any bumping minority. As time went on Beadle made much of the young fellow's work, and even those who looked down on mere barren facility admitted that he was born with an eye and a hand that would take him far.

"Don't be afraid of using paint!" Beadle used to say on his semiweekly days of inspection. "Use house paints if you will—but don't skimp. Remember always—a full brush, a full brush! No, Mr. Levitzky, I don't mean by that that you have to put scabs on an innocent model's cheek. Look at this figure of Mr. Best's now—how the light sweeps over the cheek, yet is absolutely part of it."

But the very picture that Beadle thus exalted was the subject of one of Tompkins' most bitter criticisms.

"A brilliant map of a young man's face and figure," said the tiny little man, pausing before Flavius' study. "A most remarkable example of accurate drawing. But don't be misled, students—accurate drawing is not always good drawing, and I feel here as if Mr. Best might have got the spirit of the thing better if he had exaggerated—say, the flex of that running leg."

"But, Mr. Tompkins," put in little Levitzky wistfully, "just look at the color."

"Yes, yes," assented Tompkins gloomily; "very clever, I admit. But somehow I have the impression that this young man has treated human flesh as though it were a yard of dress goods—making it look shimmery and brilliant and fashionable. It doesn't look permanent—it doesn't seem real. The trouble with your work, Mr. Best"—he turned quite ferociously to the young man—"is that you haven't enough vision. Your work is too 'icily regular'—know where that comes from? No? Well, I advise you to go out and get yourself a copy of Maud. It will do your painting good. Remember, gentlemen, you're getting your language here; but what is language worth if you haven't some idea to express? Read—meet people—go to symphony concerts—throw your minds open to every kind of beauty in the world. Then perhaps you will have something to say with these little tubes of paint!"

Long after the others had gone Flavius lingered here in the great bare room before his discredited canvas. He had been so proud of it; it had seemed to him so thoroughly satisfactory. And now here was this Nehemiah of a critic thundering at him to bring in some dim, unknown dimension. Vision? How could he get it? Baffled and wistful as a little boy, he stood there staring until he was roused by a step through the empty halls. It was Tennant, coming back to look for one of his brushes; and Tennant, seeing the gloomy young figure, came over and put an arm about the flanneled shoulders.

"Come, old man," said he, "don't brood over being the faultless painter. We'll go out and get you some vision. What do you say to the Symphony Concert to-night? They're playing Schubert's Unfinished. We'll buy twenty-five-cent seats way up on top. And I'll tell you what you do—come home with me for supper. My sister and I have a little place on Stuyvesant Square."

"Sister!" echoed Flavius. "I never knew you had one."

Tennant laughed. "Most people don't know she has a brother."

The moment he saw Ethel Tennant, Flavius understood that remark. At the first sight of those bewildering blue eyes Sue Weatherly, the recognized peach of Kittstown—Sue, who with a companion deftly chosen for her freckled nose and squinty gray eyes used to walk up and down in front of the hardware store for a glimpse of him—was completely forgotten. With Sue he had always been thoroughly at his ease. Here, however, was a being who filled you with every lovely word and then locked the doors upon you so that you could not utter one of them. In suffocated delight he sat there stiffly on the couch of the sitting room and was unable to speak more than a sentence or two.

Supper, however, was a relaxing feature. This was served on a Colonial drop-leaf table, and there were blue dishes, and eggs done in some worldly fashion, and—best of all—candles with shades of Chinese blue. As they sat down Ethel Tennant looked over at him and said sweetly: "Roger tells me you are very gifted, Mr. Best."

His gloom of the afternoon swept even through the enchantment of her presence. "You wouldn't have thought so," said he, "if you could have heard old Tompkins going for me this afternoon."

"Tompkins! Oh, what do you care about him? Beadle is the only great master the Prometheus League has."

He met her eyes, but the sweetness of them was too sharp, and with a panicky blush he dropped his own to his plate.

"You know, Best," said Roger, helping himself to eggs, "my sister is very practical. She says a portrait painter who tries to do anything but Beadle is a fool—that it's like trying to sell breakfast food to a hungry cannibal. No instinct for reform in you, is there, Ethel?"

The morning star opposite to him—practical? A nightingale—efficient? A sunset—serviceable? Flavius' brain reeled with the horror of it.

"Well," said Ethel, "I'm not admitting that Beadle's work is bad. On the contrary, it's extremely brilliant and sure. If it weren't superior, why is it that all the thousands of people who try to paint just like him fail so atrociously?"

"Oh, he's able enough, I admit. But he is a portrait salesman," retorted her brother. Then, turning to their guest's empty plate, he urged more potatoes and egg.

Flavius had, in fact, finished with his portion before the others were half started. This was not strange. Until to-night it is safe to say that he had never looked on the underside of a fork. With him a fork had always been a powerful instrument of efficiency—sometimes swept aside altogether in favor of the quicker action of the knife. Starting in with his usual dashing attack, it was not until later in the evening that he perceived how the others were sauntering. He blushed to the roots of his hair. Had the morning star noticed his mistake?

When it came time to go to the concert Best plucked up courage and turned to Ethel.

"How about you, Miss Tennant; can't you come with us?"

"I'm sorry," she replied sweetly, "but I have an engagement to-night. Some other time, though, I'd just love to go."

His heart sank. For the first time it occurred to him that the morning star is unsequestered. With whom did she have an engagement? That wonder plunged and turned all through the Schubert Symphony.

When he arrived that night at the Brooklyn boarding house, which had been recommended to him by Mr. Bruce McIntyre, the Dulcimer Plow salesman, there greeted him from the parlor a loud burst of song. Someone at the piano was playing Dearie, and in the chorus of accompanying voices he heard the oily barytone of Higbie, the insurance agent, and the rusty soprano of Miss Tessie Bains, the little blond typist. They called to him to come in and join them, but with a feeble excuse he ran on up the three dark flights of stairs that led to his little room.

This was one of those boarding-house rooms that just naturally have mean dispositions. Its coldness seemed always quite separate from mere climate. During the day it hoarded up dampness, and at night it conveyed it, breath by breath, to the unfortunate occupant. As Flavius entered now this secreted chill came creeping out from the faded yellow wall paper, from the dingy walnut bed and the Turkey-red curtain that draped Flavius' meager wardrobe.

The young man was not conscious of it, however. Sinking on the red-velvet patent rocker he sat there for hours without even moving. At last, in the early morning, quite numbed with cold, he reached out for a book on the table—a copy of Burns that he had brought with him from home. Maud he might not know, but back there in Kittstown, when he had thought himself in love with Sue Weatherly, he had read the peasant poet many times and had tried to fit Sue into the lyrics. Now it was very different. He wanted Burns to fit into his thought of Ethel Tennant.

He opened the book—is there a sentient accuracy about dead pages?—at the words:

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue,
I gat my death from twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een of bonny blue.

In the course of the next few months Flavius could not decide just how "waefu'" was his own gate. Part of the time he was convinced that Ethel did not care for him any more than for the dozen others who hovered about the little apartment in Stuyvesant Square. But weighed against such gloom were moments—times when they stood together in a picture gallery or when his cheek brushed her hair there in the music-filled darkness of the top gallery at the orchestra concerts—in which he was rapturously certain that he was not feeling all this—alone.

What puzzled him most in these months was her way of looking at him. Often he would meet her eyes—by this time he was composed enough to note even the way that the lashes had of gathering into points and raying back on the white lids—and he would thrill at the intentness of her gaze. But in spite of its directness there was something far-away about it. Could it be possible she was valuing him merely because he resembled someone else?

One day in April when they were walking through Stuyvesant Square he turned to meet this look.

"Flavius!" she said suddenly. Only a week before she had commenced to call him this, and he blushed now to the roots of his hair at the gust of golden harp strings.

"Yes, Ethel?"

"Flavius, I've been thinking for some time—you don't mind?—but I don't like that way of parting your hair in

(Continued on Page 52)

He Met Her Look Squarely; and Then, All of a Sudden, Something Turned Inside of Him

CAMOUFLAGE—By Will Irwin

THERE'S a new word in the English language—and by that I mean the corrupt dialect of our mother tongue used in the British Isles, not the pure and yet improved variety current in North America. As soon as this war is over and Tommy resumes his civilian activities, the British will be getting out new editions of those dictionaries wherein, they vainly believe, is embalmed the standard English language of the world. And in the C section, probably without the comment of "argot" or "slang" or "colloquial," or any other mark of disreputability, will appear camouflage. Doubtless it will make its way, though more slowly, into those purer repositories of the tongue published in Boston or New York; for we are sending an army over to France just now, and the first new word they will learn at the Front will be camouflage. The term was pretty nearly unknown, even to the French, three years ago; and the thing it represents was absolutely unknown. It is pronounced, at present, French fashion, like this—"cam-oo-flazh," the first *a* being short, as in cat; the second *a* broader, as in harm.

It had labored along for centuries, a rare and obscure French word, having several meanings, mostly slang. But in the theatrical business it signified make-up. The scene painters of the Parisian theaters carried it with them to the war and fixed it in army slang; for just about that time the armies of Europe began to introduce a new branch of tactics into warfare. The aëroplane, hovering over battles with the eyes of a god, had arrived. It made the old-fashioned maneuvers of strategy impossible. No longer was a general on the defensive obliged merely to guess whether his opponent intended to attack in the center or to try to outflank. Just as soon as the enemy column began to move, the news came to the other side by aëroplane. Worse, perhaps, than that—the aëroplane had an invidious and prying way of discovering batteries, ammunition dumps, troop encampments, and, when they were found, of directing the battery fire that destroyed them.

Except for keeping off the aëroplane, there was only one way to meet this power of the air—conceal your batteries, ammunition dumps or encampments—in short, make up the landscape, as a young actor, about to impersonate an old man, makes up his face with false whiskers, light grease paint and burned-match lines. By the first winter of the war both sides were at it. The British, as they worked up to efficiency, adopted the method and learned the word.

This word—having none other for the process—they added to the vocabulary of the British Army; it was new, and it was susceptible to a great variety of metaphorical uses. At latest accounts the British soldiers were working it to death. They use it as a noun, verb and adjective. They use it for any variety of concealment—moral, spiritual or intellectual.

"I camouflaged my intentions on the lady," said a British subaltern the other day, humorously describing a flirtation of his extreme youth. A private, making remarks on the passing throng from a seat before a Parisian café, called a bleached blond lady "one of those camouflaged brunettes." "I camouflaged myself in a shell hole and sat tight," said another, describing the time when a German aëroplane swooped down and turned loose a machine gun on his working party.

The Work of Military Make-Up Men

"JUST camouflage," remarked another Briton briefly, commenting upon the German shift in political leaders that was so puzzling to us at the end of July. There he laid hold on a truth. Camouflage of the war landscape is not the only variety known to Armageddon. This is a war of camouflage in the intellectual sphere—camouflage political, camouflage financial, camouflage diplomatic. These branches of the art, as practiced on the other side of the Rhine, might perhaps be better described by our old American slang term, bunk.

Sticking, however, to merely physical camouflage, before the first anniversary of the war the best scene painters of France, some of the best painters, not a few of the best physical scientists, were busy with the problems of concealment. Now—without going too deeply into the scientific aspects of the question—every painter knows that any color is not really a single color at all, but a blend of many colors. There are purples and mauves and violets in the grayest stretch of landscape. The colors of Nature are complex; and Nature, also, runs to wavy, broken and blended lines. One of the first steps in the process of military concealment was to camouflage guns and other military works.

The artists and scene painters experimented, and viewed the results of their experiments from aëroplanes. By the end of the first year most of the guns and motor transports used near the line had been painted after a pattern that has no equivalent in civilian uses. They were striped with greens, browns, dull yellows; sometimes with pinks and blues. But the stripes were not regular. All lines of union were wavy or broken. Nor did the colors meet each other sharply. For a little distance they were blended. The pattern, if pattern it can be called, resembled very remotely the marbling sometimes seen inside the binding of books. It looked more, perhaps, as though someone had poured a few bucketfuls of paint, hit or miss, over guns and transports.

Though the horse has been pretty nearly counted out in this war, he is still used sometimes in sectors of the Front where the army meets peculiar conditions. So the horses, also, were camouflaged—painted with tinted whitewash, which would not affect their skins, in those same irregular stripes. The results, though exactly what the artist expected, were a surprise to the layman. I myself have often passed within a rod of a painted gun and never noticed it until some soldier called my attention to its presence, or until it was fired.

The peculiarities of the landscape were always minutely studied before painting operations began. So it often happens that a battery, shifted from one sector to a remote point, had to wait for a new coat of paint. Nearly invisible in the old landscape, it would attract attention in the new because its color value was not right.

How Cameras Pierce Disguises

THE craft of camouflage went on developing; and presently the camoufleurs hit on one of the best protective devices in their bag of tricks. As the impermanent trenches of the Western Front became permanent war residences, the roads by which transports travel were all camouflaged; and not only against aëroplane observers, but against balloons and artillery observation posts. Now as one approaches the Front he knows that he is in the shell zone through the fact that his automobile is running behind a screen.

In conditions such as prevailed at the Somme battle, last autumn, when herbage, trees and villages had been battered into one wilderness of mud, the road camouflage is of the color of a dirty gunny sack; in the green country, which now lies behind most of the Western Front, the color is green, interspersed, on the principle of broken colors and lines, with brown and yellow.

Of course such road protection does not absolutely blind the enemy; but it does greatly hamper him. The aëroplane, in order to see what is doing on that road, must get absolutely overhead. Long ago the enemy has mapped and plotted every foot of the ground behind your lines. He has the range of that road, and whenever his guns have nothing else to do they try to tear it up.

But tearing up the road merely gives your working parties a little extra work at road mending. What the enemy would like to do is to catch the road when it is full of transports. Except by accident he cannot do that, unless he sends up an observation aëroplane to hover directly overhead and direct his batteries. And aëroplanes cannot be steadily detached from more important work for this auxiliary service. Whatever happens along that road is invisible to the watchers in the captive balloons and to the observation stations.

The painted camouflage of guns served for a time; but the eyes of aërial observers became sharper with practice, and the camera also was called to their aid. The spur of necessity made the science of photography take a long jump forward. Here I myself must camouflage; in this particular, as in several others, I may not tell all I know lest I perhaps give the enemy information on some point upon which he is not already informed.

Astronomers learned long ago that photographic observation was better than that of the inaccurate imagination-haunted human eye. The controversy over the canals of Mars, for example, is based on the study of thousands of photographs. Those young laboratory assistants in white uniforms, whom H. G. Wells has described in one of his books on the war, sat just behind the lines, developing, printing and studying the results. A gun camouflaged by protective colorati a, and thus invisible to the casual eye, often came out quite plainly on the negative.

That also proved inadequate after a time. Guns are there to shoot. Aerial observers—here is where the eye beats the camera—would see the flashes, and report that there seemed to be a battery in 26 Z, or some other enigmatic combination of numbers and letters. So usually, when there was a hostile observation plane above, the concealed guns remained silent and all activity in their region ceased. But this, possible to long-range guns engaged in tearing up enemy roads or methodically battering down a distant position, was not entirely possible to the shorter-range guns employed against infantry or trench positions. When there is an attack, when the call comes for curtain fire, you have to shoot, camouflage or no camouflage. So the camoufleurs took to Quaker guns. That device—a log of wood painted like a cannon—was used in our Civil War, and even before.

There is nothing, except the aëroplane, absolutely new in warfare. Even the art of camouflage was practiced by the Indians. In this, however, as in the other resurrections of old ruses, the savants of war introduced great improvements. A battery, plainly under suspicion of the enemy, was interspersed with dummy guns. They were camouflaged like the rest and in appearance they fired like the rest—a harmless bomb, a device borrowed from the moving-picture producer, was exploded at the muzzle. In dusty regions, like the Carso or Picardy, where the firing of a cannon kicks up the dust, a bellows was used to add the last touch of realism; only the dummy gun was a little more carelessly served than its fellows. When prying aircraft were overhead, some little careless trick of the gunners—never too obvious a trick, lest the true nature of the game betray itself—revealed a man, an ammunition party, a glimpse of the gun muzzle.

The duel of wits between the camoufleurs and their enemies, the photographers, between the artists and their critics, went on. A slight difference in the detail of a new photograph, compared with an old one, became tremendously significant.

For example: Within the German lines, fronting a famous French position, was a bit of wood. Now a wood is about the most effective piece of natural camouflage known to modern warfare. Its interlaced brown-and-green branches, blending with the prevailing brown and green of the ground, produce optical uncertainty. One day this wood was photographed and nothing suspicious was found. Photographed again, a brown streak showed about one of the edges. It was a new path, made in the night by the feet of men and horses. Evidently there had been a lot of trafficking about that wood. Further photographs showed the streak growing plainer and plainer. Traffic was evidently keeping up. The French, overnight, sent aëroplanes to bomb the wood; and an ammunition dump went up.

So minute now is the search for paths, indicating spots of military use, that every precaution is taken to preserve the landscape. Sometimes the ammunition carriers and the cooks approach by a trench roofed with sod; but this cannot always be arranged.

Trenches and Buildings Simulated

WHEN snow falls the whole system of camouflage must be changed; for dead white is a mightily uncompromising background, showing up the smallest shadow, and this contrast is stronger than the trick on vision played by any screen. The covering has to be changed to a solid, white mat. This has the disadvantage of blinding the gunners to everything except the quarter of the sky just before them.

One main function of aircraft observation is to discover and map the enemy trench system, preparatory to an attack. In a general way it may be said that no general orders an attack before he and his subordinates, down to the captains of the line, know almost exactly what they are going to encounter. I learn from Belgium that the Germans, in preparing for an attack on a French or British position, have often dug an exact duplicate of the trench system they intended to take, and rehearsed their attacking divisions for weeks beforehand.

Now it is extremely hard to camouflage a trench. In the nature of things it is an aggressive piece of engineering. To defend it the firing must be kept up every day. Further, it must be open to the sky. But a trench system, as distinct from a single trench, may be camouflaged by digging fake trenches, so laid that they will seem to the military logic of the opposing intelligence department a part of the real trench system. The Germans, at least, have dug innumerable trenches of this sort. At first, they were mere trenches and nothing else; often they were too shallow for real use.

The long, thin, strange world behind the lines became not only a world of tragedy and heroism, of noise and barbed wire, of strange, grotesque gashes in the earth, but also a world of illusion and fake. Most useful buildings were camouflaged by painting the familiar irregular stripes, studied to blend with the landscape, on their roofs.

There has been much building in the zone of operations—sheds, barracks, headquarters, and the like. To go no further into detail, there has also been some fake building. The camoufleurs, expert scene painters, can stretch on bare ground in an appropriately short time a very convincing imitation of a roof. With a few large domestic utensils lying about, such a house looks very realistic from the air. Of course it is usually camouflaged with stripes, but a little carelessly—and yet not too carelessly.

Trench camouflage is another branch of the art. It is not a part of the war within the war between camouflage and aëroplane—except indirectly; for, after all, the aëroplane is the first cause of the locked trenches, of siege warfare on a world scale. Yet, in the camouflage used during day-by-day trench warfare, the artists and scene painters of Europe have introduced some of their prettiest tricks.

Only recently did I realize how much the outward appearance of front trenches has changed during the past year. A trench is a ditch with a parapet built above the earth in front. Usually the parapet is made of sandbags, which stop rifle fire. Now in the beginning the trench builders, taking a workmanlike pride, made the parapets like good brickwork, laying the bags with absolute regularity, carefully evening the tops. At regular intervals there were loopholes. The enemy, watching with high-power field glasses, could spot the loopholes at once and keep up a constant fire on them.

Moreover, a smoothly even top to the parapet betrays at once the head of a careless man; whereas, if the top be a broken, irregular line, that head, in the fleeting instant which a sniper has for his work, may appear a flickering shadow. Hundreds of miles of regular-laid old trench parapets have been torn up by night, under the direction of camoufleurs, and replaced by trenches more deceptive.

Without going extensively into the practices of our side, let me say that the system now mainly employed by the Germans is very effective. A well-constructed German trench looks to French or British observers like a section of the city dump. Its outline appears broken, irregular, careless. Its front is spotted and littered with rubbish—broken bottles, old rusty tin cans, pieces of twisted sheet iron; even discarded boots and pieces of clothing.

A Canadian Trapper's Fine Work

DAY by day and week by week, of course, from the opposite trenches the observers of the Allies are watching those fascinating, dangerous, long mounds, and trying to puzzle them out. Directly before you, as you see it through your glass, is a section of trench sprinkled with tin cans. Some point toward you; some do not. Any of those cans may have no bottom—may be the opening to a chute through which a German rifle with telescopic sights is pointing. Or the rifle may be in that hollow dent of the parapet's surface which throws such a deep shadow, or behind that piece of sheet iron. No one can tell, unless the Germans make a mistake; the smoke of a modern rifle is not visible enough to betray the fact, even if you have your glass on the very spot when the sniper fires.

Concerning Allied camouflage of front trenches I shall not speak, except to say that it is equally clever.

All day and all night, of course, snipers of both sides lie in wait to plug any man who carelessly sticks up his head. But most of the effective sniping, after all, proceeds from No Man's Land or from elevated points just behind the trench line. Both classes of snipers must conceal themselves by all the tricks known to Red Indian warfare, with a few civilized improvements. In assisting them the camoufleur is at his subtlest. Here is an instance that has been published, and is, therefore, fair game:

In the landscape, grown wearily familiar to the Germans, stood a dead tree, its top and branches shot away. An artist from the school of camoufleurs came up by orders one night and crawled, with his little box of water colors, to a point, itself camouflaged, between the lines. When daylight came he made a painting of that tree as it must appear to the Germans. The next night he made measurements. A few nights later the real tree was sawn down and a realistic iron imitation, filled with bullet-proofs and snipers, took its place. This is merely typical of a hundred similar tricks.

The snipers between the lines, and the trench raiders, make up their persons, thus bringing the word camouflage back to its original meaning. Uniforms, of course, are in themselves a kind of camouflage. The German blue-green-gray, the Italian olive-gray, the French horizon blue, the British and American khaki—are all designed for protective coloration. Perhaps, considering the conditions of modern warfare, the British uniform, being colored like mud, has been most successful of all; just as French horizon blue, blending so well with the distant landscape, would be best in open summer fighting, and just as the German uniform best suits all-round conditions. The camoufleurs, however, usually believe that all sides have made a mistake in adopting a solid color.

In night operations, however, the white face of a Caucasian man is distinctly visible under the searchlights or the flares, even when his uniform blends with the landscape. So those raiding or scouting parties who crawl out between the trenches at night, making that whole four-hundred-mile strip of No Man's Land a world of curious, secret, crawling activities, usually blacken their faces and hands with the standard burnt cork of the negro minstrel. In Gallipoli the British found that the Turkish snipers, who worked mainly from trees, were wearing grass-green uniforms and had painted their faces green.

The most ingenious and picturesque bit of work of which I have heard, in this department of war, was conceived and executed many months ago by a Canadian trapper, who knew nothing about art, but did know the tricks of his own game. He came from the wilds of the British Northwest to enlist. Being a superb shot, he was granted by the British, who recognized his qualifications as a sniper, an unusual privilege. Equipped with a regular service rifle, he was allowed to bring along also his old-fashioned pump-lever repeater, which he knew like the palm of his hand.

Now in the sector where his battalion found itself a tragic and curious thing kept happening. An undue number of scouts, sent out exploring in No Man's Land, failed to return. In the dark—no searchlights out, no flares up—the Canadians would hear shots from the German trenches; and in the morning the field glass would reveal the scouts lying dead, out between the lines.

The trapper started to puzzle this out. Finally he noticed one peculiar thing: Near the body of each dead man was a low stake, which might have escaped the attention of any eye less subtle, since many and various broken scattered objects lie in No Man's Land. That night, carefully swinging wide of all stakes, he went exploring. He found that the stakes, on the German side, were touched up with bright phosphorescent paint. Scouts in No Man's Land proceed by crawling. Whenever a man passed such a stake on the German side his body blotted out the light of the phosphorus to a height of perhaps two feet. A sniper, his eye and his sights trained exactly on that vertical line of light, had only to pull the trigger.

Having ascertained and reported this, the trapper, by permission of his commanding officer, contrived some man-traps of his own invention. At night he carried these contrivances out on No Man's Land and cannily reaching round the phosphorous-painted German traps, placed one before each post. Then from the top leaf of each trap he ran a wire into his own trench.

His traps now set, he crawled out to a good vantage point between the lines, with a signaling string attached to his waist. When he was ready he jerked out a signal. A comrade in the trench pulled the wire attached to the nearest trap. The top leaf lifted, blotting out the phosphorescent light of the post, giving exactly the effect of a man crawling past. The German sniper fired. Then, as is the custom with German snipers, he fired again to make sure. That second shot caused his own death. By the flash of the first shot the trapper located him. At the flash of the second he fired—and got his man.

Tricks That Change With the Seasons

A SEPARATE German sniper was assigned to each post, it appears. The trapper went down the line that night, working the same trick; in every case, his comrades believe, he killed or wounded a German sniper. Afterward, he brought back his traps, hoping to work the same trick again; but the Germans, perceiving that something had gone wrong, went out the next night and pulled up their stakes.

This trick of impersonating a man by means of a board was simply primitive, though ingenious, camouflage. Of course the trapper was himself camouflaged, when he fired, by some one of a dozen tricks borrowed from the Indians or invented since the war began. Of these methods it is not well to speak; though, indeed, the enemy may know all about them. Most of them depend on tricks of protective coloration—on blending a man with his surroundings, as a leopard blends with the lights and shadows of jungle foliage.

Trench camouflage, like the camouflage of guns, changes with the seasons. When snow falls on No Man's Land the faces of patrols need not be blackened; but, of course, blue or khaki uniforms show up with fatal clearness under a searchlight. Hence it happened, in the winter of 1915–16, that a spruce young British officer came into a general store in a French city near to the Western Front and asked the astonished saleslady for her best price on eight dozen women's night-dresses, large sizes, with nightcaps to match. The saleslady filled this shocking order; two nights later a party dressed in this outlandish costume made a very successful trench raid.

These are tricks rather than art; but the artists among the camoufleurs, and especially the scene painters, are even more busy along the trench line than in the area to the rear. Here is a classic example:

The battalions in any trench area are shifted from time to time; but even though they occupy the sector only a month or so, with reliefs every few days, the officers and lookouts come to know the scenery just in front of them as few men know even their own homes. Hour after hour they watch and watch, until its smallest detail is burned into their minds.

Moreover, in the headquarters of nearly every sector,

(Concluded on Page 106)

He Thought They Were All Pikers!

POOR BUTTERFLY

By Louise Dutton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

THIS is a story of Forty-second Street. Of a cross street. The real story of New York is written in cross streets. Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Sixth thread through the tangled city, carrying their three kinds of life, great arteries; but the cross streets are greater, for they draw blood from all. They cut straight through the island from shore to shore, carving out cross sections of life. They are life itself. They are New York.

Of Forty-second Street between Eighth Avenue and Fifth: On the east the shopping district draws its trim skirts away; on the west, in shabby rooming houses or garish hotels, lurks the dreary outer circle of the Tenderloin. But the heart of the Tenderloin beats steady and strong, and the white lights burn in the little space between. Theater, cabaret and roof show, new dance steps and old wines, long nights and short, stale days, may all be sampled there; and there, too, is romance—romance hiding its bright face of youth under a tinsel disguise; but it is romance. And there, in the smartest building in the smartest block between Eighth Avenue and Fifth, were the studios of T. Titheridge Tilson, *maître de danse*—and Poor Butterfly.

T. Titheridge Tilson's name was well known to the dancing world, but his face was not. Faded photographs of "T. Titheridge Tilson in the Making," a Tilson in kilts or Eton jacket, hung among the framed diplomas and certificates on his walls; a cut of a godlike young man urged you in his advertisements to "toddle the Tilson way"; but if there ever was a real Tilson he had sold out long ago. Tilson's was a machine now, a complete machine making money with the world at war, squeezing the last penny out of the dying dance craze—squeezing hard day and night. So the dancing world said; and it had room for one Tilson's, and only one.

Tilson's is Tilson's still, but Poor Butterfly is not there. She has gone from that up-to-date establishment forever, like the tune for which she was named; gone, and the fox trots of the year are noisier now, and a rather sulky brunette is the beauty of Tilson's; gone where we cannot follow her. This is the story of Poor Butterfly; but it is a story of Forty-second Street.

A girl was dancing, under a low-hung chandelier, in a circle of cool white light.

It was almost closing time at Tilson's, past six on a drizzly March afternoon; but all day a faithful procession had filed meekly past the massive blonde who took their money at a massive desk in the outer office, and through this room to the three dancing rooms beyond, where three phonographs played three different tunes at once; where one was still playing the last fox trot of the last lesson of the day, heard faintly here through closed doors—Poor Butterfly!

In this small bare room the air was full of ghosts—ghosts of little lost tunes too tired to die; little whispered secrets and scandals, and a scent of rice powder and sandalwood, keeping up an unending fight with the warm human odors they could not kill. Here you could feel the pulse of the whole dancing world, a world that was tired, but played on. For this was the waiting room of T. Titheridge Tilson's staff of instructors, specialists—"Why merely dance? Perfect your dancing at Tilson's!" Limp and tired, in crisp black ruffles, pale under her rouge, twenty—the average age of the specialists was eighteen—the senior member of the staff drooped on the window bench. And the girl who danced, the only thing in this tired world that was not tired, was the reigning beauty of the year, Miss Marguerite Donahue—Poor Butterfly.

The beauty was not strictly beautiful; and if anybody cared she did not. Her fair hair was modishly tight and high, her eyebrows sharply penciled; but under a faithful coat of white talcum powder two freckles showed on her nose, and it was a tip-tilted nose—a dear, disturbing Irish little girl's nose; and the small full lips that laughed, and the gray eyes that crinkled and laughed, were a little girl's too. She was a child, but, when she danced to this tune, a fairy child. Slim as a boy, in the boy's open-throated white blouse and the short-swinging blue skirt that she wore to a lunch counter or the Ritz, to work, play, or to break hearts in, brown hands on narrow hips, she stepped, poised and swayed, uplifted, part of the music. Music that floated and dipped and rose and laughed and sighed, and held the butterfly soul of a dancing girl, and of real butterflies; butterflies bound to flutter to earth at last, but mocking, untouchable and safe for their little hour in the sun; golden butterflies.

Breathless and pink, she perched on an ink-stained desk by the window at last, ashamed of her performance, but touched with the magic of it still.

"It's a good tune. Got a good swing," she said. "They can play it at my funeral. I could die dancing to it. . . . I tell you, Miss Trevor, I've got no date to-night."

"Rich man, poor man?" said Miss Trevor.

"Ask at the office if you don't believe me." Above the beauty's blond head a sign gave warning that it was contrary to the spirit of the school to arrange for outside instruction, but added that such arrangements could be made at the office; and there the manageress rented out the staff of specialists for ten dollars an evening. "I'm going to stay here and clear out my locker. I've got no date."

"Rich man, poor man?" her friend insisted. "Grandpa? Harry?"

"Call him Mr. Van Buren," the beauty directed.

"Grandpa! You can't tell me what to call Van Buren. He was my meal ticket before he was yours, and a Tilson meal ticket before he was mine; the prize meal ticket; he's got all of five million, baby.

"You've got his number, and you can call it up any hour, day or night; but you can't tell me anything about Van Buren, baby—or Harry."

"Harry who?" said the beauty demurely.

"Who? Who's the cutest little tango pirate that ever came off a farm and owned Tilson's? Who was dancing with you half the night last night at the Empire? Your promising young fellow instructor, Harry Leroy."

"A girl has got to practice steps with her dancing partner," said the beauty with dignity. "But Harry has not got much money or time to spend on me, or I on him, working all day and half the night, and paying six dollars a week out of fifteen for a third-floor back, where I can't see gentlemen friends. Where do you think I see so much of Harry?"

"I don't know; but you do."

"Miss Trevor! Marie!" Freckles paled under mounting pink; but the beauty insisted obstinately, adorably, like a child caught stealing jam and not confessing, "I've got no date to-night."

"To-night!" Miss Trevor's voice changed, and the beauty found herself wriggling like a real butterfly on a pin, caught between two strong, beringed hands, held by eyes that were asking her now no light question of to-night, but a graver one; she listened, blond head drooping, brown, restless hands tight-folded, shabby heels no longer beating time to her tune. "Rich man, poor man, Butterfly? The last Friday dance," Miss Trevor went on, "is just two weeks from to-night. And that's the end of the year—your year, Butterfly."

The light of unforgotten triumphs flashed into the beauty's demure eyes, then died under drooping lids. "Your year, like it was mine. Mine once!"

"You're popular now, Miss Trevor."

"Your year to own the earth! It can't come twice. Nobody told me so, and that's why I'm telling you. Do you want to be here two years from now, getting old, like I am? No! Do you know you've got me, the same as you've got Tilson's, you and your little queer ways—you Butterfly? Yes? Then listen. I'm telling you: This is your year to cash in, to get what you want. What do you want? Grandpa? Harry?

"Harry!" Miss Trevor closed her eyes. "I see a walk-up flat, twins, boiled cabbage and a handsome husband; Harry Leroy and a wedding ring—or grandpa? I'm not kidding you. I don't want you to kid yourself. There's no wedding ring in the picture of grandpa, but there's five million dollars. You're wiser than you look. I don't need to tell you what you could do with money—or grandpa."

"No," the beauty said.

Miss Trevor gazed at her blond baby curls and sighed.

"Money, money, money!" she said. "That's what this place makes me want. I don't know who runs it or owns it; but, whoever does, I hate him sometimes. I hate him; and I want to see you get away from him, Butterfly, and get out of here safe with your looks and your youth and money too. You just get this: You've got to choose, Butterfly. Rich man, poor man?"

The Tense Circle Saw a Tableau of the Dance, Dramatic and Prolonged

In the dancing rooms the last lesson of the day was ending, ending with the sudden groaning collapse of an overworked protesting phonograph and a loud murmur of talk; but the two girls were still alone. The Butterfly's brown hand closed lightly over Miss Trevor's.

"Rich man, poor man?" her sweet shy voice said. "No. Get this: I've got to choose between the man that can do the most for me and—the man I love."

Ten minutes later the Butterfly stood on tiptoe before a cracked mirror and powdered her nose.

Only ten minutes later, but the select staff and Miss Trevor were gone. Tilson's was empty and dark round her, lit through uncurtained windows by a glimmer of white street lights. Behind a carved screen, a hidden blot on her elegant surroundings, was a cracked hand basin, with a trickle of cold water from a leaky tap and a cake of yellow laundry soap. Here she had rolled up her sleeves and splashed and scrubbed, then shaken down her elaborate coiffure and attacked her thick, straight hair with a fragment of broken comb from her locker, and now was powdered and penciled again, but as pink as a child forcibly scrubbed clean at a kitchen sink. Miss Trevor and her good advice were gone. Standing there, still from her *chic* fair head to her shabby feet, shy lips smiling, shy eyes keeping their secrets, she looked what she was, a creature too wild and rare for Miss Trevor or Tilson's to know what

meant happiness or pain, poison or food to her—a butterfly.

Outside an elevator stopped, far down an echoing corridor, and a step came near, and the sound of a soft whistled bar of a tune—her tune; and she opened the door

"Mr. Leroy!" she said, curtsying, surprised, half musical comedy duchess, half naughty child, and wholly charming

Mr. Harry Leroy, the king of Tilson's, stood in the doorway. The king was a young man in checks, a very young man in surprising but discreetly tailored checks. It would have been hard to say which had the highest polish, his beautiful pointed nails, his beautiful patent pumps, his sleek black hair, or his eyes—brown eyes too large for his face and too bright; beautiful eyes that had made him king of Tilson's, where kings reign longer than queens; eyes that were not like a king's, but a sulky boy's now, as he looked at the queen.

"Oh, you knew I'd come! But I didn't come to dinner," the king said severely.

"Then what's that in your pocket, Harry?"

"Nothing," said the king. "When a man gets a girl's door slammed in his face," he went on philosophically, "he can't forgive her just because he finds a note from her in his locker next day. When a girl keeps a man guessing and won't come across ——"

"Harry"—a brown irresistible little hand slipped into his—"Harry ——"

"Well?" The king grumbled, half persuaded, but sulking still; then he yielded abruptly and laughed. "Oh, all right! You've got me going. You Butterfly!"

"That's my name," she said calmly. "Shut your eyes. Come —— Now look!"

In the corner dancing room, sacred to trial lessons, dark now and mysterious with shrouded shapes of mahogany covered for the night, something strange to Tilson's was spread on the velvet cushions of the window bench. The tablecloth was a towel, the dishes were paper, with one glass, two forks, and the only knife the king's pocketknife; but it was a dinner, a sumptuous if sketchy dinner—soft-shelled crabs, chicken salad, cakes that have only one New York address, and strawberries.

"We'll drink out of the bottle," said the king, producing one, and slipping the yellow orchid from his buttonhole into the glass. "Here's looking at you—if that's all you'll let me do."

"Oh, don't look! Eat."

The king both looked and ate, settled, facing the queen, cross-legged on the cushions, as if this were no new ceremony. Country boy and country girl, with country appetites still; city boy and city girl, young under a thin veneer of Broadway polish—these two were better matched than most kings and queens. The boy's veneer was thicker than the girl's, and his brown eyes had dark little secrets and shadows deep in them, which showed sometimes in quick unguarded glances; but he was a boy, and he spoke, as she did, in a language of half-broken phrases, half looks, and silences that meant more—the language of youth.

"To Leroy & Leroy," said the king, but the queen ignored the toast. He went on, watching her carefully: "To you and me, then—me and Pavlowa; to the little girl that could make the managers forget they ever saw a dance act before—the girl that's got a style of her own—and got me," he added with languishing eyes.

"If you think you can make me go into vaudeville with you by spoiling my meals arguing —— Oh, be good, Harry!"

"I am good. You don't know how good I am. . . . All right! It's some meal!"

"Just like our own table. Play it is."

"I'm sick of playing," said the king, and his eyes said more.

"Then play we're not playing. These berries are shortcake. I made it. That's my new stove." It was T. Titheridge Tilson's best phonograph.

"And you burned your finger. Poor little finger!"

"Let go my hand! Give me a drink, please. . . . Harry!" Drinking daintily from the bottle in his hand, she had seen the label: Château, bottling, 'ninety-seven. "Harry!"

"Well, a man's got to spend his money if he's got nobody to save it for."

"Harry, you never paid for this."

The king laughed, and confessed: "Oh, I paid for it! You'd say so if you could see the woman that bought it for me. I was out with her four nights last week.

"Baby," the king went on, watching her face, "taking presents from customers is no worse than a waiter's taking tips. And I don't take money. I don't make love to them; and some of the boys here and all the girls—Trevor—not that I want to throw mud ——"

"You are, Harry."

"Oh, I am, am I? Did it hit you? Who's your date with to-night? Van Buren? . . . Baby, come back here!" He caught the queen, rising with truly royal dignity, by both brown hands. "I apologize. I know you're straight. I—ought to know. And I'm straight too. It's this place that's made me crooked, and I didn't make the place. Tilson made it. Tilson!" The king glared into the gloom as if he saw a real face there, the face of an enemy; then he smiled the white-toothed smile that had helped to make him king. "All right now? More shortcake, Mrs. Leroy—Mrs. Leroy, of Leroy & Leroy?"

She flushed, but did not contradict him.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," she said—"not to-night. I've got something to tell you, Harry, to-night."

They finished the queer little meal almost in silence.

"Little girl," said the king at last, "I'm not playing a very straight game here. I know that, and I guess it's my fault, not Tilson's. But I'll get out of it, and get bookings on the road for our act the minute you say the word. And you will say it. I know you," said the king with the air of inventing the excellent phrase, "better than you know yourself. You're cold; but you'll come across. You will, because you like me. You do!"

"Sure, Harry?"

"Sure! . . . Leroy & Leroy. You and me. . . . Almost through, baby?"

"Almost," said the queen faintly.

But she was quite through. Not enough of the little forbidden feast remained for mice to eat, playing when the cat was away. The king rolled dishes and cloth into a bundle expertly, as if it were part of the usual ceremony of dining. "Now come!" he said.

"I've got to be at the Schuyler Grill in half an hour," she protested; but promptly, as if this were part of the ceremony too, she slipped close to him on the cushions, letting his arm draw her closer, shutting her eyes.

"Harry"—the face pressed tight against the padded checks on his shoulder did not look up, but in a voice so faint that he had to bend close to hear it, words that were no part of this nightly ceremony now came to the king's ears—"I'll tell you now. Two weeks from to-morrow, the day after the last Friday party, if you want me to—if you really want me to—I'm going to marry you."

"You're a Woman," He Said—"a Woman Butterfly!"

Half an hour later, on Forty-second Street, not many blocks west of Tilson's, asleep now and as deserted as it looked, the Schuyler Grill was awake. The featured cabaret act was just over; its splash of green spotlight was gone. And in the rosy transforming softness of a kinder light, which, indeed, their performance needed, filling the little island of polished floor, dancers, tailor-suited, hot but *chic* in the season's ample furs, or cool and *chic* in its sleeveless décolleté, in the spreading ruffles of a vanishing mode or the incipient trains of advance models, danced, applauded, and danced again. Early diners, drifting upstairs and away, marked the set of the tide of the dancing world toward some later center of the evening; but the Schuyler Grill was still the restless heart of that restless world. Seen through a blue haze of smoke, the fairy-tale figures on the ceiling—brownies, gnomes and elves—danced too, alive and breathing magic—white restless magic of the city, waking up for the night.

At a table in the inner ring of the tables circling the dancing floor, a table worth double the cover charge in tips to the head waiter at this hour, a man and a girl sat, with untouched glasses between them, and looked at each other. The girl had pulled off her black tam-o'-shanter, and, crumpling and creasing it between uneasy brown hands, she leaned forward and looked straight into his eyes like an embarrassed but confiding boy.

The man and the girl made a picture to tell its own story to a world that knows more about Broadway night life than Broadway does. The man, though the two talked like old friends, comfortably, with long silences between, was quite twenty years older than the girl, and still farther removed from her socially. He was—such things still exist in real life as well as the movies—a millionaire, a clubman and a man of the world. His thin-lipped, keen man's mouth had the smile of a boy; his gray, slow-lidded eyes were the eyes of a boy and a dreamer; and his hair had an attractive dash of black at the temples, but it was white. And though the man and the girl were both drinking ginger ale—drinking now their second round of it—their glasses were of the wicked but well-known shape that connotes champagne. The wicked picture was there.

And in the man's hands, in a white case that he opened and glanced at now, under cover of the tablecloth, then snapped shut and dropped into his pocket, was a small but perfect string of pearls, thrown into blue-white relief by an emerald clasp. This man was Mr. Gerald Vance Van Buren and the girl was Poor Butterfly. She did not glance at the pearls as they vanished.

"Turning them down," the man said. It was a comment, not a question, and a comment on affairs that concerned him only remotely, his cool voice said; and he added, in just the same tone: "Turning me down."

"I haven't turned you down," said the Butterfly very shyly and very sweetly—"not yet."

"Take your time," he said; "but your time's going fast, dear. Take the pearls and don't take me; you can, you know."

"If I take them you know what it means, and I know."

"It means," enumerated the man in his remote and charming voice, "a castle in Spain; or located on a sailing yacht; or in a camp in the Canadian woods for this summer, and movable later to any quarter of the globe that its lady directs. It means ——"

"Please, Mr. Van Buren!"

"I can't tell you all it means. You aren't ready to hear me yet. You're a little girl that hasn't grown up. Don't you want to grow up?"

"Please—Van!"

A look that was neither cool nor remote flashed into his slow-lidded eyes as she used his name, but:

"All right; I'll be good," he said meekly. "After all there is no young man with brown velvet eyes at my castle in Spain."

"Brown velvet?" She flushed indignantly; then showed rare dimples. "Coffee jelly," she corrected demurely—"or Benedictine. Can't I have one real drink now?" she added hopefully.

"More of this booze"—he indicated the ginger-ale bottle—"in cocktail glasses; in any glasses you like; but no other booze. Supper later at Hector's, and one white-mint frappé. But you'll dance your dinner down first. How do I know what unholy messes you eat when you won't dine with me?"

"Van, I'm tired of having you spend money on me. That's why I won't let you pay for me at Tilson's, though I'd lose my job if they knew I met you here without it."

"Wartime thrift or training for a poor man's wife? Poor man with brown velvet eyes?"

"Tired of seeing you spend money—that's all."

"That's all," he repeated, deeply content with the explanation, watching the quick color come to her cheeks. "If you are tired of my money, when money's all I can give you, why, that looks bad for me; for you couldn't love an old man like me—grandpa—could you, Butterfly?"

"Van—when are you sailing?" the Butterfly said in a small scared voice.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Van Buren, apparently not hearing her, intent upon thoughts of his own and amused by them, "are not often so indifferent to money at Tilson's."

"What are you laughing at?" the Butterfly demanded suddenly, the quick anger of a little girl being teased flooding her cheeks with lovely color and dimming her clear eyes. "You laugh at everything. You think you can buy everything with your money, and laugh at it, and throw it away. That's why I hate your money. I do hate it! Well, you can laugh at me; but you can't laugh at Tilson's. I don't laugh at it. I don't hate it, if Trevor does. I love it! It's mine. I love it; and if Tilson was a real man Trevor says he is—I'd love him too. I'd love Tilson."

The rosy light in the big low-ceiled restaurant had dimmed to a paler rose. The tables were half empty. The man in a ragged tramp's costume, picking up the shower of small coins that had fallen in response to his song, was the last of the cabaret performers. The waiters were hurrying late dinner orders, putting tables straight already for the after-theater crowd. For this hour the Schuyler Grill had all the loneliness of a Broadway restaurant between dinner and supper, the loneliness of a beach at low tide. But half a dozen couples still danced on the almost deserted floor, and, tempting them to linger, the orchestra, to instant applause, slid softly and insinuatingly into a fox trot.

"Your tune," said the man, for all answer to the girl's outburst. "Your Butterfly tune. A little girl that won't grow up," he went on softly; "a butterfly that won't light. If I know the signs you'll light soon. But when you do, choose the right flower, because then you'll be a woman, Butterfly."

Silent, eyes hidden by demure long-lashed lids, hot color paling, she rose, stood and faced him, smoothed her skirt into place, tossed her cap on the table; then stepped down to the dancing floor and held out her arms. He followed. Lightly but surely held, gliding and turning, her eyes looking past him and beyond, his eyes on her fair tumbled hair, they drifted away.

Lightly, casually, as if the engagement she now made were of slight importance, and she had no other engagement, little or big, for that date, voice sounding faint but clear through her butterfly music, the Butterfly said:

"Van, if you'll wait till two weeks from to-morrow, the day after the last Friday party at Tilson's—I'll sail with you."

In the smallest and shabbiest room in the shabbiest rooming house on Forty-second Street, Miss Marguerite Donahue—Poor Butterfly—was going to bed for the night. She wore a sixty-eight-cent bluebird-patterned crêpe night-gown, a buttery coat of theatrical cold cream, and rows of patent curlers, which gave her blond head a groomed and *chic* outline, modishly tight and high. Her eyes were rosy-lidded and heavy with sleep.

She hung the skirt of her one tailor suit behind a calico curtain, beside her one evening dress, set her alarm clock at eight, counted off two weeks on her calendar and made a mark on it with a stubby lead pencil. Then she switched off the evil-smelling gas, jerked back the gray cotton blankets from her cot bed, rolled under them, hunching them over one shoulder, and slept. But the little hand on the blanket, plain to see in the white street light that filtered in through dubious curtains, curved like the mark she had made on her calendar—a question mark. And faintly, so that one could not have told whether she woke or slept as she said it, her voice had whispered once:

"The man that can do the most for me? The man I love?"

"Some party!" said Miss Trevor.

T. Titheridge Tilson's farewell Friday reception was crowding the Schuyler roof, a popular restaurant in summer, deserted now or converted to alien uses like this. The big room was sparsely decked with a scattering of gaunt palms and flaunting passé flowers, and edged with meager gilt tables, where waiters exiled from downstairs, disdaining the occasion, uncertain of tips, took orders ranging anywhere in sophistication and price from beer on draft to chartreuse; while an orchestra, exiled too, ground out familiar dance tunes dismally.

It was part of T. Titheridge Tilson's canny arrangement with the hotel management, through which he gave parties costing him nothing and his guests two dollars a ticket, that restaurant guests from downstairs might invade his reception unbidden, and there was a sprinkling of them now; but the crowd to-night was a typical Tilson crowd. Derelicts; last reserves of the dying dance craze, too young or old, too fat or thin to dance, and aware of it; full of the furtive joy of forbidden fruit when they tried; trying hard now on a floor waxed not wisely but too well; bouncing, bumping and whirling, a credit to Tilson's.

"Butterfly, don't you feel good to-night?" Miss Trevor had paused in a corner behind gilt screens and screening palms to adjust a scarlet shoulder strap and expose half an inch more of bare shoulder, powdered an iridescent blue-white, and had found a still, white-clad figure there. "Sulking? Shy? Stage-struck? Resting up for your exhibition dance? No? Then get out there and get to work. There's a crowd just up from the grill that's half drunk and hard to handle. Who sent your roses? Grandpa? Then why don't you wear them? Where is he to-night?

"You had five phone calls from him after you left to-day. Harry was looking for you too. He wants to see you about something."

"I don't want to see him," said the Butterfly faintly.

"Harry and you split up? You and grandpa split up?" Miss Trevor summed up concisely. "No? Then what's wrong?"

"Oh, Miss Trevor—Marie ——"

"Butterfly!"

Suddenly a blond head was pillowed on Miss Trevor's scarlet bosom, and two arms, as tense as a crying child's, clung to her tight; clung and then let her go, pushing her away; and the Butterfly's eyes looked up, tearless and bright.

"Nothing's wrong," she said. "Let me alone. I've got to-night!"

"Butterfly!" said Miss Trevor, giving up a hopeless problem. "Butterfly ——"

"Pardon me, would any of you gentlemen care to dance?" Miss Trevor was saying presently in approved Tilson fashion, bending over a table with the smile she always wore with her scarlet gown. She put a coquettish but masterful hand squarely upon the left shoulder blade of the man who rose. "Thank you! . . . Sure I know you're married! There's six sure ways to tell a married man. There's a pivot turn to this step. Glide, glide, glide!"

The beauty of Tilson's watched her friend's scarlet skirts vanish in the crowd. Behind her Mr. Gerald Vance Van Buren's roses called to her from their box, and the card with them read "To-morrow!" Looking for her over a partner's pink laboring shoulder as he passed, the brown velvet eyes of Mr. Harry Leroy said "To-morrow!" too. But, before her, the bobbing, shifting sea of dancers was a sea to drown any troubles in. Holding her fair head high, eyes hunted and dark, but pink lips bravely smiling, she plunged into it and vanished. She had to-night.

"Perfection is my aim; but to err is human," T. Titheridge Tilson cautiously explained in his advertising matter, and his select staff worked hard for perfection on the Schuyler roof to-night. They gathered in detached ladies, eager or grim; detached gentlemen, flirtatious or bored; broke up detached groups, exclusive or noisy. They changed their wilting collars, dusted talcum powder into tight satin slippers, growing tighter, and smiled and smiled, and danced and danced.

The tallest specialist—on the staff for his height, not his skill—danced an old-fashioned waltz by request with a lady slightly taller than himself.

"The modern dances lack the poetry of motion," she said.

Tossing up for the duty with a fellow specialist Mr. Leroy danced a tango with the fattest lady present. Miss Trevor danced two fox trots with the fattest gentleman.

"I never listen to music. It takes my mind off the steps," he explained.

The staff worked hard and their guests worked harder. Under the eyes of the staff they had to work.

"That girl in red," gasped an elderly but untiring fox trotter, doubling speed to avoid Miss Trevor, "is making me learn the double reverse *cortés*"

"Have the next with your wife," Miss Trevor called after him. "You and her will get through it all right. It's a Paul Jones."

It was the last Paul Jones, and it was a praiseworthy Paul Jones. "Form a basket!" the manageress would direct. And at once young faces and old, bravely rouged or frankly old and tired, side by side in one quick-whirling ring, the basket was there. "Single file; hand on partner's shoulder; hop on one foot—turn and hop on the other foot; turn again—a little more pep!" And, though dizzy feet hopped precariously and hands clutched for support at unsteady shoulders in front, the pep was there. "Right hand to partner; once more grand right and left!" And they circled the room in the simplest, stateliest figure of all, heads high, and in wistful or eager faces all the music their feet could not catch; a typical but transfigured Tilson crowd.

The Butterfly whirled, dizzy but fairy light, into arms that caught her close, as the Paul Jones broke up. Demure eyed, unhurried and cool, she had moved through the hurry of the evening, her blond head everywhere its center. From strange embraces, swept through breath-taking one-steps, swung close-pressed through

(Continued on Page 46)

"A Man's Got to Spend His Money if He's Got Nobody to Save It For"

BONUSES FOR BRAINS

Charles J. Mellon

Charles M. Schwab

Thomas A. Edison

By Albert W. Atwood

WITH each new forward stride of American industry there is a corresponding increase in enormous salaries. Before the war it was thought that the apex of big salaries had been reached and thereafter it would not be necessary to offer such large inducements for the business brains of the country. But any check in salary remuneration proved to be only temporary, and to-day the highly paid positions—those running from twenty thousand up to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—are multiplying with greater rapidity than ever before. The simple truth is that the arduous and responsible work of handling the hundreds of thousands of big corporations increases much faster than the number of men capable of performing it.

Once upon a time the goal of an ambitious young man was to head his own business. But to-day some of the most brilliant opportunities are those in the salaried field. It offers the freest play to executive ability, to the inspirations of business genius and to all those complicated human instincts that drive men on to success. It is the field that beckons to the vast majority of young men because it sets up no qualifications for entrance but brains. It requires no capital, and mere youth itself tends more and more to become a qualification rather than a bar. And here is where the bulk of the prosperity and success of the country is found.

The Day of the Hired Man

FOR ten or fifteen years the fact has been growing more apparent that the day of the individually owned business was passing, and as it passed the clamor for men who could organize and manage great corporations and combinations of corporations was increasing. Then, too, it became evident that the salaries paid to such men need have no limits, because if the business be only large enough the smallest particle of increased ability would add to the earnings far in excess of any salary.

It was seen that the difference in cost between a first and second class man, as measured in salary, was as nothing when spread over the many units that make up a large modern corporation. And so in one instance a "salary" of something like one million dollars was paid to a single man.

"Take the case of J. P. Morgan," exclaimed one enthusiastic defender of this extreme remuneration. "It is hard to conceive of Mr. Morgan's giving up his vast interests and opportunities for a salary. But can we doubt that any of the great banks of the world could well afford, as a matter of sound business, to pay Mr. Morgan one million dollars a year for his undivided services?"

From this excessive and perhaps reckless exuberance of the first great era of big corporations and trusts there seemed for a time to be a reaction. But with the beginning of the war, industry took such a start in this country that all considerations except that of finding men had to be forgotten. Hundreds of tiny private business enterprises grew almost overnight into huge corporations; or out of nothing at all great concerns were suddenly created. Each one had to be manned, and with men who could organize, direct, manage, initiate, control and steer to success the interests committed to their care.

Big corporations engaged in various lines—shipping, shipbuilding, foreign trade, foreign banking, oil, copper, zinc, munitions, steel, machinery, chemicals, automobiles, automobile accessories, rubber, sugar and aëroplanes—all these had to find men. One new company had within a year of its inception engaged no less than nine highly paid vice-presidents, besides a president and many other officers.

It had been supposed the one-million-dollar salary was a thing of the past, a fantastic incident of a heedless and forgotten period. But Charles M. Schwab, the steel maker, startled the business world a year or two ago by casually remarking that he was paying bonuses of upward of one million dollars to several of his "young men."

John D. Rockefeller on the Links at Daytona, Florida

Bank Presidents Wanted

TO THE young man about to start his career or to the elder one who has failed there is no more irritating piece of gratuitous information than "There is plenty of room at the top." But from the cold, unemotional point of view of economic science the statement is so nearly correct that it might as well be accepted as such. There is room at the top not so much because this is a kindly, generous world and all employers are kind-hearted, beneficent old gentlemen as because there are so many more high-salaried positions than men capable of filling them.

A few years ago there was a great movement for expansion among the trust companies in New York City. Many new ones were formed, old ones were merged, and a remarkable growth took place in their resources and influence. For some reason which need not be gone into here shrewd men at that time saw a wonderful future for this particular form of banking. But the chief difficulty was not in finding the companies to merge or to induce stockholders to consent to the arrangement or even to persuade investors to put up the funds for increased capital. The one almost insurmountable difficulty was to find men to head these companies.

Henry P. Davison, a partner of J. P. Morgan and now in charge of the American Red Cross, was the prime mover in the trust-company expansion, and success was not so much due to his idea or even his driving power in bringing the companies together as to his ability in picking out men. The backers of these giant trust companies were almost desperate in their search for new presidents. As nearly as I can recall the statement then made, it was said that nearly a score of presidents of banks, trust

companies and other large institutions in New York were ready to retire, but that in most cases they had to hold on because no successors could be found.

A visitor was once being shown through a famous manufacturing plant by its owner. It came out that a rather young man sitting at a desk in the corner of a big room was receiving a salary of twenty thousand dollars. The visitor asked if ten men at two thousand dollars a year could not do more than one man at twenty thousand dollars.

"No," said the millionaire owner; "one hundred two-thousand-dollar men could not do the work he does."

This attitude on the part of employers is steadily increasing. Indeed the public is in a fair way of being overfed with articles by well-known captains of industry on "How I Pick Twenty-Five-Thousand-Dollar Men," and how they could immediately place five or ten men at twenty thousand dollars each if the right ones could be found. It is a common expression among employers that they would rather pay a man ten thousand dollars a year than one thousand dollars, meaning of course that one-thousand-dollar men are plentiful but make only routine workers, while the men who command from ten thousand dollars up "get results" but are very rare.

Just why it is necessary to pay enormous salaries, and how they are determined, are two of the most fascinating and difficult questions of the day. They are difficult because no two persons would agree on what a "big" salary is. So, arbitrarily, I will assume that any pay envelope between twenty thousand dollars and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year is enough to excite comment. There have been and are a moderate number above this maximum, but they are "salaries" more in name than in reality. An account was published some years ago of seven men who beyond doubt received at that time salaries of one hundred thousand dollars. But who can truly say whether the number is now seven, seventeen, seventy or seven hundred? Everything depends upon whether the word "salary" includes bonuses, directors' fees and other subsidiary forms of income.

There is always an air of secrecy about a man's income in this country, especially if it is a large one. People with large incomes do not want them known, and corporations guard with utmost jealousy their salary lists. In many cases it might almost be called a trade secret. Indeed, this form of secretiveness is often carried so far that a new concern entering business cannot discover what salaries it ought in fairness to pay. The income tax has not changed the situation because the Government keeps the information it receives as sacredly as any individual could wish.

Perhaps such an attitude of concealment as regards the higher ranges of the American pay roll is not altogether wholesome. One of the most sympathetic students of railway affairs has expressed his belief that railroad salaries should be made public. In other countries there is no such fear of having one's income made known as obsesses the average American.

A famous Chinaman visited this country a number of years ago and was dined and fêted everywhere. Though a diplomatist of the highest order he did not fully appreciate the reticence of Americans on certain matters of personal finance. At one of the dinners given for him he sat near the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Suddenly without any warning came a startling question in the singsong voice of the interpreter:

"You must make a great deal of money, Mr. Thompson. What is your salary?"

The genial Chinaman waited unperturbed and unabashed for an answer to what seemed to him a perfectly natural question, and the rest of the diners sat stock-still from sheer embarrassment. As for the railroad president, he blushed to the roots of his hair and then said in a low voice:

"I get what the directors decide each year to pay me."

Any complete picture of the huge salaries paid to business leaders must be pieced together from odds and ends of information gathered here, there and everywhere. Almost every reader of this article probably knows of cases of big salaries unknown to the writer. The subject is so vast, there are so many industries and so many separate companies in each industry, that no one statistical enterprise could equal the task of bringing all the facts together. And yet there is no occasion to depend upon mere hearsay rumors. There are quite enough authentic facts upon which to base a clean-cut statement.

To begin with, we know the salaries paid to every public servant—that is, to all officials and employees of the Federal, state and municipal governments. Then, too, the salaries of insurance-company officers are public property. Salaries of bank officers are not published, but are generally known to the Federal and state departments supervising the banks. From these sources certain general facts may be had. Recently the Comptroller of the Currency stated that the twenty-odd national banks with capital stock of five million dollars or more paid salaries to their presidents averaging forty-four thousand and four hundred dollars a year. It is safe to assume that somewhat the same number of state banks and trust companies pay as much.

Then there are a multitude of individual instances taken from lawsuits, Congressional and legislative inquiries, receivership proceedings and the activities of discontented stockholders. Public opinion probably holds that many men are being paid out of all reason. It is impossible for the public to understand how any man can earn by his personal efforts in a single year, or possibly be worth, as much as the President of the United States.

Besides, there is a popular suspicion that after all the highest-salaried men are not doing the work. A New Yorker who is very close to the inner realms of finance went to a New England town to lecture on the "railroad situation." To a New Englander the subject is like a red rag to a bull, for he has had nothing but trouble with his railroads for years. That the two men who headed the railroads in that section during the period of greatest trouble received enormous salaries admits of no doubt; probably the figure was well up toward seventy-five thousand dollars a year in both cases. After the lecture one of the audience fired this question at the speaker, showing clearly enough what the hearer had been thinking:

"Why is it necessary to pay such a big salary to the president of the New Haven? Isn't it true that the men who do the real work are those who receive from two thousand to five thousand dollars a year—the foremen, trainmasters, yardmasters, under superintendents, division engineers, and the subordinates in general?"

Former President Mellen, of the New Haven, was himself credited with saying: "I believe no man in the country is worth more than twenty-five thousand dollars, and I know that I would work fully as hard for the New Haven for that amount as I did for sixty thousand dollars or seventy thousand dollars."

It is said that the president of one of our most prosperous Southern railroads refused to take more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and declared that no railroad president could earn more than that for his employers. In a discussion of the subject of judges' pensions before a royal commission, the Lord Chancellor, who received fifty thousand dollars, the highest public salary in England at that time, in replying to a question from Samuel Roberts, M. P., said he thought twenty-five thousand dollars a year a very good salary.

MR. ROBERTS—You think nobody is worth more than that?

LORD HALDANE—I am inclined to think no one is worth more than that.

MR. ROBERTS—Not even the Lord Chancellor?

LORD HALDANE—I make no exceptions.

Nor have enormous salaries always been justified by their results. When Charles E. Hughes questioned the presidents of several great life-insurance companies in 1905 he disclosed a woeful lack of knowledge on their part, though one of them had been paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. In several cases huge salaries had apparently failed to secure the sound judgment and grasp of affairs that were supposed to justify such pay.

Indeed, the reduction from time to time of enormous salaries following upon the pitiless blaze of publicity has

(Continued on Page 105)

The World and Thomas Kelly

XVII

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

A STEAM launch, manned by two sailors and a petty officer in uniform, carried Tom Kelly magnificently to where lay the Pauline. His head was still weary from the strain, intestinal and nervous, of the preceding evening, so that the glare of the sunlight on the white sails of the yachts hurt his eyes and he shaded them with his hand and looked through his fingers. The Selbys' was one of the biggest of all of them, apparently. She lay apart from the others, her nose pointing seaward, smoke curling from her yellow funnels, and her propellers lazily churning the water at her stern into a swirling caldron. Tom could see a couple of officers standing on deck in anticipation of his arrival. It made him feel rather queer—almost afraid. It was the same sensation which he had experienced on his arrival at Beausejour, only it was intensified. The yacht was clearly waiting for him. Without him it would not put to sea. He was, in truth, the controlling factor in the movements of it and of its owner for that day. Instinct told him that somehow this moment was big with fate. What made him a factor? And if the yacht hung upon his arrival to-day, might it not to-morrow, and next year and forever? It would be grand to have a yacht. Yet why not?

"All ready, sir," said the bos'n, touching his cap, as the launch swept up to the gangway.

Tom arose and, clutching the tasseled white cord which ran between the brass stanchions, climbed up the ladder. "Glad to see you, Mr. Kelly! Come right aboard!"

A stout gentleman in blue coat and white flannel trousers, his yachting cap ornamented with a large gold monogram, was greeting Tom with an expansive smile and outstretched hand. The captain, beside him, saluted respectfully.

"Hope you can put up with a family party," apologized the owner of the yacht, who seemed anxious to give entire satisfaction. "But there's so much fuss and feathers on shore we like to get off by ourselves occasionally an' have a nice, quiet time."

Mr. Selby repeated this with a stereotyped blandness which suggested the use of the same formulæ on previous occasions. Without waiting for any reply he turned to the officer at his left.

"All right, captain! Just a little run so's to get us back about five o'clock. Be sure an' don't go anywhere it's rough."

Then he laid his hand familiarly on Tom's shoulder and led him toward the stern.

"Mrs. Selby and my daughter are back there waitin' for you," he said. "We'll have lunch as soon's the yacht gets started."

Tom was conducted by his host to where the cabin superstructure gave place to a roomy sweep of deck—half piazza, half drawing-room—for there were red-cushioned wicker easy-chairs, a large table covered with books, magazines and games, and an upright piano fastened beside the companionway. It was clear even to Tom that the owners of the yacht were not accustomed to go "where it was rough." A large, rotund lady was knitting in one of the chairs, and Pauline arose from another, looking charming in a white linen sailor waist, wide open at the neck. She shook hands with the same cordial definiteness which he had noticed the evening before, and presented Tom to her mother.

"This is Mr. Kelly, mamma," she announced, quite as if she had said "This is my new watch, mamma," and was giving "mamma" a chance to express her opinion of the new acquisition in spite of the fact that that opinion was wholly immaterial to the owner.

Mrs. Selby wore habitually a distrait expression, suggesting doubt and anxiety—doubt as to exactly what was done by the best people under similar circumstances and anxiety lest her execution should fail to conform to the proper standards. This resulted in her temporizing with herself, which conveyed a curious impression of indifference—with inferiors, of coldness. But essentially neither was Mrs. Selby a snob, nor was her husband, for they made no pretenses, and simply offered to pay spot cash for what social goods they purchased as they went along. As they paid handsomely, demanding no discounts, they were accepted for what they were and, on the whole, were more liked than not; and as Pauline was undeniably a catch—an only child, and Selby's interest in his canning business being rated at several millions—she went everywhere and was the dictatrix of a circle of her own, of which the two most willing slaves were her own father and mother.

"Oh," said Mrs. Selby, hardly looking at Tom, "Pauline was telling us quite a lot about you. You're the tennis player, ain't you?"

"A kind of one!" answered Tom genially, feeling that after all there was not much difference between these people and those he had known in his earlier boarding-house days.

"He's going to win the National Championship!" declared Pauline. "That is, if he doesn't get gastric poisoning first," she added, as a steward approached and announced that luncheon was served.

"Well," Selby assured him, "your insides won't get hurt from what you eat on this yacht. The truck is delivered on board fresh every morning, and so is the milk. No ptomaines here. And all the dry stuff is put up in glass—at my own factory. Come on down!" He turned to the companionway.

"Papa always lugs in the factory if he can!" laughed Pauline defiantly. "I don't blame him. It's a model one—the kind they send excursions of public-school children over. You see it advertised everywhere. But it's just as

good a business as boys' suits or pickles or ink or plumbing fixtures. They're all represented here in the smartest circles. And as far as the old families go, most of them before 1860 were slave traders, they tell me."

She had a naïve candor coupled with a sense of humor that was delightful to Tom, and he felt that she was a good sport, with no pretenses, even if a trifle bossy. But if the meal was hygienic it was none the less elaborate, and gave not the slightest indication of any of the ingredients being put up in glass or anything else. All the Selbys ate heartily of melons, clear soup, salmon, roast beef, salad and dessert, and after everything else was served Mrs. Selby consumed three large peaches which she directed the steward to cut up for her.

"I always did like peaches," she explained, with her mouth full of them. "Now strawberries—I like them, you know, but they don't like me! And Mr. Selby can mix them up with lobster or cream or anything and never mind them at all."

She wiped her lips minutely on a damask napkin and arose with some difficulty. "Now don't stay down here smokin' all this beautiful afternoon!" she remarked. "Why don't you have your cigars on deck?"

"Oh, leave them alone, mamma!" expostulated Pauline. "Only don't be long!" she ordered.

"Give us a chance to get to know each other," said Mr. Selby, offering Tom a heavy cigar shaped like a miniature submarine. "We've got all the afternoon to talk to you. Have a lick-ure?"

Tom declined the liqueur. He was intensely interested in the Selby ménage. Here, apparently, was a family of which the parents were the plainest of plain people, without culture of any sort whatever, who were received as a matter of course in a society which he had always supposed to be the most select in America, and by contrast with which the smart set of the Back Bay seemed almost provincial. Unquestionably his own mother was more of a real lady than Mrs. Selby. His mother had peculiarities, but Mrs. Selby was—what was it exactly?—lifeless. There didn't seem to be any spark in her magneto. She was always running on first speed, grinding heavily along as if it were hard work. Yet his mother had never known anybody outside of her church circle and her own dingy aunts and cousins, save the casual acquaintances of their peripatetic summer vacations; while Mrs. Selby had dukes to dinner—her husband confided this. In spite of that fact Tom lit the submarine with a slight sense of doing his host a favor. Selby paid for his dukes, and he was paying for him, Tom Kelly.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Selby, "Pauline wanted a yacht—so I picked this up secondhand. Just exactly as good as new too! But Newport ain't Newport without the water. Gives you something to do in the afternoon, y'understand? I can't learn to play golf. I've tried half a dozen times, and the damn game gets on my nerves. Pauline can play it, though! She's a fine girl, Mr. Kelly."

With a certain sense of indelicacy Tom agreed with enthusiasm that Pauline was indeed a fine girl. Her father seemed pleased. Yes, he assured his guest, Pauline was a smart one. She could always wind her old dad round her little finger—get anything she wanted out of him, or her mother either! Well, they hadn't anything to do except to make her happy. And she certainly did seem to be having a good time of it—dancing parties every night, picnics and so on. She arranged all their dinners, paid the calls, attended to everything! Executive—that was what she was. He only hoped she wouldn't marry one of those puny little Johnnies you saw so many of. But it wasn't at all likely. Pauline wouldn't get fooled. You could bet your life on that. She'd want a real man, not a wooden figure to drape clothes on. A few of those foreign fellers worried him at times—they were good looking and had a way with 'em. Some of the women went crazy over them. But he didn't propose to have any damned Dago for a son-in-law. He wanted his girl to marry an American and stay right here at home where she belonged.

Tom was embarrassed by such frankness, a reflection of which was clearly perceptible in Pauline herself. He didn't want the old man's confidences. He liked his daughter and his yacht and his cigars, but it stopped there. It was evident that he, Tom, the erstwhile worm, possessed something which money couldn't buy—a pearl without price—which could be exchanged at his own terms. Of course no decent fellow would sink to the level of marrying for money—but if he did! As Selby burbled on Tom could not efface a vision of himself sitting there in state alone with Pauline—her father and mother safely ashore—bound for foreign climes—a winter on the Riviera, up the Nile, among the Ionian Isles, a king and queen, able to do as they liked by virtue of the inexhaustible flow of dividends from the Selby factory.

Pauline was one of Parry's ripe peaches, ready and waiting to drop off the bough into his mouth. He needn't even take the trouble to raise his hand—she'd drop of herself. Several millions! A million was forty or fifty thousand a year! "Several" might be anywhere from three to six or seven—over a hundred thousand dollars a year anyhow! And all his, practically, to do what he liked with! His heart beat excitedly at the humiliating thought. He could smoke cigars like that all the time! And Pauline! He told himself that any man would be proud to have her for a wife. He felt sure that he could love Pauline, and he'd give up his life to making her happy. He followed Mr. Selby up the companionway in a sort of delirium. "A hundred thousand a year! A hundred thousand a year!" kept echoing in his ears. A word from him, a discreet period of hesitation—his name would be in the papers, and he would be "holding three million dollars in his arms." He'd heard Catherwood get off that remark to Pennington, who had been dancing with her the night before. Pennington? Come to think of it, that sly little Sam had been very attentive; perhaps had his own plans in regard to the Selby fortune. But imagine a girl like Pauline marrying Pennington!

These thoughts were hovering in the background of Tom's mind as he followed Selby up the companionway and out upon the immaculate deck. The yacht was headed up the coast toward Martha's Vineyard, and though there was a refreshing breeze, the sea was calm and smiling. An occasional gull followed in their wake, at times almost motionless; then, giving a few lazy strokes, rising for a moment, only to settle down with a squawk and flutter upon some invisible morsel. Overhead the sky was a soft, even blue, and all about them gleamed the sails of other yachts. Tom had the enjoyable sensation of perfect physical well-being. The weariness in his head had vanished; his new clothes fitted him easily; and his feet in their rubber-soled shoes of white buckskin were deliciously comfortable.

He could not help recalling the time—less than fifteen months ago—when he had always been dressed uncouthly: his trousers and sleeves too short, his cuffs frayed, his neckties faded, his shoes too tight and run down at the heels. And now he was as smart as anybody—smarter, in fact! And the change had been brought about merely by the spending of a little money. The fact that he still owed most of the money gave him only slight uneasiness—a tiny fly in the amber of his self-satisfaction. That could easily be managed, he felt sure. Allyn would lend him a hundred or so without a thought, if he asked him; he could easily make a plausible excuse. He could not bring himself to speak to his mother about the money; she would think he was going straight to perdition. Perdition? If he were, it was a pleasant place to go to!

"Well, here we are!"

Mr. Selby, lighting another cigar, sank down into one of the wicker chairs. His wife looked up placidly from her knitting.

"I don't see how you could stay down in that stuffy place!" she said.

Tom went over to where Pauline sat with a book in her lap.

"Don't you want to show me over the yacht?" he asked.

"Yes, why don't you show Mr. Kelly round?" inquired her father. "It's a good chance now, when your mamma and I are feelin' sort of sleepy."

"Come along!" cried the girl, throwing down her book. "What do you want to see first?"

"Everything! I want to see how it would feel to own one," answered Tom.

"Oh, you'll own one sometime," she asserted with conviction. "Every successful man owns a yacht"

"How do you know I'll be successful?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," she laughed, "but I have that sort of feeling about you. I'm sure you'll get whatever you want."

She had led him as if by deliberate intention to a cushioned nook in the shadow of the bridge.

"I can see all I want of the yacht from here," declared Tom. "What a bully place to sit!"

"Isn't it? I had it fixed up just for myself. Mamma calls it 'Pauline's Paradise.' It's a wonderful place for dreaming."

"Do you ever see visions?" he asked innocently.

"I'm afraid one could hardly call them that. They are just purely material expectations."

"You like the life here then?"

She Shrank From Him and Struggled to Disengage Herself

"I love it!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it the best we have in America? Doesn't it represent everything that everybody wants—the best society, the smartest people, the biggest yachts, the most delicious cooking, the finest sport—bathing, tennis, golf, riding, sailing? What more could you ask?"

Her words, in sharp contrast to those of Lulie Wingate the night before, were uttered with obvious sincerity.

"And yet some people ——" he began.

"Oh, I know there are people," she answered quickly, "plenty of them right here in Newport, who are always crying 'Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity.' They talk about the frivolity of the life here, and the terrible extravagance and all that, while they are getting all they can out of it themselves. In nine cases out of ten it's nothing but a pose. It is mostly a case of sour grapes with the people that criticize Newport. All of them, if they had the chance, would be glad enough to have big places of their own and live exactly as all the rest of us do. The people that pretend that it's wrong to like what other people have are either too old to enjoy themselves or have something the matter with them—chronic indigestion usually. Now I'm a perfectly normal person, so far as I can see, and I just love all of it—everything from having a French maid down to lobster Newburg." And looking straight at Tom she smiled a confident, joyous smile that seemed to embrace the entire universe of sparkling waves and white sails, including Tom himself.

Tom smiled in return. The more he saw of Pauline the more he liked her direct vision, the straightforward outpouring of her thoughts; and he felt ashamed of the sordid possibilities which had suggested themselves to him below. She was a glorious young creature—a perfect exemplification of the Roman ideal of *Mens sana in corpore sano*. She seemed in true accord with the vast sweep of robin's-egg blue above them; the distant circle of the horizon; the onward rush and leap of the yacht's prow against the slight roll from the Atlantic; and the languorous southwest wind that was drawing a smoky pall over the Rhode Island shore and the far-lying islands of Buzzard's Bay, shrouding them in a Turneresque mystery and already paving a path of glory for the declining sun. Didn't instinct tell him that she was right? Was there not in the harmony of Nature round him all that the spirit craved?

"Well," he answered in happy agreement, "it all seems mighty good to me. I've never known much about these things, but I've noticed that those who haven't had them lose no time in getting them when they can. I suppose that if money didn't really mean a lot men wouldn't strive for it."

"Of course they wouldn't," she replied with assurance. "And the game is worth the candle too. You read a whole lot about its being silly for men to stay down in their grimy offices all day working just for more money. Well, they're not working just for money. They're working for the future of their children, of themselves and their business, and because they can't help working. It's a law of Nature. It helps develop the country. It makes progress. It's the American spirit. It's instinctive to want to be happy and comfortable—and to work too. If you follow your instinct you'll be all right." Pauline delivered this with an air of finality and Tom felt relieved that he had her permission to follow his instinct.

"Oh," he replied in an admiring tone, "that's easy."

But all the same he was not so sure in his own mind. There would be a great old time going on if people just ran round following their instincts. He already had quite a respect for Pauline's force and intelligence, but her philosophy somehow seemed rather too simple.

"However," he added, "instinct doesn't guide everybody right. There are lots of rotters everywhere. This place must be full of them—of people 'on the make.'"

"Yes," she admitted, "it is. And a girl has to keep her eyes open here unless she wants to be fooled. But most of the social crooks are quite obvious."

"What do you mean by 'social crooks'?"

"The people who want to get something for nothing," she retorted. "You'd be surprised at the number of them—little Italian and French counts, some of them real and some of them bogus; pretentious people who come here simply to trade on their acquaintance with smart people in other places; fortune hunters and social climbers generally."

"But you don't regard all social climbing as objectionable, do you?" he queried, involuntarily thinking of Mamma and Papa Selby on the lower deck; "because after all that is merely following the instinct for change and development of which you've been speaking."

"Exactly," she answered. "But there are social climbers who climb over the dead characters of their friends, and who live by false pretenses. I think social ambition is as legitimate as any other, provided that it is pursued by honest methods."

It came to Tom that Pauline was herself the High Priestess of Ambition. Backed by her own instinct, her capacity, her money, the man who became her husband might go far. And she, for her part, liked Tom the better the more she saw of him, or rather talked to him, for he was a receptive listener and had tact enough to ask questions which she would be glad to answer. Thus the hours flew by, Pauline becoming more and more convinced that Tom was the most attractive and the wisest man she had met in her whole life.

It Would be Natural for Any Man to Fall in Love With a Girl Like Pauline

Down in their cozy wicker chairs Mr. and Mrs. Selby were spending an unusually quiet and comfortable afternoon.

"Those two seem to find plenty to talk about," Mr. Selby remarked, yawning and closing his novel. "I sneaked up to that paradise of Pauline's a few minutes ago and they were arguing away to beat the band."

"I hope they weren't quarreling," said his wife.

"I don't think so," he answered. "Pauline was just holding forth as usual. You know how she is when she gets talking about the universe."

"Yes, I know," agreed Mrs. Selby. "I can't understand a word she says, but I suppose it means something to her."

"Let's hope so, at any rate," responded her husband. "Anyhow we mustn't let them get tired of each other."

It was at about this moment that the yacht, having passed the Hen and Chickens, shifted her course slightly eastward and began an almost imperceptible roll.

Pauline and Tom, ensconced in the red-cushioned bower below the bridge, observed the bow hesitate for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, stagger and plunge downward. A sheet of white spray, iridescent in the slanting beams of the sun, leaped upward and fell with a swish upon the forward deck.

"Gracious!" cried Pauline. "Mother will be frightened to death. She always is if it's the least bit wet."

At or about the same moment the steward received a call from the afterdeck.

"You go up and tell the captain," directed Mr. Selby somewhat indignantly, "to turn right round. I ordered him particularly not to go where it was rough."

"And after that you can serve tea," added Mrs. Selby.

The sun hung like a huge red disk over Newport harbor as the Pauline passed under the fort and slowly moved to her anchorage, and the old town, the islands, the golf links, and the distant shores of Narragansett Bay were bathed in a golden sheen that slowly changed first to bronze and then to purple. The surface of the water was like a softly undulating mirror, and the air was filled with a confusion of noises—the panting of engines, the creak of oars, the rattle of blocks, the jingle of pianos, the voices of women singing, and all the rest that goes to make up the bustle and clatter of a harbor.

Pauline bade her friend good-by at the head of the gangway. The acquaintance begun at Mrs. Welfleet's was progressing almost as favorably and as rapidly as Pauline had intended that it should, and she had already secured from Tom a promise to take a short cruise with them after the tennis tournament should be over.

Tom descended to the tender, took his place in the stern sheets, the bell rang, the tiny propeller stirred the water and the launch shot shoreward.

When some distance from the yacht Tom turned and lifted his hat to Pauline, who waved her hand in reply. He was pleased with the afternoon and with himself. Pauline was certainly an extraordinary girl—a corker. She had a mind like a steel trap. She would be able to take care of herself anywhere. Again his thoughts wandered to the Ionian Sea and the Golden Horn. How about instinct?

Why shouldn't he? It would be natural for any man to fall in love with a girl like Pauline! And in place of the pungent smell of the incoming tide he breathed the distant odors of Araby and the strange scents of the mysterious East. He was a long way from Newbury Street and from the Mountain Home House as he stepped on shore at the Yacht Club landing.

On board the yacht Pauline walked slowly back from the gangplank to the piano, and idly struck a few chords as she hummed the words of one of Schumann's love songs.

"It's been a real satisfactory afternoon," said Mrs. Selby to her husband.

"Yes," he answered. "I like that Mr. Kelly. He seems like a very sensible young fellow."

"Pauline likes him too," added his wife, as if that settled it.

XVIII

WHEN Tom, on awakening the following morning, found that the valet was somewhat slow in answering the bell he experienced a distinct feeling of irritation. What business had the fellow not to be on his job! But presently the man could be heard running along the hall and King Tom generously forgave him. He had acquired even in those brief sixty hours in Newport a vast confidence. He had made a discovery. It was not the fact that he had been well introduced, or that he was a member of an aristocratic Harvard Club, or yet that he was the coming national champion—to which he owed his seemingly instantaneous success! These things neither singly nor collectively, he told himself, could have achieved his conquests—such as they were—of Lulie Wingate and Pauline. No, it was something beyond and above all that—his own personality! In this big world in which he was no inconspicuous figure the Scotts were, after all, nothing very wonderful and—he chuckled condescendingly—the old Woolsack was nothing at all! Whoever had even heard of it? A college was just a college, and one college club was like another. But one man was not like another! There must be something about him.

This conviction was confirmed by the further discovery that by no means all of his youthful associates possessed the same assurance. Even Raymond Dwight, who in his earlier college years had seemed to Tom to occupy an unapproachable pinnacle of social distinction, the president of the class—a little bit off the top of the cream of Bostonian exclusiveness—who had turned up in Newport on a visit, seemed diffident and somewhat awkward. He even acknowledged to Tom that all these ultrafashionable folk made him uncomfortable. They were different somehow from the people one had known on the Back Bay. On the privacy of Bailey's Beach, during a postnatatory cigarette, he confided to his clubmate that it made him feel like a cat in a strange garret, not knowing who they all were—at home he knew who everybody and his next-of-kin were; who his ancestors had been; who, in all probability, his heirs, executors, assigns and even his descendants would be—but here! There were so many of them that you could never hope to find out who the really right people were at all! It was disquieting—nothing fixed or settled about it! Those Selbys, for instance! Imagine their getting in on the North Shore—never! He envied Tom his ability to get on with everybody. Really Tom had developed a lot and everybody said he was cutting quite a dash!

Tom did not deny these soft impeachments, and gave his friend, without saying so, the impression that some fellows developed later than others and that some were naturally fitted for wider social experiences. He admitted he got along all right—a fact due probably to his broader point

of view. Boston was a pretty small place after all, even if it was socially impeccable. For example, he had dined on Beacon Street at a formal dinner where they had not served champagne. Raymond would have to admit that such a thing was impossible in a really cosmopolitan circle. As to the Selbys, they were in a process of transmogrification—he had seen the word in a magazine. The position of the next generation would be impregnable. Even the oldest families of Boston had been in trade originally—China merchants and that sort of thing. The Selbys were all right—solid Americans—a little near the factory as yet, but—the old man had ten millions. Raymond shrugged his shoulders, but later Tom took an elfin satisfaction in meeting him on one of Pauline's yachting parties.

Gradually Tom began to assume almost a critical attitude toward these new friends of his whose dinners he deigned to eat. Had there been fewer roses in his path he would doubtless have been less censorious, but people took him nearly at his own valuation—as they usually do everybody—and his own valuation of himself was at that moment exceedingly high. He had, in fact, just learned what a swan he was. His late mornings in bed at the Scotts', when after one of those Royal Dresden or Sèvres breakfasts he indulged in daydreams slightly narcotic—with the statuesque form of the Grecian lady at precisely the most alluring distance—were enervating and afforded an undesirable opportunity for self-magnification. Instinctively he compared himself with the other men whom he met and was constantly meeting—to his own advantage. There was, he told himself, a very good reason why all these women liked him. He was a well-born, cultured Bostonian—he eliminated his mother's rather dingy origin—a graduate of Harvard and a member of a *chic* club there; athletic and at least moderately good looking; knew everybody, was a crack tennis player and likely to become national champion—well, what more could anybody want? Were the girls much to blame if they cottoned to him? On the contrary, would it not have been strange had they not done so?

Unfortunately, however, the life that he led soon seemed good to him. Was it not what everybody was working for? Was it not the *ne plus ultra?* And it was his already—at twenty-two! He could begin now—to-morrow, if he chose—where others left off! There was Papa Selby, for instance, who had worked all his life putting soup and things in tin cans, and who now, at sixty-five, was just letting up! What had he got out of it? Nothing but the chance of having Tom condescend to marry his daughter! The other old men were just the same. They had slaved "like pups" to get a lot of money, and now they didn't know how to spend it or had spent it so freely that there was nothing left for them to buy! They were, so to speak, dog-tired of everything. During the next month Tom went to many entertainments where the struggle to escape ennui was only too apparent. And just as if these people knew that it would be fatal ever to stop and inquire whether or not they were really enjoying themselves, they rushed madly from one thing to another in the hope that in the mere multiplicity of amusements they could evade boredom.

At the end of his first week Tom had seen his hostess only four times—once on the afternoon of his arrival, once at lunch, and twice when the family entertained at dinner. The rest of the time he was away—on yachting parties, picnics, teas, lunches, dinner dances, and at a host of minor entertainments. It was a curious sort of visiting, but it was agreeably independent. It was as if he had suddenly come into a wonderful inheritance—of his title to which he had previously lived in ignorance. Everybody seemed bent on giving him the best possible time, seemed to think him a prince of good fellows! Older men called him familiarly by his first name. Snobbish mammas with marriageable daughters eagerly sought him out. Even his classmates and the men of his own age treated him with a certain deference. What wonder that the erstwhile shabby and disgruntled Tom began to feel that all this was his due and that the world lay at his feet!

And since nothing succeeds like success and among bluffers he who bluffs best is king, Tom achieved for a brief season a *succès fou* that opened every door to him and completely turned his ignorant young head. With this came an access of assurance on his part that caused his friend Allyn untold amusement. For, finding that to assert virtue was, in this society, tantamount to having it, Tom adroitly seized every opportunity to advertise himself, in a good-natured sort of way, confidently laying claim to an inherited social position in Boston and a manner of living that would have astounded Bridget and Aunt Eliza had they heard of it. It is an ancient and common failing. Even in the old coffee-house days Addison, speaking of the army in the Spectator, makes Captain Sentry lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. The same thing always has been and still is true of the world at large and smart society in particular. The unscrupulous take advantage of the fact that honest folk are slow to attribute evil motives to the actions of others. They know that people are, on the whole, good-natured, easy-going and lazy, and that they can safely presume upon these qualities at least to the extent of making statements of fact the accuracy of which will never be questioned.

So Tom, besides being known as a handsome, good-humored, clean-limbed young Yankee—which he really was—was soon surrounded by a nimbus of glory to which he was totally unentitled, arising from the fact that he was reputed to be of a lineage distinguished even in Boston—everybody persuaded himself that he had always heard of the Kellys—solidly backed by the wealth and culture of the Back Bay, and with a future foreordained to greatness by virtue of the influence of his connections.

Though Tom's attitude of condescension toward the Newport world at large included, with the exception of Lulie and Allyn, even the Scotts, it never occurred to him that to administer their complicated ménage must require somewhere an observing eye and a directing brain of no ordinary capacity. It would have astounded him to learn that, placing little reliance upon the honesty and assiduity of professional housekeepers, Mrs. Scott devoted as much detailed attention to the management of Beausejour as Mrs. Kelly did to her modest establishment on Newbury Street. Yet it was a fact that while Tom lolled above in the mornings in drowsy luxury, his rather prim and distinctly conventional hostess was down betimes, overseeing the work in house and garden and enforcing rigidly the economies of lavishness. In an office somewhat less elaborate than her husband's den, at a desk upon which stood a formidable alignment of morocco-bound notebooks, she interviewed the butler, chef and head gardener, and issued her orders for the day. She knew the exact number of quarts of milk and cream, the number of pounds of butter, the amount of wine consumed daily within her gates. Even the number of cigars placed in Tom's bedroom was a matter of record.

She had been the daughter of a small shopkeeper in upstate New York, and had later become a teacher of singing and a drawing-room vocalist in the metropolis. Few of her acquaintances or even of her friends had any knowledge of this period of her career, for she had caught Mr. Scott young and eliminated all trace of Skaneateles by a prolonged sojourn in Europe. She had no illusions, knew the cost of everything, including her own present social position, and was quite satisfied to pay the price. She would have been astonished but not horrified to learn that she was considered as snobbish and cold-blooded. On the whole she regarded both these qualities as rather desirable. She admired her son and daughter as smart, but judged Allyn a fool for drinking and Lulie stupid for getting herself talked about. Otherwise she was quite content with them. Mr. Scott was satisfactory. She had no complaints to make about him, and he, poor man, after his original uxorial error in mistaking Labrador for Senegambia, accepted the lady's temperament as he found it and devoted himself to being a gentleman, in which line, at the age of sixty-one, he had achieved no little success. He could read and speak French, German and Italian—and had a collection of mildly improper anecdotes in each language. He was a student of art, a connoisseur in wines, and widely read in the modern literature of most countries.

He was modest, abstemious, and his waistcoat had a concavity unfamiliar to Newport. He allowed others to do the talking, took his orders from his wife, and conducted himself both in public and in private after the manner of a well-behaved curate of the Established Church. Like his spouse, nothing escaped his eye or his nose, yet not even in the privacy of their room did either of them discard the pose which they had assumed. They were always *comme il faut.* They were to each other as they were to the world. They played at living and acted very stupid parts, so that they seemed much duller than they really were.

Tom, in his blindness, took them for a pair of fools, for

(Continued on Page 73)

She Had Led Him as if by Deliberate Intention to a Cushioned Nook in the Shadow of the Bridge

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada -By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917

Government Control

HERE and in Great Britain government has fixed the prices of wheat, coal and other commodities. It has also prescribed the conditions under which such commodities shall be moved, stored and sold, strictly limiting the profits of middlemen in some cases. The whole trade in such articles is completely under state control.

But the organization of all the controlled trades is substantially as it was before. They are still privately owned and the details of management are in the hands of the private owners. To restore pre-war conditions requires only the scratch of a legislative pen; while to set up state ownership would require a difficult and complicated process of appraising and paying for the properties, substituting state managers for private managers, and so on.

And for these state-controlled commodities people are paying the highest prices known in modern times. Because governments themselves are purchasing goods on a colossal scale, the demand for all staple articles so far exceeds the supply that there is no question of finding markets. The only question is of finding enough goods and of keeping prices—under the tremendous stimulation of government purchases—from running out of all bounds.

This is the opposite of a normal peace condition, when the pressing problem is to find markets and supply constantly tends to outrun demand. Competition among individuals eager to sell goods has been the chief means of finding markets; but an immediate effect of government control is to deaden competition, or end it altogether.

Government control, or state socialism as many call it, meets an abnormal war condition. We think it will prove entirely unsuitable for the opposite peace condition.

The Russian Army

THIS summer has witnessed an exceedingly rare spectacle—a well-drilled army of white men, sufficiently supplied with guns and ammunition, which persistently refused to fight when attacked by a foreign foe.

Certainly that does not apply to the whole Russian Army; yet official admissions leave no doubt that repeatedly great numbers of troops have simply run away from battle. The press reports give an impression of such extensive and continuous demoralization as is probably without a parallel among drilled troops in modern times. We do not recall an instance when this same Russian Army ever flinched from battle under the czars. Among white men and in modern times the rule has been that soldiers once thoroughly subjected to military discipline would fight, on any occasion, in any cause, against any odds, until commanded to stop.

All explanatory statements leave an American puzzled until he comes to this one statement: "Of the Russian Army at the beginning of the war seventy-nine per cent could neither read nor write."

That naturally raises a question even larger than the fate of the Eastern Front—the question whether democracy is workable at all among illiterates.

Something more than defeat of militarism is necessary to make any given section of the world really safe for democracy—namely, popular education. Whatever is unsafe in our democracy contains a threat of danger only as it can appeal to ignorance. Hardly anybody is thinking of schools now; but they are the first thing we ought to think of after the war.

A Silvery Reminiscence

SILVER has been selling of late at the highest price in a quarter of a century, which naturally recalls some things to those whose political memory goes back twenty-one years.

In 1873, when the United States stopped the free coinage of silver into dollars, the silver in a dollar was worth slightly over a dollar as bullion. By 1896 silver had so declined that the bullion in a dollar was worth only fifty-two cents; and wheat had fallen from a dollar a bushel to fifty cents; cotton from twenty cents a pound to eight cents; fine Ohio wool from seventy cents a pound to nineteen. Other products upon which a great part of the population depended for livelihood had fallen proportionately.

Mr. Bryan then ran for President on a declaration that a diabolical and mysterious conspiracy of the money powers had perpetrated the "Crime of '73" for the purpose of economically enslaving the people. Pointing to a strict parallel between the decline in the price of silver and of all farm products, he insisted that the only salvation lay in resuming free coinage of silver.

For three years the country had been in the grip of hard times; labor was unemployed and impoverished; farmers staggered on the edge of bankruptcy, and it seemed as if the more they produced at prevailing prices, the worse off they would be. And there were the indubitable figures; as silver had fallen, all the big staples had fallen.

Altogether, it was no doubt the most attractive sophistry ever submitted to seventy million free and sorely harassed people. Of nearly fourteen millions who voted that year very few could have had the time or training to follow the elaborate economic arguments. One argument by the diabolical money powers counted heavily, however—namely, that creating an unlimited number of dollars worth fifty-two cents and paying one's debts with them was not square. Finally a conservative majority listened to expert advice as to the dangers of currency inflation and carried the day.

The episode stands as a reminder that when it comes to a show-down this is an essentially conservative country, with a saving endowment of horse sense.

Real Conscription of Capital

LAST April the commonwealth of Australia succeeded in borrowing seventeen million dollars in the London market on four and a half per cent bonds, which were sold at a discount of two per cent. As any second-class American city can readily borrow that much at any time on equally good terms, it seemed a rather pindling transaction.

In August the same commonwealth offered twenty-two million dollars of bonds on substantially the same terms. Considerably less than half of them were taken.

Practically in all belligerent Europe there is no money for anything except the war bonds of the home government. Practically there is an almost absolute conscription of capital. Conscription is not just the right word, for the almost exclusive application of money to war bonds is partly a voluntary thing the result of a general feeling that, under present conditions, every dollar in the country should be put directly at the service of the Government.

The same thing will undoubtedly happen here just in proportion as the needs of the Government seem to require it. If the Government appears to need every available dollar it will unquestionably get every available dollar. A practical conscription of capital for war purposes will come automatically.

Of any given million dollars, the question is not whether part of it shall remain unserviceable to the country, but what portion of it shall be borrowed at four per cent and what portion taken as taxes.

Waste Labor Power

MARYLAND has adopted a compulsory work law under which every able-bodied male between eighteen and fifty years of age who is not regularly employed in a gainful occupation must register, after which the state proposes to put idlers to work.

A great amount of labor power goes to waste in the United States, but the tramp represents only an inconsequential fraction of it. Every community, from the rural hamlet to the metropolis, has its quota of loafers, sometimes not employed at all and frankly sponging on indulgent relatives, but probably more often keeping up a thin pretense of employment six-footers doing a child's work, or pottering intermittently at odd jobs, or exerting just enough energy to hang to a salary that will keep them from outright starvation, or conducting a petty business that permits them to spend two-thirds of the time warming a chair. There is the invalid whose mysterious ailment prevents him from working, but not from enjoying every other advantage of robust health—including three hearty meals a day and attendance at every ball game.

Personal observation leads us to suspect that a census of able-bodied males whose chief aim in life is to escape a man's work would roll up a surprising total.

It is doubtful whether any compulsory work law can recover much of this waste labor power. Such a law may put tramps to work, but tramps are a small part of the problem. In wartime these chronic slackers might be shamed into a display of energy. But of all moral diseases laziness seems to be about the least curable.

Mainly Just Carelessness

A BULLETIN of the United States Forest Service says that in the latter part of August the most serious fire situation in several years threatened millions of feet of Western timber. In Montana and Northern Idaho two thousand men were fighting forest fires under the direction of the Forest Service; while in Oregon and Washington timber intended to furnish airplane stock for this country and its Allies was threatened, and logging operations were so hampered that several large mills supplying the Government might be forced to suspend operations.

The season had been unusually dry, with high winds prevailing; so that fire once started spread quickly. But up to the date of the bulletin the damage done to timber in National Forests had been comparatively slight, private owners suffering most of the loss—because privately owned timber, as a rule, is not guarded so efficiently as the National Forests are.

It was deemed expedient to keep people out of the woods so far as possible; and in Oregon the opening of the hunting season was postponed for that reason.

People are careless and the forests pay for it.

Peace Treaties

A CURIOUS-MINDED French essayist and novelist, named Charles Victor Cherbuliez, calculated that from the year 1500 B. C. to the year 1860 A. D. some eight thousand peace treaties had been solemnly signed, sealed and delivered, each purporting to settle forever the causes of war between the signatories, and each lasting, on an average, about two years.

Further analysis would probably show that the main difference between the tenth century B. C. and the nineteenth century A. D. consisted simply in the fact that peace treaties, on an average, lasted a little longer, a solemn compact for peace among modern Christian nations being better than one among ancient pagan nations in that it might be expected to endure twice as many months.

Given the same system of international relationships, with each nation as sole judge of its own acts, and holding to the invidious truculent code of honor which teaches that a nation's highest interest consists in suffering no limitation to be placed upon its freedom of action, all that anybody can rationally expect of a peace treaty signed somewhere in Europe in 1918 is that it will last a little longer than the average. The basis of enduring peace cannot be found in treaties signed under that system.

Theory and Practice

IN GERMANY, France, England and the United States socialists are useful critics of the existing order. Especially in Germany, where they are much more numerous and much better led than here—and where, in fact, as they have gained actual power they have tended more and more to become merely the conventional reform party—they have undoubtedly been the most useful political party.

Among an educated proletariat little harm is done by their trade patter of "surplus value," and their romantic inclination to interpret labor's right to its product as meaning that if a workman operating a rather expensive machine on material furnished by the boss turns out fifty pairs of shoes in a day, he ought to walk off with the shoes and sell them for what they may fetch.

Uneducated, undisciplined and imaginative Russians seem to be taking undigested socialist theory quite literally—with very unfortunate results. According to reports in London workmen in hundreds of Petrograd, Moscow and Ural factories have demanded wage increases decidedly in excess of the total profits of the establishments, even in excess of the total receipts in some cases, and have either taken possession of the plants or required the proprietors, on pain of death, to continue operating them upon terms which insured speedy bankruptcy.

The syllogism runs this way: Labor is entitled to its product; all wealth is a product of labor; therefore, whoever labors is entitled to whatever wealth he wants.

That is comparatively harmless in Western Europe and America. But the Russians seem to be taking it seriously; hence the Minister of Finance says only a miracle can save the country from economic ruin.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mme. Macherez and Mlle. Sellier

THE ladies behind the gas masks are Mme. Macherez and Mlle. Sellier, who have won for themselves fame and decorations for their fearlessness and devotion when their city was being shelled, and for their services to the sick and wounded. Soissons is famous for its brave women, and these two are among the bravest of them.

Albert W. Atwood

THE cut below shows two generations of Atwoods. There are only two dark spots in Atwood's life. They are the two stale jokes which persons on all occasions spring upon him. Joke No. 1 is: "I don't want to know how to invest my money; what you should tell me is how to make money." But the chief joke is No. 2: "What I fail to understand is why you don't get rich yourself." This is considered a delicious piece of humor by all but the victim.

Fourteen years ago Atwood was propelled with great relief by his Alma Mater directly into the office of the New York Sun. After a year and a half of the regular reporter's stunt the then financial reporter retired and Atwood filled his job for a year and a half. Then he went to the Press, now absorbed into the Sun, as financial editor, banking reporter, railroad reporter, statistician and office boy,

(Concluded on Page 31)

Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank

IN CHICAGO Mrs. Fairbank's name stands for enterprise and achievement. During the past months, in addition to her many pre-war interests, she has been a member of the Woman's National Liberty Loan Committee, chairman of the Illinois Liberty Loan Committee, and chairman of the Speakers' Bureau of Illinois, which is working under the Council of National Defense. Although a member of the so-called leisure class, Mrs. Fairbank would probably be hard put to it to crowd all her duties into an eight-hour day.

Edward N. Hurley

MOST people to-day know the name of the chairman of the Shipping Board, but probably few of them are aware that it took Mr. Hurley less than thirty years to rise to his present responsibilities from the position of railroad engineer. His spectacular business career is marked by a series of important positions held and outgrown. It is difficult to conceive of anyone's proving too big for the position Mr. Hurley holds to-day, but it is not at all difficult to imagine his proving big enough for it.

Arthur W. Currie

LIEUTENANT GENERAL Sir Arthur Currie is the first Canadian to command the Canadian troops in France, and is one of the youngest if not the youngest officer of his rank in the British Army. He began his military career as an engineer in 1897, and within the last three years he has risen from the grade of an obscure colonel in the Canadian militia to the post of commander of three hundred thousand men in the field. He is universally popular with the Canadian Tommies and with the officers of the expeditionary forces, and apparently he is equally appreciated all the way up the line. The picture to the left was taken recently when the general was knighted by King George.

THE CLERK'S INNINGS

Something Has Gone Wrong Underneath This Lady Ambulance Driver's Car

The Forewoman at the Ladies' Carpenter Shop in France

By Mary Brush Williams

THE telephone bell imperiously broke into the placid interview that I was having with Mr. Hall, the head of the employment department of a typewriter company's London branch. He picked up the receiver and demanded:

"Are you there?"

I could hear the other end of the conversation crackling through the receiver. A masculine voice said excitedly, "I say, this is the —— Shorthand School. Can you let us have two lady typists at once? It's for our own work, not to supply customers."

Mr. Hall smiled to himself. "I say, can you let us have four girls? We were just going to send round and ask you. We've simply got to have them or write out our own letters in longhand."

For my purposes this was serving better than an interview. I had come to ask about the situation in England regarding clerical help and how the employer was making out under war conditions. The reader will get the irony of the telephone conversation only when he learns that the two houses represented have for years past run employment departments through which they have supplied much of the stenographic help of England to the most exacting of high-class employers.

"The Freer Life"

MR. HALL did not miss the opportunity to narrate over the wire his own firm's situation. "Miss Bell's gone," he said; "and that leaves the head without a secretary. The assistant to the chief of the stores department—Miss Violet—she's quit for the Pensions Office. The girl who used to meet visitors is replaced by a boy so small you can't see him in all lights. And we're without a cashier. She's gone to the National Service Department."

"Miss Bell's gone!" reiterated the speaker at the other end, unable to move mentally beyond the first point. "I thought she was a fixture for life."

"Yes, I thought so too," Mr. Hall answered, and presently hung up the receiver. He continued his story of the sad situation in the office to me:

"But Miss Bell had her eye on one of these government jobs for a long time. Two of her friends got places in the government some time ago. They had good positions—one of them in an advertising office and one with a big firm of drapers. Miss Bell, I think, always sort of envied the girl in the advertising office, and when her friend got into the Ministry of Shipping, in St. James's Park, and told her how much better off she was, there was nothing to it but that Miss Bell should go too. It gives her three pounds a week! We were paying her two. She said she was lured not by the money but by what they call a 'freer life.' Those little shacks the government has put up in St. James's Park for the girls to work in are like being out of doors all day. They've got steam heat in them"—I wish you could have heard his voice; it carried a combination of incredulity and criticism—"and lavatories and a tea house out in the park. You know the story."

I did not then, but I do now. And a story worth knowing is the one of the transformation since the war began of the situation of clerks in England. A new situation is already showing on the horizon and harassing the employer with further threats of upheaval in his staff.

The Demand for Women Workers

WITH the first call to arms men walked out of their jobs to answer it, leaving employers to conduct their business as best they could. Naturally the first move made by these men of business was to call for feminine help. No sooner did they get their plants to going, "manned" with female workers, than the government again crippled them by making a vigorous call for women. It needed them to staff the enormous administrative machines that had to be set in motion to do the clerical work for the Ministry of Munitions, the War Trade Department and the many other new ones called into being.

The men of business met this situation. They offered more money to their women employees. Some of the girls, nevertheless, went to the government; some stayed with the private employers. New girls came into both fields. The work became fairly well systematized and was going pretty well. Now, even as I write, a new situation has risen, of which details and results cannot yet be reported. It will constitute the material for Book II in the clerk's story. The government has called for more women help. It is sending these volunteers to France to act as clerks, librarians, accountants, typists, stenographers, telephone and telegraph operators, chauffeurs, cooks, bakers, waitresses, laundresses, tailors, shoemakers, and workers in technical branches. Once more the business houses are being drained of the help that they have taken the pains to train.

(Continued on Page 28)

Farm Competitors at the White Hall Estate, Bishop Stortford

"Here is my hunch for dinner or lunch.
This also my supper shall be.
I'm carried away by a prospect so gay!
And it's carried away by me."

"That is my supper!"

An actual conversation.

"Two or three times a week," said an office man in a large Philadelphia concern, "I make my supper of *Campbell's Soup.*"

"Not for your main-stay?" exclaimed another, in surprise.

"Yes, just that! A plate or two of soup with bread-and-butter, cup of tea and maybe a small piece of cake or a little fruit—that's my supper. And it's just the nourishment I want!"

What gives this sustaining character to

Campbell's Tomato Soup

First, its own invigorating quality. Second, its strengthening effect on digestion, which helps you to get a high percentage of nutrition from other food.

The secret of good-living is not merely in the quantity of food consumed but in the actual nourishment you obtain from it.

Mr. Hoover, our national food administrator, asserts that the average man consumes twenty-five per cent more food than he needs for proper nourishment. And this is a burdensome tax both on the digestion and the purse.

This tempting *Campbell* "kind" is pure nourishment. Served as a Cream of Tomato it yields half again as much energy as the same amount of pure milk. Served with the addition of boiled rice or noodles or simply with bread-and-butter, it gives you the main-stay of an evening meal easy to prepare, easy to digest, inexpensive and distinctly satisfying.

You will find it a decided advantage to order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case *now*, and so get the benefit of the present favorable price.

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

In their plight they have introduced a new phase into the clerical situation. They are pressing juvenile labor into positions. The government, in its munition works, is also employing boys at a large wage, with the result that the private employer has to offer higher salaries. The effect on the young of the country is indicated by the following clipping taken from one of the standard British newspapers:

BOYS SPOILT BY HIGH WAGES

The Advisory Committee for Juvenile Employment at Chester state that high wages tempt boys to undertake work for which they are physically unfitted. Boys give up situations without notice or explanation, absent themselves on the slightest pretext, and are frequently unpunctual and disobliging. Their deterioration is further marked by the fact that they take no proper pride in their appearance. The committee mention the case of a boy of seventeen, employed on piecework, who, during a busy period, earned £4 weekly. His average wages were 34s. 6d. Another boy, aged sixteen, who had earned £2 13s. weekly since February, had saved no money.

Mere children are going into more or less responsible positions in the business world. Flaxen-haired girls manipulate telephone switchboards and take messages on which hang important results. A hotel page boy was studying shorthand, and when half through his course was called to a big business office to practice his new art. His class in school, he told me, was composed of boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen. The instructors in such places all over London are complaining that the pupils get called to positions before they are anywhere near adequate in their new profession or in general education. From a wage of ten shillings a week they have jumped to one and two pounds. In other words, they receive what competent clerks got for this service before the war. Signboards outside some of the schools read: "Prepare for Peace! Only competent clerks will be wanted when normal business returns."

The Office Man Almost Extinct

WHATEVER the future situation, a salient feature of the present is that the Bob Cratchit type of clerk, made famous by Dickens, is gone. His stooped figure as recently as two years ago was a familiar one at noontide in the dingy courts of London, off Cheapside, Old Jewry and Thames Street. Inside the dim buildings he perched on a tall stool in a little congested countinghouse, where the gray light of London seldom spread. His teakettle sometimes boiled on the one coal that constituted his meager fire, and he blew into his finger tips to warm them, just as when Dickens lived and immortalized him. Now his shrunken form is expanding in the outdoor life of the trenches.

Two able-bodied male clerks of military age, for even a large office, is a big proportion. The presence of this many is due to the fact that they can best help their country here. When called they put in their claim for exemption, and their employer took such action as did an acquaintance of mine. He went to the military tribunal and said:

"I am a partner in a firm of solicitors. We had twenty male clerks before the war. All are gone except the two you now call. I need these two for that branch of our business which represents the British Government in its control of wool shipped out to the United States. In other words, this part of my business is war work."

On the strength of this plea the London solicitor is allowed to keep his last two male clerks. As the great majority of firms are not in position to show their work to be of military importance, one may gather for oneself that male clerks in England are rare. Their places are taken by women.

The firm above designated has, by the way, been in existence since the head of it, now eighty-four years of age, was admitted to the bar from Cambridge sixty years ago. He sits in sweet dignity in his dim office to-day, his silk hat on the window ledge. His son, when asked how his father took the recent advent of girl clerks into their office, laughed out the following reply: "He made as strong a protest as when we first wanted to put in the telephone fifteen years ago."

A Group of Girl Ambulance Drivers

However objectionable the idea to the old gentleman and his colleagues as well, they have all had to come to it. The clerk in England to-day is, for the most part, to be designated by the feminine gender. England was prejudiced against female help in offices and had, comparatively speaking, but little of it before the war. That she is over this prejudice one may gather from the following figures:

According to the statistics published by the new Ministry of Labor, which took over the Labor Department of the Board of Trade, there are to-day two hundred and seventy-four thousand more women employed in commerce than there were in July, 1914. The increase is fifty-five per cent. In finance and banking there are to-day fifty-two thousand girls employed where before the war there were but nine thousand five hundred. The fact is that the banks have, since the war, opened their offices wide to women help for the first time. The Bank of England previously employed some, but comparatively few other banks did. Within the last two years Sir Edward Holden, an out-and-out suffragist and the head of the London City and Midland Bank, has used feminine help in numbers. He has even placed a woman at the head of a branch bank in a provincial city of moderate size.

All Doors Open to Women

INSURANCE offices, like the banks, have not been enthusiastic over employing women. When they have taken them they have been particular to demand that they come from good families in the West End. Now they use them in numbers without restricting the address.

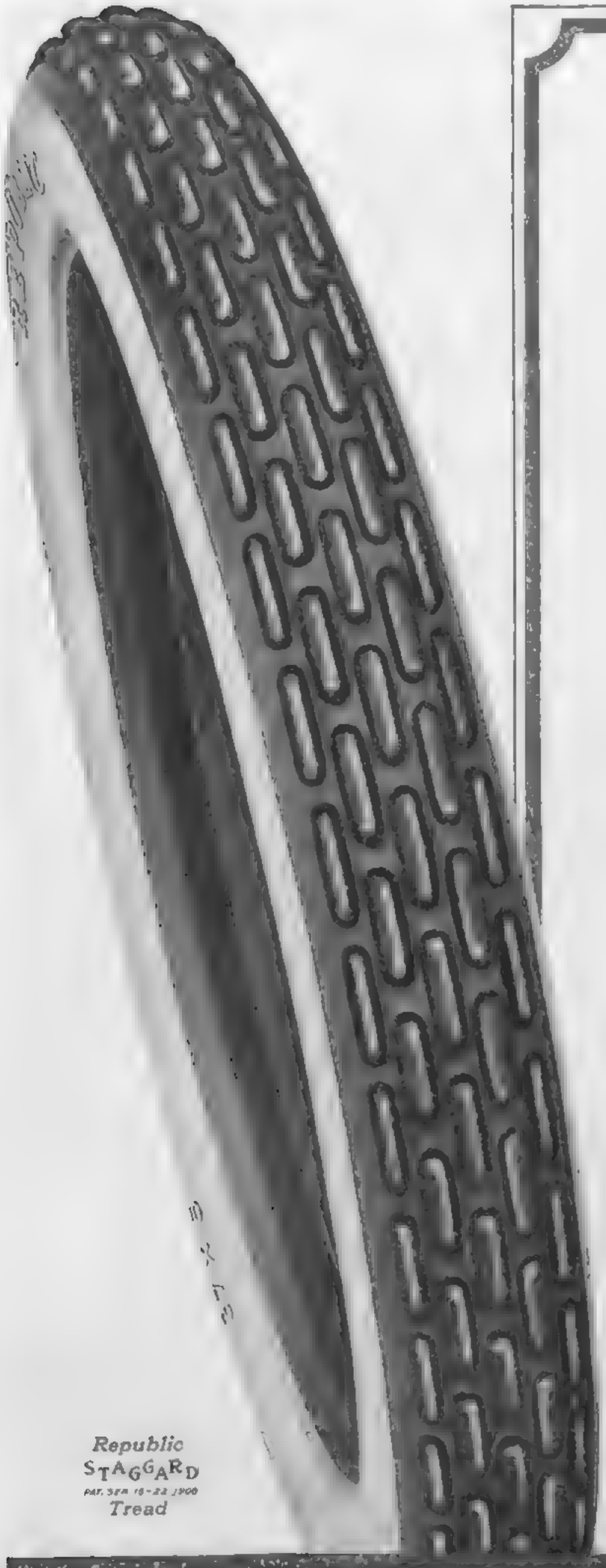
As for the chief competitor of the private employer—the government—there are employed to-day in the civil service one hundred and forty-two thousand more women than in July, 1914. This is an increase of one hundred and fifteen per cent. All but three thousand of these new women workers have taken the places of men. The government statistics do not show how many girls are employed in the office end of the Ministry of Munitions and other government workshops, because in the total of one hundred and forty-seven thousand are included not only women clerks but the girls actually making munitions. In the local governments of cities and towns all over England there are now employed two hundred and twenty-eight thousand women, of whom the greater part may be assumed to be doing clerical work. This is an increase of forty-four thousand over July, 1914.

Part of the demand for women in the government offices has come from heads of departments who have been accustomed to write out their own letters by hand. They can conduct their greatly increased correspondence in this intimate manner no longer, and they demand stenographers.

In these government offices you will

(Continued on Page 30)

Women Carpenters at Work in France



Science Makes Republic Tires Last Longer

It is easy to see why Republic tires really *last longer*.

It is also easy to understand why they give *more miles per gallon*.

The first result comes from the Prōdium Process of toughening rubber.

The second advantage is due to the scientific design of the Staggard Tread.

The Prōdium Process makes Republic tires *wear down slowly* like steel—with a maximum of wear-resistance.

The Staggard Studs cause the tire to roll with the least resistance.

The Prōdium Process was a development of the Republic laboratories.

The Staggard Tread was an engineer's solution of the "skid" problem.

Staggard Studs are not merely haphazard projections on the tire.

The studs are *scientifically placed and scientifically rounded*.

They grip the road with just enough friction to obtain the non-skid effect and to get perfect traction.

They are aligned in the direction of travel to roll the car with the *least use of power*.

The Staggard Tread was awarded patents, September 15-22, 1908, as the *first* effective rubber non-skid tire.

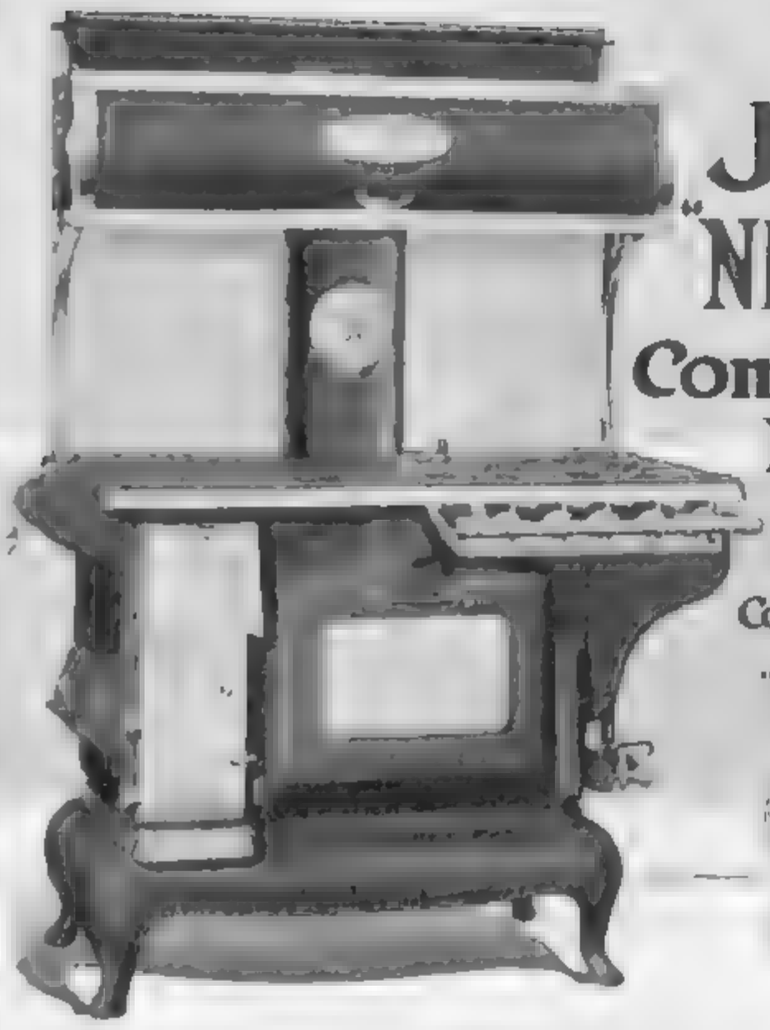
It approaches more scientifically than any later non-skid patent the engineer's ideal of maximum non-skid with minimum friction.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble.

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES



The JEWEL "NEW WAY" Combination Range

Burns Coal, Coke, Wood or Gas

"BAKES BETTER"

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES

A Coal Range and Gas Range Built In One

YOU can burn coal in winter and gas in summer—you can change from one fuel to another at will—you can burn the fuel that costs the least and save in fuel bills.

This wonderful range never fails to bake, regardless of what fuel is used. It is easy to operate. The gas and coal cooking sections are separate giving double cooking space i. desired. It is the most serviceable range you can buy Leading dealers are selling it. Ask to see it.

Complete information in regard to the Jewel "New Way" Combination Range will be mailed upon request. Write for it today.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

DETROIT *"The Largest Stove Plant in the World"* CHICAGO

Send a 2c stamp *For a Sample Cake*

The Joy of Beauty

A charming woman has no gi[ft] ... [but] a lovely skin and a com[plexion] ... [which] can do more for you in at[tracting] ... the soft smoothness that is Beauty ...

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

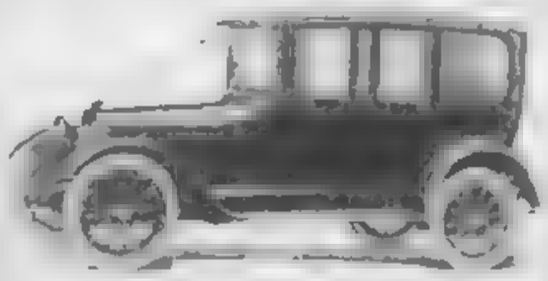
For generations discriminating women have known the beautifying qualities of this delightful soap. Its rare delicacy and elusive perfume, its transparent purity and its luxuriantly abundant lather make its use a delight and a gift unchangeable

... get No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap at ...

... ome Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of ... and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

MULHENS & KROPFF, Dept. 24, 25 West 45th Street, New York

De Luxe Demountable Limousine Tops



Mounted on Chalmers 6-30 (35A)

The transformation of your touring or roadster car into a beautiful and practical closed body is accomplished by the installation of a De Luxe Top designed for Summer and Winter use. In appointment and design De Luxe tops compare favorably with the most costly limousine. We manufacture only

Chalmers Haynes Premier Liberty Roamer Franklin

for 1916–17 and current models.

Write today for illustrated circular with detailed specifications and prices.

LIMOUSINE TOP COMPANY

1900 Factory St. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $2.40

FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX OR PARCEL POST

Made of [finest] Havana ... from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short ... looks. ... accepted Our references, Dun ... Bradstreet

To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will extend the privilege of ordering, for 80c additional, one of Edwin's "SAMPLE CASES" containing one sample cigar each of our 1... Best Sel... all Havana Values ... up to $... per 100 Include this in your order—it's the biggest ... offered

EDWIN CIGAR CO. Dept. N. 1 [illegible] Avenue, NEW YORK

Where in New York SAVE MONEY ... of Mr. 100 EDWIN ... Stores

(Continued from Page 28)

find a cross section of English female society. Girls are assembled there who have never worked until recently, and their desks are right beside those of girls who have worked all their lives. Daughters of poor army officers and daughters of nobody knows who from out that vast sea of humanity in the East End of London are earning like salaries, like respect and like deference from their government. University girls are among them. Women from Oxford and Cambridge are working in these government offices to-day. Trained for secretarial duties and teaching, they are now doing expert statistical and editorial work.

In London the girls have been called into the Pensions Office, the Post Office, the Censor's Office, the office of the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, where the taxes are collected, and into all the other government departments. They are in the big rooms of state in the Foreign Office, one hundred and thirty-eight strong. Thirty-two girls were employed there before the war. This is the department that handles Great Britain's delicate relations with other powers. While Queen Victoria in a big gilt frame smiles upon them and King Edward in his ermine gazes down at their work approvingly; while Queen Elizabeth and King James look out of their remote pasts on the girls, they manipulate their card indexes, file diplomatic records and play their typewriters.

The girls sit in the handsome suites of rooms in the big hotels of London, the government having taken over many of these hostelries for offices for new departments. Quite unsurprised at the elegance that has suddenly overtaken them, the girls ply their work with a white-tiled bathroom on one side and a gorgeously furnished sitting room on the other. Shades of Dickens and Bob Cratchit! These are the suites where a little over three years ago Americans disported themselves in costly fashion, on vacation bent.

With this new situation in clerical labor, a different attitude has come to at least one employer toward its help. The government has awakened to the fact that Americans have known for many a long day—that one's employees must be kept well housed, healthy and happy if satisfactory work is to be secured. The result is that the dining rooms of these hotels now serve as tea rooms for the girl clerks, and what before the war were the ladies' writing rooms are now used as rest rooms under the management of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Government Competition

The acres of new bungalows that have been put up for offices out in the lovely green of St. James's Park, a stone's throw from Buckingham Palace, have been designed for female help. Sanitary conditions, steam heat and other provisions for their comfort have been arranged that were never known to Bob Cratchit and other clerks of that period of ancient history that ended just three years ago. Right in the middle of what used to be the duck pond of St. James's Park there is now a cafeteria for the girls.

The government has even awakened to an interest in the amusement of its girl clerks that it never used to show for its men. It fostered a cricket match that was played the other day between the girls of the Foreign Office and those of the Ministry of Munitions. That was the first public game of cricket that has been played in England for many a long day.

All this takes the private employer at a great disadvantage. He has not been accustomed to entertain his clerical help and he has not the facilities for doing so. Even if he now offers them the same wages, he has not the equipment, in most cases, with which to make them as comfortable as these girls working for the government.

But it is more convincing to let a successful business man tell the story of the difficulty with clerical help, so far as he will. Mr. Percy Best, general manager and a director of a large department store, as well as chief of the staff, said this to me about the situation:

"We have just about the same number of employees as before the war, but over sixty-five per cent more of them are women. We are making out all right, as far as the care of our stock goes and the care and attention of our customers. But we have to take what men we have from the ranks of those who are too old or too young for enlistment. Of course our inexperienced help needs much more looking over by those who have been with us for some time, and the situation thereby makes more work for some. For the most part we have had to increase the salaries in the case of the new help; that is to say, positions that used to pay ten shillings a week now command one pound. We have had to put up the salaries of the old staff twenty-five per cent. But we are making by it, for we keep our old customers and secure new ones. Without adequate help this could not be done.

"Then a migration has taken place from one employment to another. Clerks have been offered positions under the government, taking care of military records in the Army Pay Corps, in the Army Pensions Department, and as clerks in the hundred and one subdivisions of administration that have been put in since the war to supervise production of aircraft, agricultural implements, munitions, and so on. Women are in all these mainly as clerks. That has been the cause of a migration. They have better jobs than the average, and the result is that they have left the business employer in various grades very badly off.

"As a matter of fact, the government is competing unfairly with the ordinary private employer. It is offering fifty shillings a week for inexperienced women clerks who, under ordinary conditions before the war, would have been very well paid at twenty-five shillings a week. They are third-rate stenographers, and hardly worth that. The work they had been doing was merely ordinary typing.

"As for the situation elsewhere, so far as I can see, women who were working as saleswomen, clerks, secretaries, chemists, dressmakers, and so on, have mainly developed and expanded in their own spheres. Their principals in most instances have gone, and these women have proved their fitness to fill these positions of control."

Women Chauffeurs

"Take the store here: Women have been appointed superintendents of areas on the floors, to take the places of the men superintendents who have gone. We also have a woman who, for the first time in the history of the dry-goods business in this country, is a manager of staff. Our staff managers had all gone, and we wanted to fill their positions as far as we could. We could not with men—we had not enough left with quality. We found that this woman was qualified, and she has held the post admirably.

"Other women are taking the places of departmental buyers who have gone to fight; others from clerks have become managers of offices. In other grades women have taken the places of men in running lifts, motors, horse vans; acting as departmental porters, packing merchandise, cleaning windows, acting as carriage attendants, and doing general porter duties usually undertaken by men before the war."

To give a few specific instances of the work of the kind of woman of whom Mr. Best speaks:

Nettie "cleared parcels for the dispatch." In the language of my countrymen, she went round to the different departments and collected the packages to be sent out on the delivery wagons. For this service she received twelve shillings sixpence a week. To-day she is the uniformed delivery girl on the automobile, who jumps alertly over the wheel as the vehicle slows down in front of a mansion. For this service she has twenty-eight shillings a week. The person, also uniformed, whom Nettie sits beside in the driver's seat is likewise a woman. Before the war she was the assistant to the head cook in the residence of a woman of some ten thousand pounds a year. When men's places began to fall vacant after the third and fourth call to the colors she took some lessons in chauffeuring from a school specializing in training delivery clerks, chiefly women, for the big stores. She now holds a far more interesting and profitable position. Her wage before the war was one pound a month, with board and lodging. The salary of her male predecessor then was thirty shillings. She now has thirty-five shillings a week.

Susan Fowler three years ago received a wage of ten shillings sixpence for the service of wiping down stairs in a department store. With the war and the gradual shortage of men coming on, she studied the work of the electrician. In this department of industry schools sprang up, as in chauffeuring, plumbing, and almost every other

(Continued on Page 33)

Oct. 1st to 6th Wallpaper Week

INTERIOR decorators and wallpaper dealers in practically every city and town of the United States have set apart the week of October 1st as National Wallpaper Week. During this period it will be particularly advantageous to select wallpaper for your home. The first authentic showings of the 1918 styles in wall and ceiling decorations will take place at this time.

Make Over the Interior of Your House at Trifling Cost

Winter is coming. You'll spend much of your time indoors. You'll entertain. Your guests should see your home at its best. Newly papered walls and ceilings will *put* it at its best.

Chase the gloom from every room with sensible, economical wallpaper. For new wallpaper lends charm and cheer to the whole house. And the change can be made quickly and at minimum cost.

That living-room, that dining-room—make them smile again. Wallpaper will do it.

There's probably not a room in your house but that would welcome the transforming touch of wallpaper in the hands of an experienced decorator.

Wallpaper has innumerable advantages. Carefully chosen patterns conceal all those little irregularities present in even the best-built homes. Wallpaper accentuates the beauty of the woodwork. Wallpaper permits individual expression. In fact, wallpaper meets every requirement of interior decoration—meets it effectively.

Remember—housecleaning time is wallpaper time. And this is Wallpaper Week. Go to your decorator's or wallpaper dealer's. He'll show you the latest styles and help you pick out the most suitable patterns. At the same time, he will tell you to a penny what the completed job will cost you—without obligation.

ALLIED WALLPAPER INDUSTRY, Central Office, 169 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

Truck Tire Service
—Before and After Buying

WHEN you buy a set of truck tires does the salesman figure your costs scientifically—on the basis of *tons delivered?*

Does he take into consideration the mileage expectancy of the tires, drivers' wages, length of haul, weight of loads, condition of roads, interest on equipment investment, kind of truck and class of goods carried?

Or does he get tire costs merely by dividing the price of the tire by the miles it travels?

Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations sell truck tires scientifically, giving you type, brand and size to afford lowest possible cost per ton of goods delivered.

They may recommend for your service S-V Pressed-On Tires, the kind that have given mileages up to 72,000; or they may recommend Goodyear Hand-Attachables, tires which may be applied without a press; or they may show you that you will save money by installing the great new Goodyear Cord Tires for Trucks; or one of the Goodyear Cushion types.

Then, after they have applied your tires, they *keep watch* of them—with regular monthly inspection if your business permits. This always brings great saving, for a truck tire, in spite of its bulk and strength, responds to good treatment just as do the tires on your touring car With care it goes farther and costs less.

From a Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station you get scientific service *before* and *after* buying—service of cost-saving advice on what to buy, and equally saving care for the tires in use.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 30)

known trade, for the purpose of fitting people to take places quickly. Now she receives two pounds a week as electrician in the store she served so many years as scrubwoman.

A woman begged her employer, one of the big wholesalers of England, to allow her to look after the plumbing of the establishment. He could not think why a woman should choose that vocation until on inquiry he found that her husband had followed it and she had helped him before the war. The husband went to the Front at one of the first calls for volunteers, and is still fighting. The woman's employer approved her wish and she qualified herself by taking a series of lessons. Now she looks after the plumbing of the plant, and besides this supervises the big staff of women who clean. Years ago, before she was married, she worked in that house as a scrubwoman for five shillings a week. When she returned at the beginning of the war as the woman who cleaned four of the departments she received seven shillings. Now she has two pounds a week.

The Rise of Daisy Durham

The other day a woman approached one of the two floormen doing nothing whatever in the jewelry department near the door of a well-known London store. "Is there no one to whistle for a taxi for me?" she demanded of them.

"No, madam; you might just step there to the door and see if you can get one. All of our men are called out."

As the woman looked round her a little helplessly—for it is indeed no light matter to secure a taxi in London to-day—one of the little cash girls was hurrying past and heard her. "Why, there's the whistle right behind the door," she exclaimed, running for it. The next instant she was on the street, blowing it with all her lung power. A taxi came and the woman took it. Also a rival firm came in a few days and took the little girl. To-day, in a natty crash uniform and high boots, she stands out in front of a store summoning taxis for customers and handing them, like the footman of old, into the conveyance. Public opinion has it that the girls are far preferable to the gorgeously uniformed men who opened carriage doors before the war. The latter were a little condescending and, besides that, always had their hands out for tips. The little girls put their whole souls into the work and expect nothing.

Here is the story of a girl I know in the city, and to an extent it illustrates the change that has taken place in many young feminine lives during the three years past. Her name is Daisy Durham and she is an East Ender. At the age of sixteen she went to the school run by an American firm for teaching girls how to manipulate its adding machine. Before she had been there three weeks she told the manager her sad story. She could not stay; her parents in the East End tenement were starving. Could he get her a job? He took her home to his wife as housemaid and had an adding machine sent out for her to practice on.

She stayed in that position for almost a year, learning her trade all the while. When she had mastered it she took a position in a big store. It paid one pound a week, which was considerably more than she could command as a maid, but it was not otherwise pleasant. The sanitary arrangements for the girls were sickening, and every day she had to run up and down flights of stairs. For four years she was there; then war broke out.

Her old benefactor lost sight of her for a while. One day he answered the call of his telephone, as he does six to eight times an hour. It was Daisy. What she had to say was that she was going to be married! With the war her position had advanced. She had been called out of the store by one of the insurance companies. As I mentioned above, they have been opposed to women and would accept only those from the West End. Daisy Durham is a dyed-in-the-wool East Ender. However, she gave satisfaction and was paid two pounds a week, and now is about to marry one of the chaps still working for the firm whose eyes are too weak to admit of his fighting for his country. He is of good West-End parentage; so you will see that the house of Durham is by the war being lifted socially as well as financially.

Another woman I know has been through the following experience, which is likewise typical of what many others are doing: She was working as stenographer at thirty shillings a week in the London branch of an American company that makes printing outfits for offices, when her husband, who was a traveler with the same firm, found her. On her marriage she retired and conserved his income for him. When war broke out he was called, and his employers wanted somebody to take his place. Whom should they engage but his wife! She had operated the device before her marriage and knew its selling points as well as her husband did. Her employer told me that she is now making a larger income selling their machine than the husband did. She is taking in, with her commissions, twenty pounds a month, which is more than most English salesmen earn. Scores of women are now holding down their husbands' positions. Mr. Selfridge's first question when the war called away his men, as put to their wives, was: "Do you wish to come and perform your husband's duties here until he can return?" Almost to a woman they went.

Mr. Best and Mr. Hall gave me the clearest insight I got into the situation of clerical help in England. The latter, as he talked with me in his office, made out the following synopsis of the situation here as regards stenographers. As nobody in England knows more about it than he, his statement has an interest:

"Experienced lady operators having left the profession for marriage—returning even after twenty years. Reasons: 1. Hard times—increased cost of living; 2. Husband in army; 3. Widowed through war.

"Shorthand and typewriting now interesting younger class of student. Defects: 1. Education below average; 2. Training rushed. Results: Outlook narrow, work more or less unsatisfactory.

"Demand so intense that as soon as operators have some knowledge they can get posts even before the school can call them anything like efficient. Result is that schools themselves have no names on their employment register.

"Experienced lady operators dispersed on land, gardening, munitions, government departments, motor driving, Red Cross work, nursing, in France as typists, clerks, etc., for the government.

"Rates of salary as operators inflated fifty per cent or more increase.

"Demand intense. Causes: 1. Government requirements; 2. Government contractors of all sorts; 3. Taking men's places.

"After-war effects: Difficult to forecast. Certainly government requirements and contractors will decrease, freeing many good operators. These will tend to squeeze out the inefficient and probably cause a lowering of scale of remuneration, though, on account of high cost of living, not to old figures."

So much for the distribution of clerical labor to-day. Is it giving satisfaction? I am afraid not altogether. The women have proved themselves astonishingly adequate at the unfeminine occupations of scaling ladders, driving motor trucks, installing telephones, cleaning locomotives, riveting ships. But in the other occupations to which they and others, too young for the work, are called as stenographers and bookkeepers, they are barely holding their own.

Making the Best of It

The big employers are making out; that is about all. The greatly enhanced demand upon an insufficient supply of experienced clerks is bringing its logical result. Heads of businesses decline to be interviewed on the subject, and nothing more specific in the way of praise has issued from a big firm than the following extract from the annual report of one of England's leading joint-stock banks: "The war has brought many remarkable developments and revelations, but nothing perhaps has been more striking than the capacity shown by women for spheres of work hitherto closed to them."

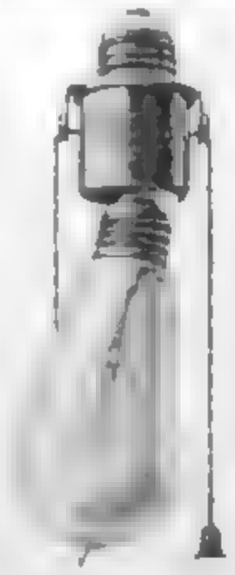
To quote, for summing-up purposes, a paragraph from a recent article in an English magazine:

"The success of the efficients has attracted clerks not so well equipped, and even obviously unfitted, to the same class of work; and there are employers to be met who, while profoundly dissatisfied with the help afforded, are obliged to stifle their feelings, as they are unable at the moment to make better arrangements."

Thus far I have spoken principally of the situation among clerks in business

(Continued on Page 35)

Robes of Northern Wool
The Patrick-Duluth Robes and Blankets are the genuine and original Patrick Mackinaw Cloth, made of the long fibre wool of the North. It resists wind, cold and moisture and gives a lifetime of wear.
Patrick
DULUTH
Robes and Blankets
Better-Than-Weather
They are made in a great variety of colors including many of the famous Patrick patterns and colors. Wonderful warmth without great weight. Outdoor Blanket, 70x80 inches and 72x84 inches. Auto Steamer Rug, 57 x 81 inches, self binding. Mackinaw Robe, 58 x 81 inches, all Patrick colors.
Sold at Best Stores. Send for The Patrick Book illustrating all the Patrick Duluth Mackinaw Products. Look for the famous Patrick Duluth Label
PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL
206 Commerce St., Duluth, Minn



Low Light At Little Cost

The DIM-A-LITE which fits any socket and takes any lamp, makes it possible to burn the hall light dimly every evening for less than a cent a week.

It permits of a subdued glow for bedroom, soft light for nursery, a mere candle power for continuous use in bathroom, enables one to regulate *any* electric light "just like gas" and gives five changes of light—full, low, dim, out and on and out.

DIM-A-LITE

Tests by U. S. Bureau of Standards prove the Dim-a-lite saves from 30% to 80% of full current according to degree of turn down.

The conveniences of the Dim-a-lite recommend it for any home and the saving in current makes it an economy

Ask your dealer to show you the DIM-A-LITE or write [illegible]

WIRT COMPANY
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

Electrical and Hardware Dealers sell the Dim-a-lite in three forms:

A wall attachment which fits any socket and takes any lamp

A permanent fixture socket [illegible]

The Car that Must Get There

—the car that carries staff officers to different parts of the battle line.

Its tires *must* stand up to the hardest kind of hard service,

—*must* have the endurance to give miles without stint and traction without fail.

And that is the kind of tire that the *United States Tire Company* is making,

—the enduring, dependable tires that will stand up under far harder service than *you* are likely to demand of a tire,

—and that will give the low mileage cost you want.

Proof that *United States Tires* are giving this service economy lies in the fact that

—*United States Tires* show a larger percentage of sales increases than the vast percentage of increase in the number of automobiles in use this year over last.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 33)

offices and stores. There has been another migration equal to this. Servants in private houses have left their positions and have gone to the munition works, to hotels and men's clubs to act as waitresses, to the buses to act as conductors, to the firms that contract for washing windows. You will frequently see a girl who of yore demurely presided over a basement kitchen now running up a ladder outside a high plate-glass window, clad in trousers, a long mop pole in her hands.

The change in the above field, like the others, is based on a rise in wages. As a domestic the girl received anywhere from one to two pounds a month, besides board and lodging. Now her wage is not likely to be under the equivalent of seven dollars a week. Her friends among the bus conductors are even better rewarded. They receive nearer two pounds a week. One is constantly hearing about the girl who has left domestic service for munitions and now earns five to six pounds a week. But these are rare. The service is frequently paid for on the basis of what factory engineers call piecework. If twenty-five and thirty dollars is a very high earning indeed, seven dollars a week is about the minimum.

Bereft of her servants the plight of the English housekeeper is serious. She has always been accustomed to a far larger staff than the housewife of like financial standing in America. I asked a woman the other day how she managed. Her husband has an income equivalent to about ten thousand dollars a year. She smiled reflectively.

"I used to think I had to have someone for the boots and the silver. Now my bedroom maid helps with the first—and the silver I sometimes do myself. Sometimes it does not get done."

She favored me with a little further explanation: "When war broke out I had five servants. Immediately I got two of them places in a hospital—the gardener and his wife, the upstairs maid. In just a little while I found a place for our valet. Since then my own personal maid and the cook have done all the work. In the house we had before? Yes, and it has twenty-seven rooms. Every once in a while I have to take a hand in the work myself."

This woman holds a position now. She is an employee of the government and has responsibilities of engaging as well as otherwise looking after many of the women who are going over to France to serve in the army. Every morning by nine-thirty she is in her office in Devonshire House. For her to have to help with her housework is as if a girl employee in an office in America did so.

Everybody in England has to take measures similar to that woman's in retrenchment. Housekeepers talk about employing a "general" until you think the average ménage in England must be using army officers for its housework. The fact transpires, however, that they are referring to a general house servant who does all the work. People formerly accustomed to two or three servants now make out with the one "general," and others have cut down in the same proportion.

Social Economies

"We've all closed one floor," said a woman of the smart set in telling how the homes in England are run to-day. "It's the second floor, and that leaves us only one sitting room—and that one downstairs next to the dining room. It's not nice to sit in after dinner, because it's noisy, and all the time it's drafty from the outside doors; but England is sacrificing now."

A man and his wife possessing one of the biggest names in England gave a dinner party the other evening. There were four men in livery in the dining room. One was recognized by a guest as the valet and another as the gardener at the country place. Word of the dinner got out and people were saying in a drawing-room later that it was strange for them to be giving such a dinner now.

Somebody replied: "Oh, don't you understand? They have got all of that mass of silver, and it has to be cleaned. They economize by giving a dinner right after this has been done. They then pay back all the invitations they have received, without preparing the silver just for that. You see it's just such a dinner as they would have any night at home—very simple, with only three courses, with the very servants taken from other lines of work to serve. And not a soul was there that hasn't given them a meal. Nothing's wasted anywhere along the line, and the people of England have got to have a little sociability, you know."

An acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Henry Marsh, has Warwick Castle. She also has a big house in town. I was asking her one day how she managed. Later she invited me to Warwick Castle for luncheon, and remembering my question took me round to demonstrate visually how one kept house during a big war. The first unusual sight was of a very old man with a striped blue apron hung round his neck by a string, out in a cupboard answering the telephone. The next minute he yanked his apron off and hurried to the Countess of Warwick's private sitting room—done in gold and pale-blue flowered satin—and thence to a rustic high porch, known as My Lady's Terrace. He was looking for Mrs. Marsh's mother, to give a message from His Lordship, the nearest neighbor, whoever he is. In times of peace a man of his years would scarcely have been in service, and if he had it would not have been necessary for him to do the double duty demanding at once an apron and a formal appearance. A footman or a butler would do that.

Odd Man and Hall Boy

It was difficult in the setting of Warwick Castle to realize that a vast war was going on outside those gray, turreted walls round the park. What would Lord Brooke have thought when he held himself fortified there in that Cromwellian war that was to him the most important in all history? And Queen Victoria, as she lay in the deep soft bed beneath the painting on the ceiling done by a great artist especially in honor of her visit to the castle? When Mrs. Marsh told me the story I tried to fancy the Queen's point of view if she could be here now. King Edward, who lay in that bed many a night after his mother was gone, heard the phantom noises of these guns of to-day and used to say inside those very walls of Warwick Castle that England would soon have a bad war on her hands. As I thus reflected, convalescent soldiers of that war were being entertained in this very castle. I could see them through a high window feeding the peacocks on the velvety green.

Mrs. Marsh reminded me of my subject. "My butler has gone. Everybody's butler has gone." I had heard the statement many times since coming to England. "That's his old father you saw answering the telephone. He came in to hold his son's place—he's been retired since many years before the war. I had a footman who is now promoted to be under-butler. He was too delicate to go to the Front. My butler, the old man's son, has been wounded; the roof of his mouth is shot away. He has to eat through a straw and he can't talk. I had him down here visiting."

A point worth noting surely in connection with the war and the history of England—the mistress of Warwick Castle has been entertaining her former butler as a guest in the ancient stronghold of aristocracy and upper class.

"You know, of course, what the odd man is," purled the fair lady of the castle, unmindful that I was citing her attitude as significant in social history.

"No, I don't," I rejoined. "What is he?"

"He's assisted by the hall boy," she continued, waving my protest aside.

"Between them, what do they accomplish?"

"The odd man does the fires and the heavy work. The hall boy has the knives and the boots, and they both help with the valeting. They both also carry the food up to the very door of the dining room. But they don't set foot over the threshold—ever, under any circumstances."

We were descending the narrow spiral staircase into the domain of cookery and donjon keeps. I could appreciate that the task of the odd man and the hall boy to carry big trays up these passages was a responsible one. "Those four are the only menservants I have now, except the gardener. He's an old man who has come back to me. The young one went to the war. This one has two young boys, two old men and about fourteen girls under him. I used to have twenty-four young men gardeners, I believe it was. I used to have two footmen, two valets and three butlers."

We had reached the dank lower floor of Warwick Castle. It was the custom of

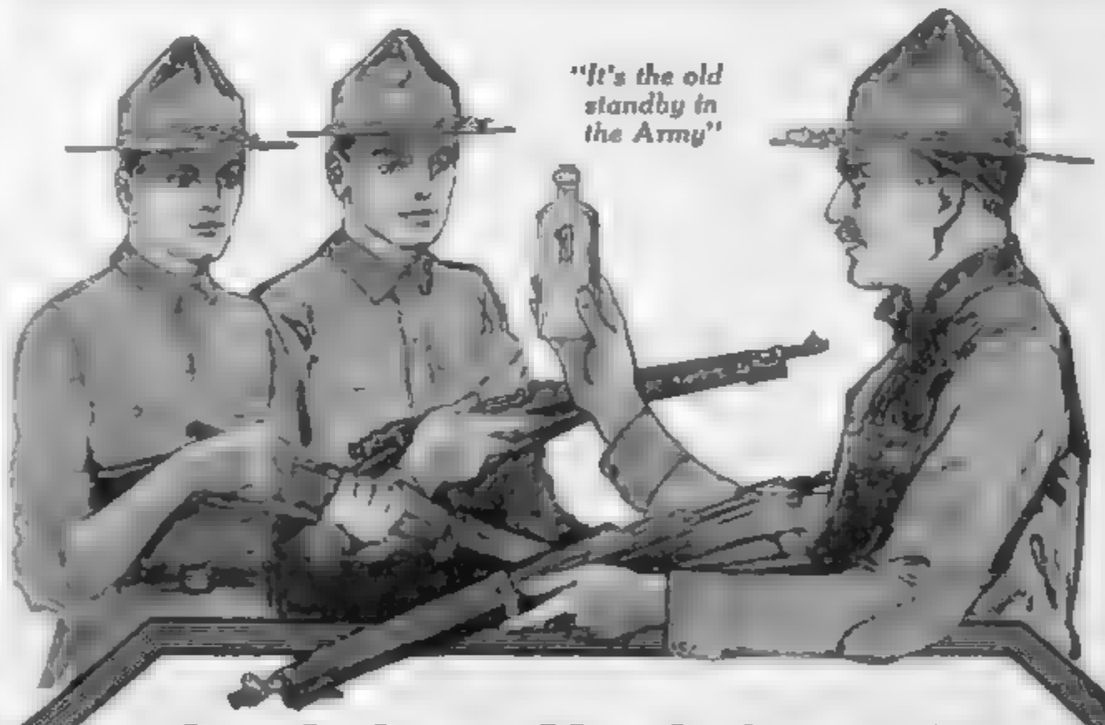
(Continued on Page 37)

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

The Dunmore

A button-through, light-weight overcoat; belted; deep patch pockets. A very smart coat for less formal wear in city, traveling, motoring, or country.

THE STEIN BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y.



Good Guns Need Good Oil

Talk to a hundred men accustomed to handling a rifle or shotgun—men who shoot for sport and in earnest. Ask what oil they use. Most of 'em will answer: "3-in-One." Soldiers, game hunters, trap-shooters and military academy instructors have preferred

3-in-One
THE HIGH QUALITY GUN OIL

for 25 years. Leading firearm manufacturers use and recommend it. No matter where you're shooting—at the training-camp, in the woods and fields, or at the traps—get a bottle of this pure, high-grade oil.

3-in-One lubricates perfectly the magazine, trigger, shell extractor, hammer and break joints. Prevents rust forming inside and outside the barrel. Cleans and polishes the wooden stock and fore-end. Keeps entire gun bright and shiny.

IMPORTANT: After firing with smokeless powder, always clean out residue of powder thoroughly with a solvent *first*. Then apply 3-in-One. This method absolutely prevents leading, pitting and rust.

3-in-One Oil is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and *Dictionary of Uses* — both sent free for the asking.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 EUG. Broadway, New York

A5

Hudson Prices Too Must Advance

Some Cars Already Increased Bring $1200 and $1400 Cars Up to Hudson Prices. Money Can Be Saved By Promptness

Fifty-one makers have already increased their prices since January 1st.

Former $1200 and $1400 cars now cost $300 to $400 more than they did one month ago. Some cars advanced January 1st, which again increased in price August 1st.

In the higher priced classes increases since December amount to $350 to $700.

Many makers have made two advances within the past eight months. Others give warning of further advances.

Increasing cost of materials is responsible for higher prices in automobiles. It is affecting all makers. Soon Hudsons, too, must cost more. Today Hudsons are sold at the same price at which they have sold for several months, because they are built from materials contracted for last fall. Then material prices were lower. Increases have been rapid since then.

Steel, the most largely used material in an automobile, is made from iron and its price is affected by iron prices. Last December iron sold at $30 a ton. Its average price for 25 years prior to the war was $16 a ton. Today it is $54 a ton.

Hudson Was the Choice When Others Cost Less

When cars in the lower priced grades sold at $200 to $300 less than a Hudson Super-Six, Hudson sales were greater than any other two makes of that class. Today, with no difference in price, Hudsons must continue to be even more popular.

Hudson leadership is understood by all motorists. It is explained in the Hudson Super-Six motor. No other car has a motor similar to the Super-Six. No other car for that reason has equaled the performance of the Super-Six.

Its performance in the hands of almost 40,000 owners shows what individuals can do even when they are not seeking to establish records for speed and endurance.

No car of any make or size has equaled the time-record of the Hudson Super-Six Special in the world's greatest hill-climb to the summit of Pike's Peak.

No automobile has yet been able to equal in either direction the transcontinental record of a seven-passenger Super-Six Phaeton which traveled from San Francisco to New York and back to San Francisco in 10 days and 21 hours. No conceivable test has revealed the limits of a Hudson Super-Six stock car or stock chassis. No individual use of the car has yet taxed it to its limit.

Hudson Sets New Records on the Speedway

The speedway, too, has failed to exhaust Hudson Super-Six endurance. The special racing cars built to meet those conditions, but preserving the same principle that accounts for endurance in the stock cars, did not reach the limit of Hudson endurance. They did establish the American Speedway record for 200 miles at an average speed of 104 miles an hour. The Hudson Super-Six racers made more records in their campaign of racing than any team of cars the industry has produced.

These records are only made to indicate what you may expect from a Hudson Super-Six. You don't want a racing car. The car you buy isn't suitable for racing. It is made suitable for the kind of service you want. That service means endurance—the kind that does not call for frequent adjustments, repairs and overhauling. It is the kind of car that you can use day after day and month after month with a reliance for performance that increases as you continue its use.

Just Now the Hudson Costs You Less

During this time when prices are being readjusted on account of increased cost of production, you can buy a Hudson Super-Six at the same price you pay for former cheaper cars. If you wait, you run the risk of not being able to get such an advantageous price. When present material supplies are exhausted and cars must be built from materials bought in the present market, then the Hudson Super-Six must be priced in comparison to its greater value and greater cost on the standard established by other cars.

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

on the firing line of business

Blaisdell PENCILS for Special Purposes

are made to write smoothly and clearly on china, glass and metal. They are used for making sure marks quickly on any smooth surface, from armor plate to the human skin. These

Special BLAISDELL Pencils

are made in black and eight colors—light blue, white, brown, blue, red, yellow, green and purple. Price 15c each, $1.65 per dozen, $13.50 per gross. The grit-less waxed leads will not scratch the finest surface. They wear long. No time nor lead is wasted in sharpening, no lead is broken—just nick these special BLAISDELLS between the perforations and pull the narrow strip of paper straightaway.

Blaisdells in Every Business

China and Glass Special BLAISDELL pencils are used in marking 90 per cent. of the china and glassware made or sold in America. The marks are clear and distinct, and withstand any amount of handling. Yet they can be easily removed when desired. Eliminate slow and costly marking with stickers and tags. Manufacturers use BLAISDELLS because the marks burn away in firing. China decorators early in 1917 put on glass to BLAISDELLS.

Merchants use BLAISDELLS Merchants everywhere use these special BLAISDELL pencils for many purposes—for marking prices and stock numbers on china, glass, French ivory, gold, silver and all metal goods. Also for brightening up their store with colored show-cards, or writing signs directly on the glass of windows or show cases.

Write on Rubber Manufacturers and merchants use BLAISDELLS for writing on rubber. Tire inspectors use them for marking seconds, rubber workers lay out work with them, tire repairers mark punctures and defects so that they are quickly found after the first examination.

Chemists use BLAISDELLS BLAISDELLS fill a long felt want in leading chemical laboratories where they are used for writing on test tubes, crucibles, beakers, glass plates, etc. Marks for future identification, for recording the progress of experiments and observations are quickly made and quickly read when made with BLAISDELLS.

Write on Metal The special BLAISDELL pencils are used in nearly every munition plant for marking on metal. Inspectors of shrapnel mark defects on [illegible] with BLAISDELLS. Metal workers and [illegible] water departments and plumbers use them for marking on pipe and fixtures.

BLAISDELL Uses Unlimited In fact, the uses of BLAISDELL special pencils are unlimited. Amateur photographers use the white for writing on dark colored albums, artists, advertisers and printers use them for writing on highly glazed paper; surgeons and medical schools mark on human skin with BLAISDELLS preliminary to operating; opticians mark lenses with BLAISDELLS before grinding; film exchanges and "movie" operators mark films and make announcement and advertising slides with BLAISDELLS; police departments use them for marking [illegible] and housekeepers find the BLAISDELLS are better than tape for labeling infants.

In some operation of your business these special BLAISDELL pencils will eliminate errors and save you time and money.

Blaisdell Pencils Guaranteed

These special BLAISDELL pencils (like the famous BLAISDELL colored pencils headed by the universal favorite "151 Blue") are unconditionally guaranteed to give perfect service and complete satisfaction. "Another pencil or your money back for any pencil that fails to [illegible]" has enabled us to make BLAISDELL superior to and outsell all other colored pencils combined. BLAISDELLS lead the world in quality.

Order from your stationer or write us your requirements and we will see that you are supplied.

Blaisdell Pencil Company PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 35)

early England, apparently, to keep the prisoners and the servants down there. An uncanny feeling it gave one to watch one's potato for luncheon being peeled next to the dark, earthy room where they used to toss a prisoner. One could see the crack through which they occasionally threw him a crust until he died. Mrs. Marsh insisted on going into that room and pointing out the hole through which they later threw his dead body into the Avon. Were grim things like that happening "out there" to our fine boys to-day?

Mrs. Marsh now resumed her subject. "There's one," she said, pointing beyond a door into the linen room, where a woman was sorting towels. A dreary scene indeed it presented—the odd man at a sink in the hallway peeling potatoes, and a woman in a room far away from him sorting linen. As a matter of fact, I had visited Mrs. Marsh at Warwick just before war was declared and had once before been in this basement. I could remember this queer old place, swarming with servants then. There are ancient sinks made of silver because that was the only metal to be relied on not to "run." Servants on that former date were preparing vegetables at three of them. There is a boot room, especially for the cleaning of shoes. Three servants on that other day were at work there. Now it was as empty as the wine room and the storeroom. Only two chickens and some ribs of mutton were in this latter ample place. A very few bottles of wine lay on the shelves of the other. The dwellers on vast estates are obeying the official request that they shall not hoard food and drink.

"That one," said Mrs. Marsh, referring to the woman in the linen room, "is the working housekeeper. That means that she supervises things and does some actual work as well. Of course, before the war I had a lady housekeeper, as they are called, who did nothing but look after things. I used to have five housemaids besides her. Now I have only four, counting her as one. I used to have a chef besides, who was quite the grandest, most lordly person round the castle. I had an assistant for him, a kitchenmaid and a scullery maid besides. Now I have the scullery maid and a woman cook.

"It's so everywhere," Mrs. Marsh elucidated. "You will find that where women had a parlor maid and four housemaids before they now have a house-parlor-maid and two—or even one—upstairs maid. A house-parlor-maid means that besides tending the parlor she helps upstairs as well. Of course the parlor maid serves the meals; or if they have a butler—as they probably haven't now, no matter who they are—she helps with them. Women who used to have two maids now sometimes don't have any at all. They have shut up their places and gone into lodgings because maids are so hard to get. Everybody's wages have gone up from five shillings to ten shillings a week."

At luncheon we had visible evidence of the new economy. A woman helped the old man and the delicate boy serve. She was the parlor maid. The service could not have been better. Still, this introduction of females into the dining room is what galls both the woman and the man of English households more than anything else in the servant situation of to-day.

Promoted to Buttons

I had set Mrs. Marsh her task of telling me how a ménage is run in wartimes, and she stuck to her subject like a general. "My house in town is a huge thing, you know. Sometimes I take my butler in from here if I am giving any little war benefit." [That's the only kind of entertainment anyone gives any more.] "I only have a house-parlor-maid, two chambermaids and the hall boy, whom I have promoted. I've put him in buttons, and by next year I think I can make him butler, except that in six months he will be of age for service."

I respectfully inquired what it might mean to be "in buttons."

"Oh, don't you know? It's a name for a young boy servant who wears a uniform with a lot of buttons on it. The uniform has a short, tight-fitting coat, with buttons close together on it up to the very throat. Many women had these boys for odds and ends before the war. My 'buttons' is the only manservant I have in that huge town house."

The mistress of Warwick Castle of course has more servants than the average British woman, but the latter is giving up in the same proportion as Mrs. Marsh.

As for the wealthy women of England, the following newspaper paragraph supplements the story of Mrs. Marsh:

"Three years ago 'Ladies of Position' would have been horrified at the idea of going on a country-house visit without several personal servants. There would have had to be a footman, a maid and a chauffeur, and frequently—as the chauffeur was sometimes too dignified a person to clean the car himself—a second man. Now these very ladies, I am gravely assured, are managing quite well with only one attendant—a maid."

The clubmen are at present reveling in the servants that Mrs. Marsh and the other housekeepers of the nation are struggling along without. It used to be that the most punctiliously correct of male servants were the only ones who could begin to satisfy the fastidious clubman. Within the last year he has had forcibly called to his attention the advantages of female service. Walk down St. James's Street or Pall Mall at an hour when the clubs are deserted of their members and you will see maids, neatly uniformed in black with white aprons, pensively gazing out of the windows. The men have gone to the Front; and even the Marlborough, King Edward's old club, has come to employing women. Usually there will be in charge of the coffeeroom of a club two men too old to fight, and they will have under them from fifteen to one hundred girls.

Hotel Men's Troubles

The clubman will tell you that he likes the change. The girls are just as skillful or designing, or whatever word should be used, in remembering the club member's individual taste as were the men. If this astonishes the masculine readers, it scarcely will surprise the women. One clubman told me that the girls took a more personal interest than the men ever did in his taste and comfort. Several members agreed that they would rather have the most unattractive of girls serve them than the best of their former menservants. The latter may never get back into the clubs, if present indications are significant.

Another of the employers who is luring away the female help of the women of London has a less favorable return to make. The hotel keeper complains that he now has to pay them what he once gave the men, and that they are more independent. To quote him: "One can never tell when they will leave."

The manager of what is perhaps the smartest hotel in London told me his story, and it is fundamentally the same as that of all the others where people of the upper classes are entertained. He tried female help in his dining room and abandoned it. Smartly dressed women will not be waited on by girls, and, further than that, the girls cannot understand the French of the chef, much less of the ladies.

"Girls listen to the conversation of the guests and laugh at their jokes. Men waiters never enter into the presence of the people they are serving. They will stand remote half the day, if necessary, with an immobile expression of face. Girls will never make a success at this." I repeat his words because other managers have said practically the same thing.

This particular hotel man's trouble in running his plant is far greater than I have heard anyone else express on the subject of managing help during the war. He has assembled waiters of the nations that are not fighting. With them are Englishmen too old, too young, too delicate to do so. His staff are principally Swiss, and Spaniards, and Serbians and Italians under age. Some of them cannot understand the tongues of the others, and those who can frequently use their common language for picking a quarrel. They are so negligent that they roll up napkins with burning cigarettes in them. For this inadequate service the manager is obliged to pay some three pounds a week per waiter as against fifteen shillings before the war. This manager feels that he himself would really prefer to employ girls if it were not for the impossibility of their getting on with the women customers and the chef.

As the situation stands, the first-class hotels get their help from the old staffs of those of the second-class; the second-class from the third; with the result that this latter stratum employs girl waiters. Of course managers of the last-named hotels do not object, but are pleased to take the female help, because of such virtues in them as the clubman has discovered, combined with the fact that he has neither ladies of the

DON'T hammer along. Jaunt along. Turn walking into joy-walking. *Wingfoot!* You'll walk with springier steps and higher spirits then. Count upon both with Wingfoot Heels.

Wingfoot rubber heels give surplus wear through their springy, youthful, spry, live rubber. Duller rubber wears quickly by comparison. Cheaper rubber wears more quickly yet.

Also Wingfoot air-cups save slips. They give you really pneumatic heels.

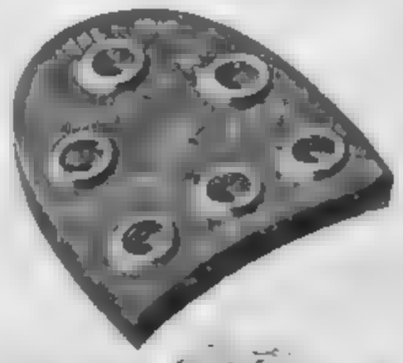
* * *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company *guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels.* A new pair free if yours do not.

In black, white and tan for big folks and little folks—50c—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WINGFOOT HEELS



GOODYEAR AKRON

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

upper classes nor French chefs to placate. As for the girls, they are now making in these places what the men earned of old, which is approximately two pounds a week. Still, it is doubtful whether they will find the hotel business a particularly fruitful field to them after the war.

But what difference does it make? One naturally turns this rejoinder when reflecting on the very wide areas of industry opened to women by war, which will never close with peace. In touching on this phase of the clerical situation let me hasten to say that I have with the last paragraph completed the history of the present. What I am going merely to mention is the situation I referred to in the beginning of this article as the material for Book II. A guilty feeling has disturbed me in writing the above because of the conviction that the structure which I was describing was going very shortly to be more or less upturned. The forces are at work that are going once again to harass Mrs. Marsh and the business man by taking their help away from them. The government is calling the women and they are going to the Front. The female sex is now being enlisted in the war. As mentioned in the beginning of the article, they are hurrying over to France in a variety of masculine occupations to relieve men for fighting. I sat over in Devonshire House one day and saw them passing their oral examinations for chauffeur. Questions are put to them and questions are answered by them that would floor strong men. They are also, as I have said, qualifying for everything, from carpenters to orderlies.

They dress in khaki uniforms and are an integral part of the army—as indicated by their title, Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. They have a book of instructions prepared for them specially by the Army Council, giving the rates of wages to be paid them in various occupations, rules of discipline, the amount of allowance for their uniforms, their rations and the leave of absence to which they are entitled. They wear identity disks, the same as the men on the firing line.

I have seen them, dressed in their khaki uniforms, received by the men officers of the army with a bristling, brusque camaraderie that denotes approval and acceptance.

But it has thus far remained for woman to make her great triumph in her old, trodden paths. She is now proclaimed by the men of England as the official cook of their army. Early in the war the women, under the Marchioness of Londonderry, earnestly petitioned to be allowed to cook for the soldiers; or, failing in that audacious request, at least to be allowed to show them how. Men were in the camps preparing the food who had heretofore had their meals prepared for them at home by women, while they had followed the masculine vocations of tailoring and like occupations.

The women were at first denied the right to cook for the army by their government; then reluctantly their government agreed to let them show what they could do. In the tryout the women won the day. They taught the men to economize; they showed them the wonders of boiling the fat out of the waste meat and selling it to the makers of glycerin, and of reboiling bones as well as of selling the bottles and the papers in which goods come.

The men are deeply interested in carrying out all that the women have shown them how to do. The amount saved in the culinary department is one of the officers' subjects of conversation. Out at the convalescent camp near Epsom, Captain Irwin the other day showed me a chart he had been laboriously making which set forth their savings from month to month. A woman is in charge of their cuisine, and the men talk to her with a frank respect that registers their attitude to be one of extreme approval. On the day I was out there a delegation of men who were presently to take charge of another camp waited to see the woman with me, who is the manager of this culinary branch of the service. What they wished from her was the assurance that she would see that women cooks were put in their new camp at once. They did not wish the men to mess up the kitchens before the girls took charge.

The success of this project of women cooks for the army is indeed what prompted the adjutant general to call for more women to help carry on the war. They are turning out in large numbers to answer the call, and the chances are that neither Mrs. Marsh nor the offices and stores which the women are leaving will ever get them back. What are the employers going to do for help? They are asking that question to-day. Until the answer is found they can but take more inexperienced women and old men. They can but break in boys and girls of fourteen and under—as they are doing to-day.

But already a new relief is approaching. Men who have been wounded are now, many of them, well enough to work, though not fit to return either to the Front or to their old jobs. They are asking for such positions as they can fill. Of course they are being given the positions that the women are vacating. From the rumblings and grumblings heard at present of both wounded soldiers and women workers, one would predict that the next phase of the clerk's story promises at least a few thrilling episodes, though nothing sinister. It is not in any particular the situation often darkly hinted at in labor agitations of the soldier's homecoming, war over, and his demand for his old job which some woman is holding down.

DADDYING THE DOUGHBOYS

(Continued from Page 6)

As for Hull, he worried considerably in bed about the afternoon's happenings. For he was only thirty and had command of two hundred men. One hundred and forty of these were raw recruits, picked up between the Mexican border and Hoboken before sailing for France; sixty had seen more than a year of service. His job was to make soldiers of them all.

Now that is a man's-size job, as will presently develop, and Hull's whole heart was in it. He loved the work—the daily contact with his men, the little troubles they brought to him, the human problems their care was constantly presenting. Indeed, had he been suddenly promoted to an adjutant generalship in the quartermaster's department or bidden to join a general's staff Hull would have gone out behind the cow shed and wept.

So he lay with his eyes wide open, pondering many things. The company was his family. His own children were home in America with their mother; but here in France he stood responsible for the care and well-being of two hundred.

It left him small time to grow homesick or to worry. The little Hulls would be well provided for; he could only think of them tenderly in brief periods of respite from work. But the two hundred boys given into his charge by Uncle Sam for the service of their country demanded his thought every minute of the day. They had to be fathered. They looked to him for everything—for orders, for good food, for their wants, and for guidance in matters of which regulations and manuals take no cognizance.

And just as there are wayward and useless children in every family of size, so there were in the company. Hull had fifty such, and thirty more who were merely stupid, and a hundred and twenty more who needed shaping according to temperament and capacity, if he wished to get the best out of them.

It may be seen from this that there is more to an officer than mere technical knowledge and proficiency in drill.

Young America, hard at it in the training camps, will have the same problems on his hands when he gets to France as kept Hull awake long after he should have been snoring.

That his lieutenants also had troubles was made evident next morning. Young Gordon came to breakfast fairly snorting wrath. He was a small, rosy-cheeked boy fresh from West Point, and looked to be not a day over eighteen.

"Well," he announced grimly as he sat down, "there's a man in Company K who'll remember me for a while."

"What happened?"

"Why, I went up to the cobbler shop to find out about some shoes that had been stolen, and there stood a big guy from K Company with a hang-over from yesterday—one of those roughnecks they picked up from the Bowery.

"'Hello, little boy,' he says; 'does your mamma know you're out?' And then I let him have it."

"What did you do to him?" asked Hull gravely. "I hope you didn't injure him seriously, Archie."

"It'll be the last time he insults an officer," replied the second lieutenant, and the others roared.

"What's this about some shoes being stolen?" inquired the captain.

"Four pairs have gone from Squad Eight. One of the men says they were sold to the cobbler for booze a couple of nights before pay day."

"That's bad," said Hull.

Squad Eight was the most backward of the lot. In it were Muller and the "bad man from the Big Bend," a big surly prize-fighter named Brodie, and three others who had been wished on Hull from another company. They were a slovenly, quarrelsome bunch, without pride or interest in their work, and gave the officers more trouble than all the rest combined.

Immediately after eating, the captain walked up street to the cobbler's establishment and interviewed the old man. At first he denied any knowledge of the shoes, but under threat that unless he told the truth his place for selling wine would be closed he ventured the opinion that the shoes might possibly be among a pile of others left with him to be mended. They were. Hull found them in no time.

"Who sold you these?"

The cobbler shrugged his shoulders and gesticulated madly, vowing to high heaven that he was as ignorant of the fellow's identity as a newborn babe. Nor did a second solemn warning have the desired effect. The cobbler stuck to his statement—he had bought the shoes, just as he bought old bottles and other such articles brought to him.

"You buy any more army shoes and it'll land you in trouble," Hull told him. "I'm going to place a sentry over this joint of yours."

The next step was to discover the culprit. Aside altogether from the substantial loss his thefts cause, a thief can undermine the morale of a company; and the army deals sternly with him. There seems to be something peculiarly demoralizing about his presence in any group of men; they grow suspicious of one another and hotly resentful against their leaders for failure to dispose of him instantly.

Hull had the men of Squad Eight brought up separately and questioned them. They all swore ignorance of the transactions. Yes, they had lost shoes, but somebody from another squad had doubtless pinched them; at any rate they had no suspicion of the identity of the thief.

"Excuse me, captain," interrupted the top sergeant, "but the cook says that Muller was round the other evening on a hunt for bottles. He asked the cook if he had any, and told him he knew where to sell any old shoes the cook could find too."

"That's a lie, sir!" exclaimed Private Muller.

The captain stared him straight in the eye for a long minute, but Muller did not flinch.

"Send the cook to me, sergeant."

Presently they heard "I'd like to hear him call me a liar!" and the cook reported. He repeated substantially what Pop had said. Again Muller denied it.

"Yes, sure I asked him for bottles, captain," he admitted; "but for shoes—no, sir! What would I want with shoes?"

"What do you want with bottles? Does the shoemaker trade you wine for them?"

"Yes, sir."

Hull leaned forward and his voice grew strident.

"That's a fine thing for a soldier to do, isn't it? Gathering up old bottles to sell for booze! You're a disgrace to the company! Just let me catch you doing that again, Muller, and ——"

"Excuse me, captain," Pop cut in again, "but Muller was broke on Monday, and on Wednesday he had twenty francs."

"Aha! How about that, Muller? Where did you raise twenty francs?"

The soldier shifted his weight uneasily.

"I borrowed it, sir."

"Who lent it to you?"

"Tulliver."

"Where did he get twenty francs to lend?"

"He always has money, sir. I often borrow from him."

"I didn't know you and he were friends."

"Sure we ain't, captain. I pay him interest?"

"How much?"

"Well, I give him thirty francs for twenty, on pay day."

"Ten francs interest for less than a week, hey? Go fetch Tulliver, sergeant."

Here was another how-d'ye-do. The regulations strictly forbid loans among the men at usurious rates of interest, yet the traffic is brisk in every regiment. I know of a private in the regulars who owns a nice bit of real estate in a Kansas town, and he acquired every foot of it by accommodating his comrades at rates ranging from twenty-five to fifty per cent a month. But, then, the fellow was a born crap shooter and consequently always had capital to work with. There are hundreds of his type in the army; in peacetimes they enlist for no other reason than that soldiers offer easy game for a shrewd trader.

Tulliver shortly appeared at the door, where he carefully wiped the mud from his shoes. He took his time at it, for he was very busy thinking up an alibi.

"Did you lend money to Muller?" the captain shot at him.

"Yes, sir. Twenty francs."

"And charged ten francs interest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you know that was against regulations?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you know it now. Cut it out, Tulliver. If I ever hear of your lending money again in that fashion I'll give you something to worry over! And listen to me—so far as I am concerned, any of the men you've loaned money to like that don't need to pay it back. Get out of here."

The investigation developed nothing more than that. Hull was morally certain that he had found the culprit in Muller, but there is a wide chasm between moral certainty and legal proof. So he talked to the men of Squad Eight, urging upon them the necessity of running down the thief for their own protection and the good of the company, and then dismissed them.

The afternoon brought a batch of mail, and the soldiers swarmed round the orderly-room door for letters from home. Those who failed to receive any would not believe it; they kept coming back to request the company clerk to look through the sack again.

It's pathetic to see the eagerness with which the doughboys wait for letters from home. One would cheerfully trade a package of tobacco for a single sheet of paper with an American postmark—and he would not sell a package of tobacco for five francs at this writing! I have seen him pay ten francs for a five-cent package, but that was because a submarine sank the boat bringing his supply and he happened to be short temporarily. To all those girls who are adopting soldiers I would suggest two letters a week, and regular contributions of tobacco.

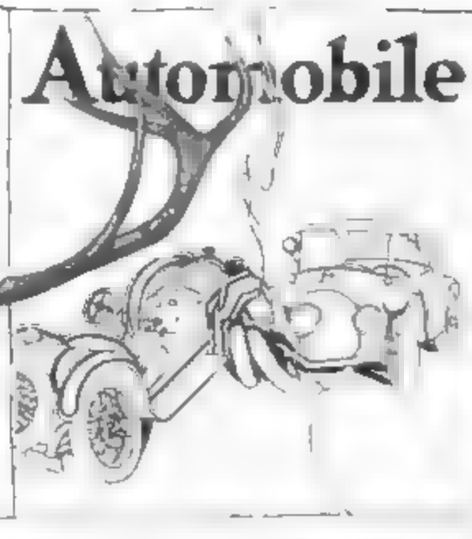
Hull drew forty-four letters. Six were from his wife, one from his five-year-old son, and thirty-seven were from mothers of boys in his company. They wanted to know why Jimmy didn't write; and would the captain please take good care of him and see that he didn't get his feet wet? And was the food all right, because Jimmy had been raised a pet? They knew how busy the captain must be with so many to look after, but if he would only watch over Jimmy a mother's prayers would go up to the Heavenly Father for him every night.

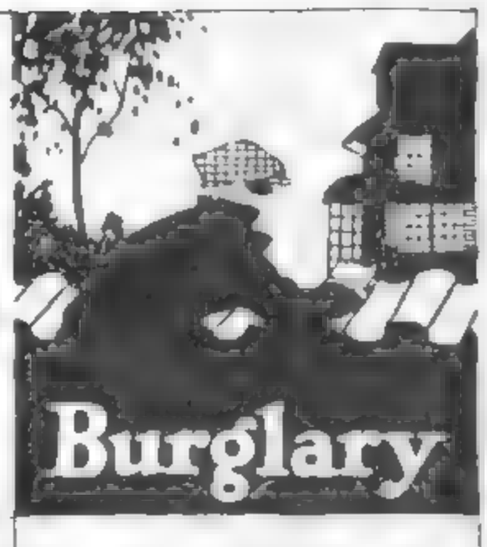
Accustomed as he was to this style of appeal, Hull could never read that ending without a gulp. Bless their doting hearts! Jimmy might be the toughest guy in the whole company, but to the mother who wrote to the captain he remained the romping innocent tot whose image she had treasured through all the changing years. And it was for this child of hers she asked protection from his officer; not for the husky, two-fisted soldier the captain knew as Jimmy.

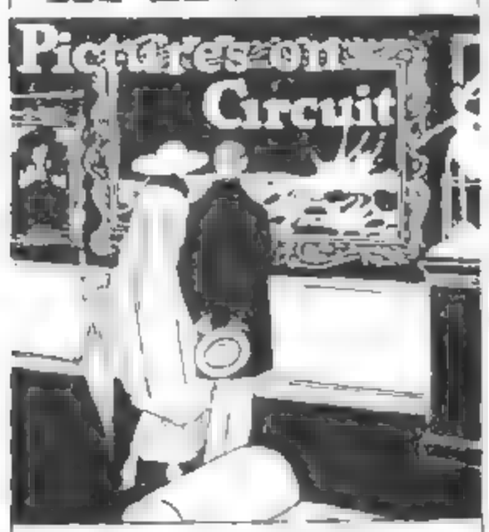
So he sat down and answered as many of the letters as he could that night and, lest possibly some feeling should have crept into these replies, raked everybody up the back next morning, and nursed a horrible grouch until dinner.

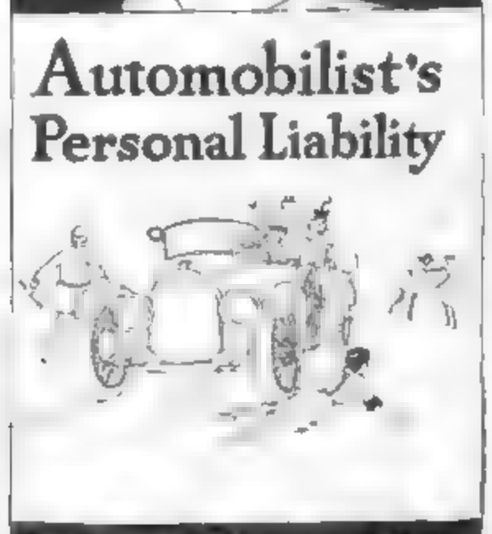
His temper was not improved by a happening of the noon hour. Pop knocked on

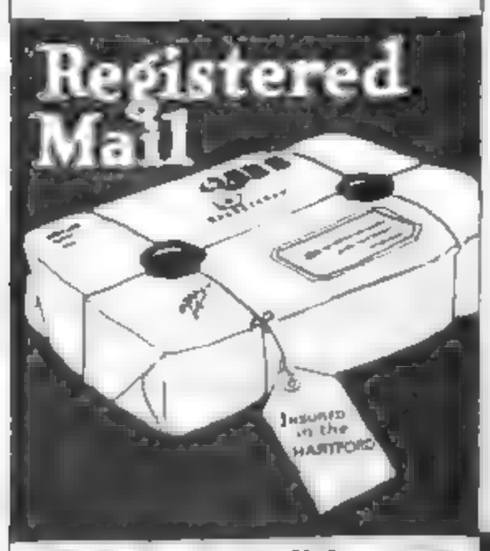
(Continued on Page 41)











The Hazards of Peace

War is not the only great destroyer. Do not forget the hazards of peace, the loss or destruction of property suggested by the sketches on this page.

These are some of the dangers you face in every-day life. You cannot escape them or prevent them, yet it is possible; at trifling expense, to secure for yourself and your business the unfailing protection of the

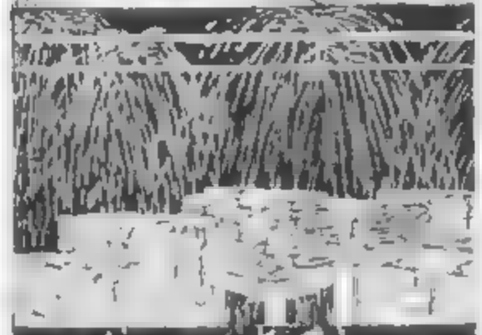
INSURANCE *Service* OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

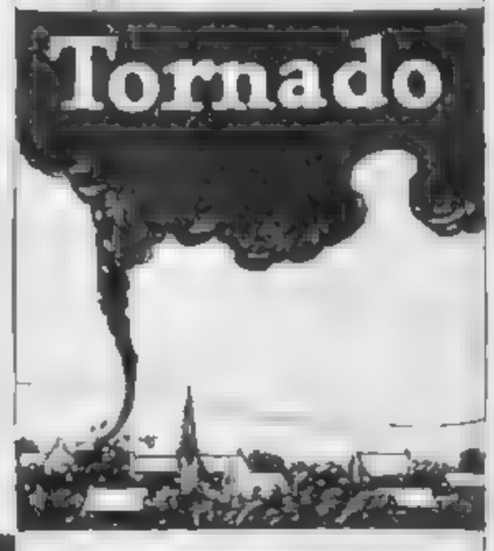
For more than a century, through war, panic, conflagration and prosperity, the Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, has granted indemnity against loss by fire. It has paid out in that time more than $200,000,000 to make good losses by fire. With the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, the Two Hartfords offer insurance covering practically everything that can happen to you or your property.

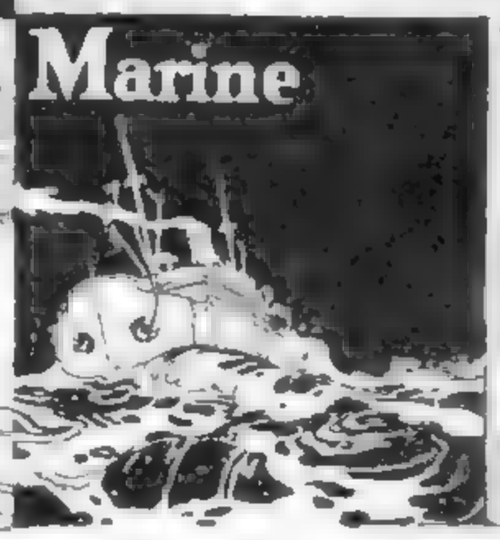
Any agent or broker can get a Hartford policy for you

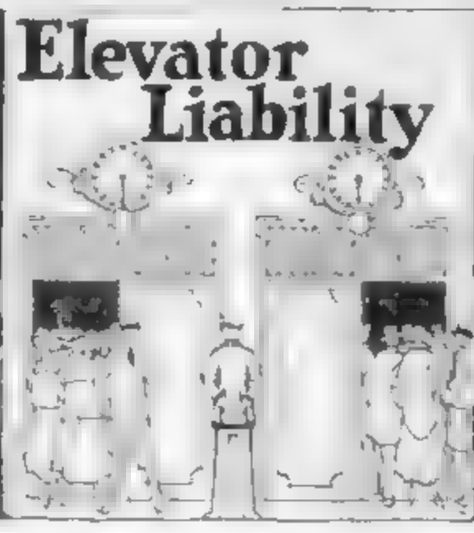
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY

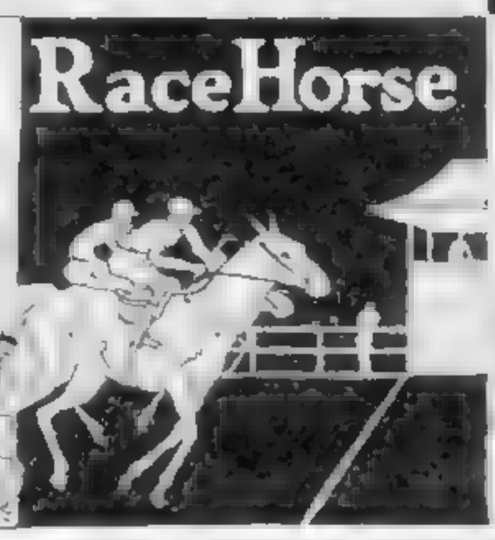
There is a Hartford agent near you. If you do not know who he is, write for his name and a booklet telling about the many kinds of insurance written by the Two Hartfords.











REX-Mixed Concrete Stood the Supreme Test

When these towering grain tanks were built the contractor used Rex Mixers, for he knew that concrete to be permanent must be properly mixed.

Then came the supreme test. The wooden elevators right next to these grain tanks burned to the ground. What fire is hotter than a burning wooden grain elevator and what test harder than streams of water played on hot concrete?

Yet these Rex-mixed concrete tanks stood.

Not merely did they stand unharmed—they saved thousands of bushels of wheat within their walls.

The wooden elevators were replaced by concrete structures. Of course Rex Mixers and the contractor who had built the tanks did the work.

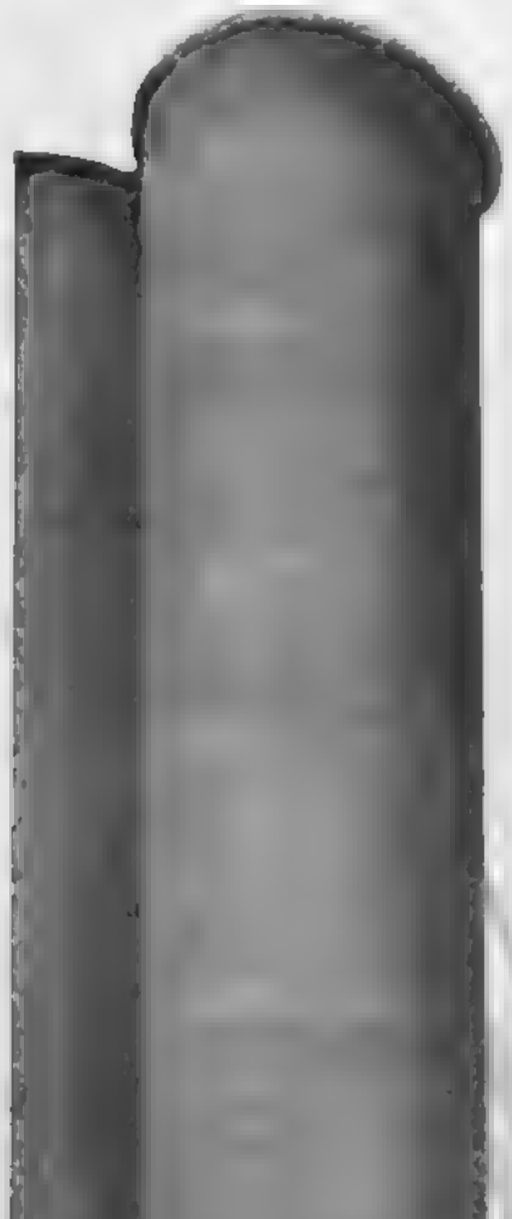
What other contractor, what other mixer had a chance for the business?

You naturally need no experience like this to show you the importance of permanence in concrete construction. Now you have a way made plain by which you can get this permanence. Seek out the contractor with good equipment, a contractor that mixes his concrete with a Rex.

For Contractors—Rex Book, Free

Figure on your next contracting equipment with our new Rex Mixer Catalog W before you. It pictures and describes the complete line of Rex Mixers and Pavers. It will show you why leading contractors have standardized on Rex equipment. Send for this catalog today.

Burrell Engineering & Construction Co., contractors on this job, own twenty-nine Rex Mixers.

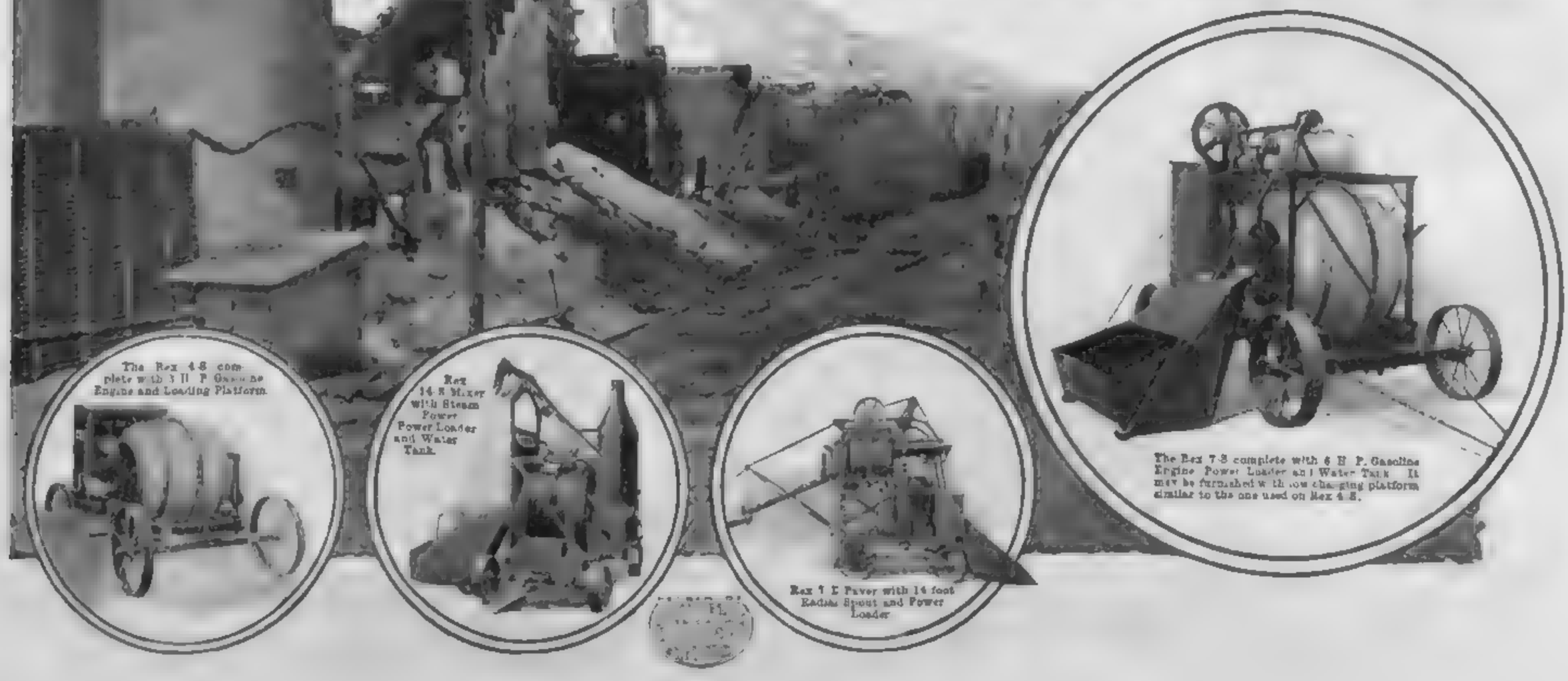


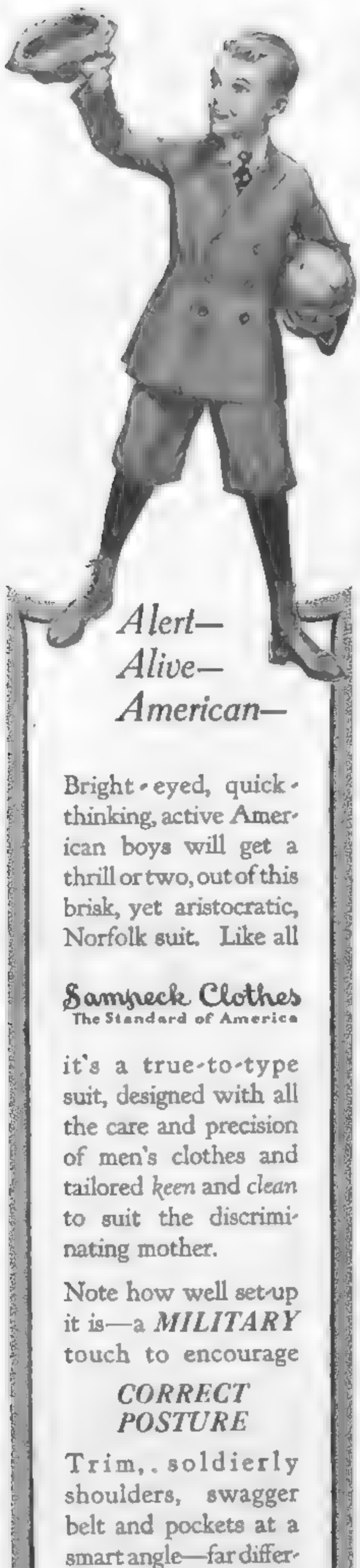
Chain Belt Company, ESTABLISHED 1891 **757 Park Street, Milwaukee, Wis.**

Representatives in fifty-seven cities and in all foreign countries

Makers of Chain for elevating, conveying and transmission; Malleable Elevator Buckets, Sprocket Wheels, Gears, Shaft Couplings and Collars, Concrete Mixers, Traveling Water Screens, Paving Mixers. Write for interesting booklet on any of these.

REX MIXER FOR PERMANENCE IN CONCRETE


The Rex 4-S complete with 3 H P Gasoline Engine and Loading Platform
Rex 14-S Mixer with Steam Power Power Loader and Water Tank
Rex 7 E Paver with 14 foot Radius Spout and Power Loader
The Rex 7-S complete with 6 H P Gasoline Engine Power Loader and Water Tank It may be furnished with low charging platform similar to the one used on Rex 4-S.



Alert—
Alive—
American—

Bright-eyed, quick-thinking, active American boys will get a thrill or two, out of this brisk, yet aristocratic, Norfolk suit. Like all

Sampeck Clothes
The Standard of America

it's a true-to-type suit, designed with all the care and precision of men's clothes and tailored *keen* and *clean* to suit the discriminating mother.

Note how well set-up it is—a *MILITARY* touch to encourage

CORRECT POSTURE

Trim, soldierly shoulders, swagger belt and pockets at a smart angle—far different from other boys' clothes.

The best store in town will be glad to show you The *Sampeck* Label—if not, write us.

Samuel W. Peck & Co.
806-808 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 38)

the door of his bedroom about one o'clock and entered with an apologetic air.

"Captain," he reported, "I beg your pardon, sir, but Tim Brodie has been fightin' again."

"How many did he beat up this time?"

"Only one, sir—Muller. But he knocked down a couple other men when he hit Muller."

"Bring them both to me," ordered Hull, and Pop went briskly across the street to the billet.

"Now, then, what's the trouble?" the captain demanded when the culprits stood in front of him.

Neither spoke.

"You, Brodie! What did you hit Muller for?"

The red-headed giant answered sullenly: "He said I told you he was stealin' shoes, captain, and he called me ——"

"Did you?" snapped the officer.

"No, sir!" cried Muller.

"Excuse me, captain," interrupted the top sergeant, "but several of the men say he did."

That was enough, and Hull turned sternly to Brodie.

"I'm ashamed of you," he said. "Can't you hit harder than that? Why didn't you lay him out? Now you two go back to your billets and don't let me hear any more of this."

Private Muller saluted and went out, only too glad to get off so easily; but his assailant seemed to be dazed. He stood stupidly in front of the captain, blinking his eyes.

"Well?"

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes. I'm going to give you another chance. You haven't done very well since you came to this company, Brodie—you've sulked and nursed a grouch, mostly—but perhaps it's not altogether your fault. Now go back and do better."

The big fellow departed, walking as though in a trance.

"You're doing fine, captain," ventured the veteran Pop; and Hull flushed with pleasure.

"What's your idea about Brodie?" he inquired.

"Well, sir, he came with that bunch from X Company, and you know what sort Sergeant Weatherby is. He sure hated Brodie. My idea is that Brodie was nagged so much he's sore on the whole army and everybody in it. That's my notion."

"H-m-m," said Hull thoughtfully. And that problem, too, he carried to bed with him.

After breakfast next morning he sent for the top sergeant.

"How about Janowski and Field? They've been dropping behind every time we march back from the training ground."

"Yes, sir. There's no reason why they can't keep up. They're shirking."

"Bring them here. And Brodie too."

In a few minutes the sergeant brought the three to the orderly room.

"Brodie, you used to be in the ring, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir—only a preliminary man, but I was pretty fast for a heavyweight, sir."

Brodie's New Job

"Well, I've got a job for you: Every time we march more than three or four miles these two men drop behind. One day it's their feet and the next they're sick or their stomachs go back on them. Now I've examined their feet and found nothing unusual. And they seem healthy enough at meals. The cook says they're the champion eaters in the company. So to-day, and every day until their health improves, you are to stick close behind them, and the first man who lags I expect you to put into the hospital for at least two weeks. Understand me?"

It was perfectly apparent that Brodie did.

He began to breathe hard and stiffened like a ramrod, swelling out his chest.

"All right. You can go."

As the three passed out Private Brodie gave his first command: "Step lively now before I hand you wan."

At seven o'clock the company marched out of its street through the village, to whistling and the pounding of the left foot for cadence. It had rained intermittently for days and the road was slippery with mud, but that did not discourage them.

"Strike up, somebody," cried the captain.

A few quavering, self-conscious starts, and then they broke into a deep-chested chorus:

"We'll hang the damned old Kaiser to a sour apple tree,
We'll hang the damned old Kaiser to a sour apple tree,
We'll hang the damned old Kaiser to a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah ——!"

The grand old marching song went echoing among the ancient stone houses, and women and children came running to the doors to see. The tots shrilled "Vive Amerikay!" and stood rigidly at salute until the last man had gone by. The children of France are aflame with martial fire. They, at least, are not tired or downhearted. The republic is rearing another generation of soldiers.

The road led past stretches of green clover and carefully cultivated fields of grain, yellow and ripe for harvest. From a distance the swelling slopes looked like a vast checkerboard.

A high concrete railway bridge spanned the road half a mile from the village and the marching men broke off their song to emit yells and catcalls for the sake of the echo. They were in fine fettle and Hull grinned at them affectionately.

Lessons in Pitching

The training ground was on a lone ridge beyond a dense copse of fir. At the left ran a draw that had been put in wheat; atop the ridge on the other side of this draw were the trenches dug for grenade practice.

Wherever one looked were fields of grain—miles and miles of them—and beyond, a wilderness of forest-clothed hills. If there be a fairer land than this portion of France it is the home county of the man looking at it.

Having stacked their rifles the company was distributed for the morning's work. The first lieutenant took a bunch over to the target range for practice with the new automatic rifles. Little Gordon led off some more to construct wire entanglements, and the other marched his men to the edge of the fir copse, where expert chasseurs were waiting to drill them in the use of machine guns.

Hull devoted his attention to grenades. For the first hour it was merely practice with dummy grenades at lines of shallow trenches and pits dug at five-meter intervals from a distance of fifteen meters up to fifty. About thirty men threw at the same time, formed up in three lines, one behind the other, the object being to see how many grenades they could plant exactly in the trenches or pits. A grenade that explodes outside a trench does no damage, unless it be to the thrower, and therefore exact accuracy is required.

The captain did not watch the work as a spectator. He could not correct mistakes unless he knew how himself, so he took his place in the front line and heaved with the rest. Once, in trying to get distance from a kneeling position, he slipped and sprawled his length on the ground. The men whooped with delight; a joke on the captain is worth ten on a sergeant.

But later he warmed up and his shots became accurate. By careful observation he learned how to get his whole body into the throw; and three times in succession, trying for distance, he dropped grenades well beyond the fifty-meter trench. That was fine hurling, and the men began to watch him. Presently they began to ask his advice instead of the French instructors.

Having seen them well started he walked over to the spot where some of his men were learning how to shoot a one-pounder gun. It is a beautiful little devil that shoots a shell about the size of a giant firecracker, and it can place that shell with the accuracy of a rifle. Hull tried a shot, and failing to keep his head sufficiently to one side of the protecting rod provided for the purpose he was caught by the recoil and got a crack on the nose. But what hurt his feelings much worse was the fact that his shot went far above the target into the hillside. The men laughed gleefully to see the dirt fly.

He wiped the blood from his face and stretched out for another try. This time he took more care with the sighting; also saw to his own position. The result was a hit in the lower right-hand corner.

Masters of Mileage

Pent up in every tire that bears the name Vitalic, are thousands of miles of enduring, uninterrupted service.

The makers of Vitalic bicycle tires have followed the structural principles of the automobile tire itself. Hence the tremendous strength of the cut- and bruise-resisting Vitalic treads. Hence the resilience and resistance of the carcass, which is made of layers of tough, highly frictioned fabric.

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Tougher Than Elephant Hide

The sturdy quality of Vitalic tires is recognized by leading manufacturers who use Vitalics as standard equipment on the following well-known wheels:

Iver Johnson	Racycle
Dayton	Hudson
Yale	Flying Merkle
Snell	Miami

Here are three great tires of the Vitalic line.

Vitalic De Luxe is made of the choice of the world's best rubber throughout its extra-thick tread and tube. Its two-ply motorcycle tire fabric is built of strongest cotton thread, triply-twisted. Highest quality friction. V-shape suction non-skid tread. All white. $4.50 each.

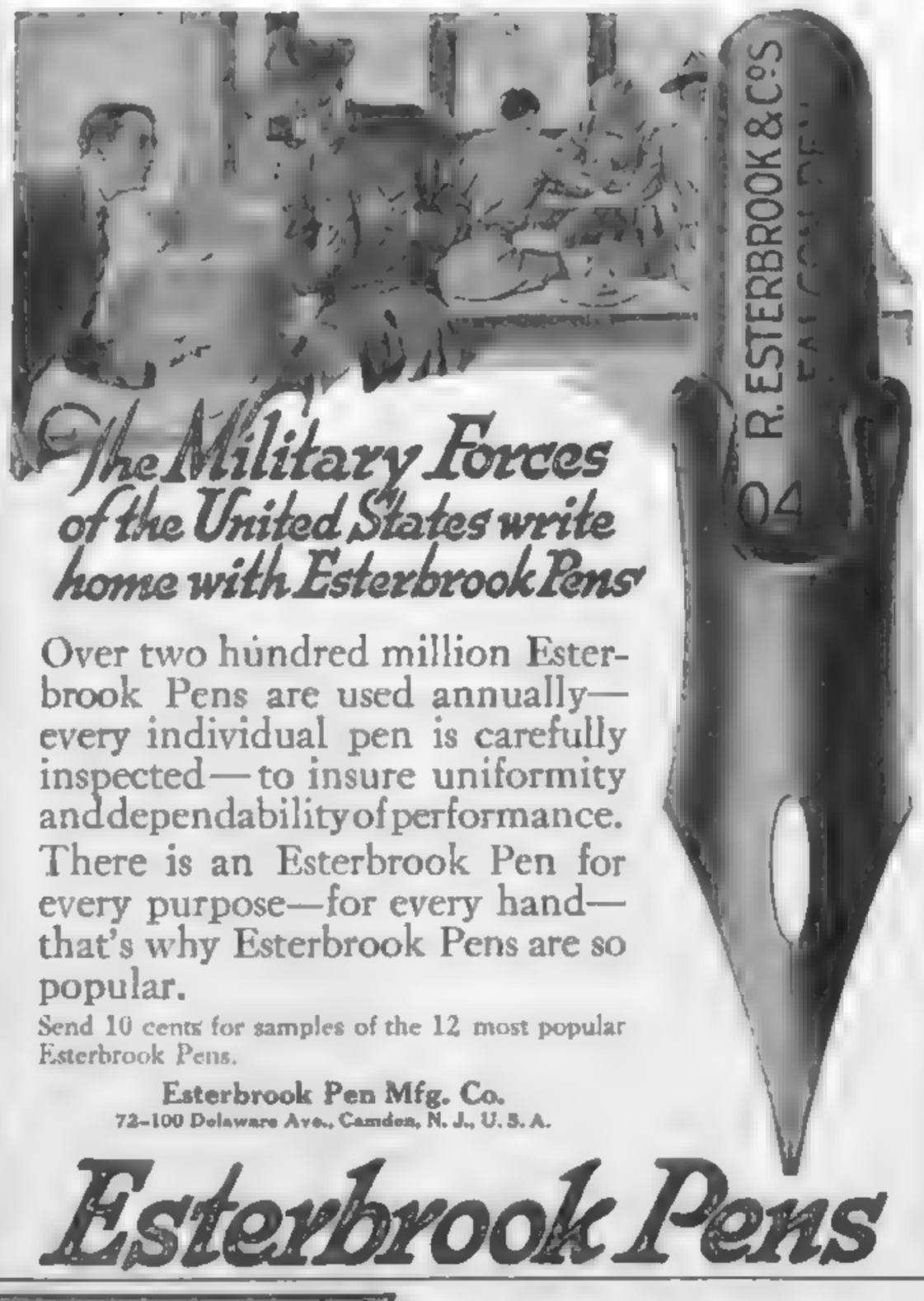
Vitalic Brigadier is a rugged, enduring performer. Tough, 4-ply Egyptian fabric. A great favorite for long service at a moderate price. Black, heavy, studded tread. Extra-heavy inner tube. White sides. $3.50 each.

Vitalic Endure Egyptian fabric, two-ply. High-grade inner tube and friction. White side walls and black block tread. Built for real service. $2.50 each.

SEND TODAY

for FREE Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Please give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty Street Erie, Pennsylvania



The Military Forces of the United States write home with Esterbrook Pens

Over two hundred million Esterbrook Pens are used annually—every individual pen is carefully inspected—to insure uniformity and dependability of performance. There is an Esterbrook Pen for every purpose—for every hand—that's why Esterbrook Pens are so popular.

Send 10 cents for samples of the 12 most popular Esterbrook Pens.

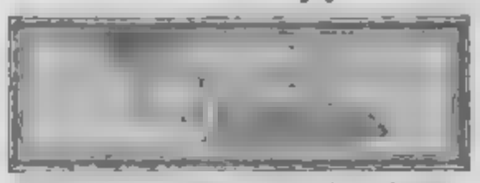
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Esterbrook Pens

TEST IT WITH A HAMMER
"You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack."

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Hammer a Sheet of Rubber And What Happens?



NOTHING—your hammer does not harm the rubber. "61" has the same characteristic—elasticity.

Hammer a Sheet of Glass And What Happens?

WRECKAGE—the glass is shivered to pieces. This, to a lesser degree, is what happens to ordinary varnishes.

BEAUTY of surface and water-proof qualities are found in most any good varnish. What you want is varnish that resists abrasion; varnish that has *the ability to withstand wear*. That varnish is "61" Floor Varnish, the varnish that stands abuse. That is why we say: "Test it with a hammer. You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack."

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61" Floor Varnish. Prove for yourself its wonderful toughness.

VITRALITE, *the Long Life White Enamel*, has all the common advantages of absolute whiteness, porcelain-like surface and resistance to water. While not excelled as a beautiful interior finish, the long-lasting wear-resistance of Vitralite is so extreme that it actually *lasts longer than paint outdoors. It is guaranteed for three years outdoors* as well as indoors. Inside, it lasts so indefinitely long that a guarantee is superfluous.

Vitralite THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Free Booklet and Sample Panel

showing this remarkable enamel will be sent on request. Write for them now.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back. Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-Inc. VARNISH MAKERS 68 YEARS
81 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

"Try again, captain," suggested the interpreter.

His third and fourth shots cut the heart of the bull's-eye, and he rose, dusted his breeches and started down toward the automatic-rifle pits. Behind him the men were saying: "Say, I been doing it too fast. Did you see how slow he sighted? You'd ought to hold that little wheel steady with the left hand. Did you notice how he laid out on the ground?" And the French instructors smiled at one another, sensing what had been in Hull's mind.

"How're they doing?" he asked his first lieutenant.

"Some are pretty rotten. The gun kicks like a mule until you get the hang of holding it. I believe if they'd lengthen the stock, Hull, it would help a lot, both in sighting and holding it on the mark. But a few of them are good. Watch this guy now."

A lanky Kentuckian, from whom the captain had recently been obliged to confiscate a bowie knife about the size of a young saber, now took his place at one of the rifles. He squinted long and carefully, the weapon nestling in the hollow of his shoulder as though it had found a resting place at last.

His first shot was low, kicking up a spurt of dust ten feet from the target; but his second went true.

"Now let her have it!" cried the captain, and the rifle began to spit bullets. Directly behind the middle of the target the dust and sand flew from the wall of the pit.

"Good boy! When you're through I want to know how many hits you made."

The Kentuckian reported eighteen hits out of twenty shots.

"Two others got seventeen, and five are above fifteen," remarked the first lieutenant. "These Frenchmen tell me it's good shooting. They trained some other troops and say we're 'way ahead of any they've seen, for the time we've been at it."

"It's their game," replied Hull, nodding. "Somehow rifle shooting seems to come natural to them. Watch that fellow now! See that? Only enlisted in April, but he doesn't flinch or close his eyes or grip too hard—a firm, steady pressure. They'll do, all right."

"I bet we surprise the Germans on this shooting proposition," said the lieutenant earnestly. "It won't be just noise when we crack down."

"Bully! Make the eagle scream!" said Hull with a laugh, and left to inspect the work with the machine guns.

From that he passed to a line of trenches that had been dug on the opposite ridge, of regulation depth and shape, provided with corduroy flooring and a top of stone and earth. In these his men practiced throwing real grenades.

"Remember to duck down close to the wall of the trench as soon as you let go," Hull cautioned.

Learning to Yell

"One—two—three—four—five!" cried the instructor; and the throwers responded with the requisite movements. The bombs went soaring into the air and dropped about thirty yards beyond the trench. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The temptation to see how well they had done was too much. A couple of the men raised their heads for a peep, and a slug of iron knocked the hat off one of them.

"Now you see the danger," said Hull. "I want every man to keep down. These grenades are used only in defensive work, for they fly back as far as they fly forward."

Meantime a rifle-grenade squad was busily shooting their tiny bombs into pits about a hundred and fifty yards distant. The grenades rose in showers high into the air, describing a great arc.

"Gee, I could dodge one of them things!" exclaimed Tulliver.

"Sure you could!" said old Pop, the top sergeant. "Sure you could! But maybe you couldn't dodge twenty of 'em, boy." A smother of explosions at close intervals clinched his words.

Next Hull took a look at the bayonet drill. They were doing it far too tamely. He made them rush on the dummies as at a real enemy, and when this failed to produce the desired venom of attack he ordered them to yell as they stabbed. Shouting has a magical effect on the human mind. It can stampede a political convention or put heart into a team that is tired. And wild yells will send troops over the top when their knees really don't fancy the job.

For a few minutes the boys were too self-conscious to utter more than a combination of squeak and grunt as they lunged. Then Tim Brodie, who had been trying for an hour to find something at which he could help, let out a howl you could hear four miles, ripped the dummy labeled Crown Prince from its moorings, and tossed it savagely over his shoulder. After that they needed no prodding. The mere sound of their own bogus yells of hatred seemed to inspire actual ferocity, and what happened to the dummies was a fright.

"That's the dope! Get a kick into everything you do!" cried Hull.

On going to the gas chamber where the new masks were to be tested he detected a certain hesitancy among the men designated to enter. It was hardly to be wondered at. However courageous he may be against a danger he can see, the average man entertains a superstitious terror of an invisible foe, and poison gas fills him with infinitely greater dread than cold steel does.

So Hull donned the first mask; and there was no further reluctance.

They had a hard morning. The major topped it off with battalion drill for half an hour, and then they hit the road for home. It was very hot and they were tired; the perspiration dripped from their faces.

"Tune up!" shouted Hull.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

The effect of the singing was instantaneous. They stepped out with a jaunty stride. The captain, passing from the rear to the head of the company, caught sight of Tim Brodie and slowed down in amazement.

Brodie Upholds Discipline

The prizefighter was transformed. Instead of the sullen hulk who had given him frequent worry Hull beheld a triumphant red-faced soldier, with his shoulders well back and the light of purpose in his eyes. For Brodie was no longer an outcast from true men. Hadn't the captain picked him out of the whole company for a delicate job? At last he had responsibility; somebody trusted him. Tim was swelled up to twice his natural size. It was as plain as the skinned nose on his face that Private Brodie considered the morning's events a step toward promotion.

He kept close on the heels of the luckless malingerers, who were in danger of running over the men in front in their anxiety not to drop back an inch, and the captain heard him hissing in fiery whispers: "Left—left! Wan, two, three, four! Left—left! Step lively, ye loafers! If I so much as catch wan of ye dr-r-aggin' a fut he'll get a boomp in the bean that his family'll feel back in O-hi-o!"

Suddenly one of the majors rode to the head of the column and began scolding for something they had done or left undone. And in a second the singing ceased. He finished his harangue and cantered off, but the company did not resume their singing.

Hull waited in the hope that they would regain their spirits, but they went plodding along in a miserable silence—resentful, weary and dispirited. And when they came into their own company street a spectator would hardly have recognized them for the same men who had sent "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" rolling among the hills.

"Did you see?" demanded the captain hotly, of his three lieutenants. "I want you chaps to remember that. I've been ten years in the service, yet I learned a new wrinkle this morning about marching men. Never call them down, if you can help it, until you're home."

At dinner, which the officers ate under a shed close to the men's tables, another difficulty rose. It was the custom to distribute whatever might be left over after a first helping, to those who finished first.

"Excuse me, captain," said the cook, "but have you noticed how fast some of these guys can eat? Pretty near the same bunch come up for a second plate every noon."

"So I see. We'll fix that easily enough. Just hand out those second helpings in rotation after this, cook."

They had physical exercises in the afternoon, and then a swim in the river. Hull shook his head dubiously as he watched them racing along the banks.

"What do you think of this bunch we've got?" he asked the first lieutenant; "I mean physically."

(Concluded on Page 45.)

RIGHT OFF THE OCEAN FLOOR

You are always glad to know of a delicious new food—something that you can serve economically in many different ways—something that will put a new zest in your daily bill-of-fare. Here it is—CANNED SHRIMP. This dainty, nutritious sea-food comes from the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean.

You know how delicious lobster is; you'll find the same rich flavor in canned shrimp, only more delicate. Shrimp are really like small lobster. The meat is firm and fine-flavored as a nut kernel; the delicate pink color is caused by boiling the shrimp just before they are packed in the cans.

Caught in nets on the clean ocean floor, the shrimp are shelled and the shrimp meats packed in sanitary cans in the big, clean packing houses right on the water's edge. Each can contains nothing but the selected meats.

CANNED Shrimp

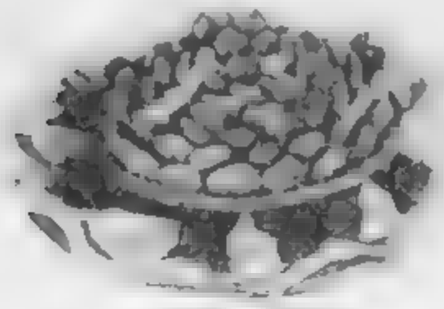
For years shrimp have been the celebrated delicacy of Southern tables; the world-renowned French restaurants of New Orleans serve them as one of their choicest sea-foods.

Now you can have this famous delicacy right in your own home. Canned shrimp come to you boiled and practically ready for the table. They can be served in fifty different ways, for luncheon or dinner, or in the chafing dish for Sunday supper. Every first class grocer sells them.

Send a postal today for your free copy of "Fifty Southern Recipes for Serving Canned Shrimp." This unusual book contains the most famous Southern and French-Creole recipes for preparing shrimp. It is beautifully illustrated in color.

U. H. DUDLEY & CO., Distributors, Duane and Hudson Streets, *New York City*

Buy a can of shrimp today at your grocer's and try one of the recipes given below. There's no waste in a can of shrimp — an ideal food for the "meatless day."



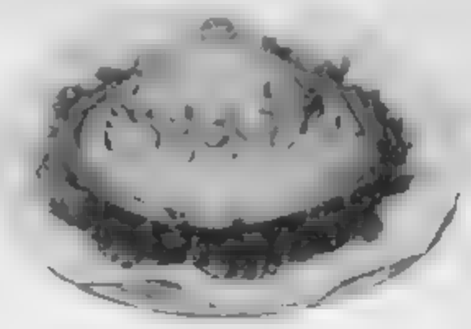
BAKED SHRIMP

1 can shrimp ¼ tablespoonful butter 3 tomatoes
¼ cup grated bread crumbs or crackers

SHRIMP AND SPAGHETTI

1 large can shrimp 1 pound spaghetti
1 finely chopped onion

Add spaghetti to a pan of boiling water containing a [illegible] cooked but not soft, which will take about [illegible] shrimp in hot lard with the chopped [illegible] salt and pepper. Spread the shrimp [illegible] the spaghetti, and decorate with long strings of spaghetti wound around.



JELLIED SHRIMP SALAD

1 large can shrimp
½ envelope gelatine
1½ cups clarified broth
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1 tablespoonful capers
½ pint cooked peas 2 truffles

Pour the gelatine into ½ cup cold [illegible] the truffles, pour [illegible] the shrimps, trim [illegible] few lemon [illegible]

[illegible] dressed with French dressing [illegible] mixing the peas [illegible] the mold.

"America's First Car"

HAYNES

Buy Your Haynes Today— Still $1595!

FEW are the cars you can purchase today without paying considerably more than other motorists did a brief while ago.

Many "sixes" have advanced. Some—formerly in the $1200 and $1300 classes—now cost as much as a long-lived, high-powered, *quality* Haynes.

By acting immediately you can secure that coveted Haynes *at the price prevailing since last February!*

Thank Haynes foresight in contracting for materials. But remember—*the right is reserved to increase prices without notice.*

So order your Haynes without delay. October and November—beautiful touring months—are ahead. With a touring sedan body, you own an all-season car.

Only 3½c per mile for tires, fuel, oil and repairs (as reported by 1200 Haynes owners, chosen at random) enables you to enjoy "America's Greatest Light Six" Engine—that surplus-powered, smooth, flexible, speedy accelerating product of nearly a quarter century's success in building Haynes engines.

See your dealer at once! Catalog on request.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.

HAYNES
"America's Greatest Light Six"
$1595—$1725
Wire Wheels Additional

All prices f. o. b. Kokomo

HAYNES
"America's Greatest Light Twelve"
$2095 $2225
Including Wire Wheels

25th Successful Year
(1893—1917)

(Concluded from Page 42)

"They're fair—only fair. They're not old enough, Hull. A big percentage of them are nothing but kids."

The captain acquiesced by a nod of the head.

"That's it exactly. They're not so husky as they ought to be. It's going to take considerable building up. But we're no worse off than any other company—or regiment, either, except the marines. They got the pick. The fact of the matter is that a large proportion of this force is too young. I'd like to see older men. They could stand the gaff better. I don't mean men of middle age, but between twenty-five and thirty. Stronger fiber than a boy of nineteen."

"Yes," agreed the other slowly, "but kids like this can come back awful fast. All the same, I'm hoping the physique'll be better in the new army they're raising. It ought to be."

"Oh, well, we'll soon have them in shape. They're a hundred per cent better right now than they were a month ago—getting hard as nails."

He jumped up and shouted: "Fall in as soon as you're dressed. I want to inspect your feet."

That done, they marched back to the billets, and Hull said to the top sergeant: "I'm going up to see that cobbler again. He knows well enough who sold him those shoes, and he's got to tell me."

What he said to the cobbler is neither here nor there. At the outset the Frenchman was afraid to tell because of the men; later he was afraid not to tell because of the captain. So it ended in a promise to identify the thief by offering him a bottle of wine, provided that the captain would bring the entire squad to his shop.

Back went Hull and ordered Pop to assemble Squad Eight. When they were all clustered round the saloon door wondering what the motive behind this latest move might be the captain appeared.

"You men go inside and see if you can recognize any shoes among those he has in that pile. Get busy now."

Still mystified they obeyed. The little cobbler stood watching them, a bottle of wine in his hands. As the last man entered he offered it to Muller.

"All right!" Hull called out. "Find anything? No? Then you can go back."

On the way to his own house he was joined by Pop.

"Well, I've found the thief, sergeant."

"Muller, sir?"

"He's the man. And I'm glad of it. We'll be well rid of that bum."

"We will, sir. I don't know why he enlisted. I got an idea, but ——"

"Sure! I've got the same idea. But we'll put him where he can't do any harm."

At supper young Gordon looked up from a Paris newspaper to say: "Jumping Jupiter! Aren't there any captains in this war?"

"A few. Why?"

"I've been reading the lists of casualties for two weeks now, and it's 'Second Lieutenant ——, Second Lieutenant ——, Second Lieutenant ——,' all the way down the column."

Work in Playtime

"Second lieutenants and sergeants play a bigger part in this war than they ever did before. Many a time a sergeant is in a position to win or lose a battle at this style of fighting, he's so often beyond touch with his commander, and he has to depend on his own initiative."

"Great! And where does the captain stay while the fuss is going on?"

"Oh, he's back safe in the rear," replied Hull smilingly; "smoking a good cigar and playing solitaire. But sometimes—sometimes—he goes over the top. It wouldn't surprise me to see one get hurt some fine day."

"That's all right too," responded the boy; "but I notice there are more second lieutenants in this list than there are captains."

"And more captains than there are generals, hey? That may possibly be due to the fact that there're more junior officers than senior. Ever stop to think of that?"

The little lieutenant pondered a little.

"Gee," he said, "I wish I was a major!"

Returning from regimental headquarters where the officers had gone to receive instructions from the colonel, Hull made the rounds in order to ascertain how his company were employing their leisure.

Fully fifty per cent were practicing what they had learned on the drill ground. They had borrowed dummy grenades and were engaged in perfecting the throw. Some, with bush-league baseball experience to their credit, were trying out all manner of postures and deliveries to discover which gave the greatest accuracy and distance. Another group was having a hot bayonet contest with clothesline poles, and still another bent over one of the automatic rifles, studying all its parts and theorizing on the best methods for use of the weapon.

Hull experienced a glow of pride.

He went to his room and began reading the men's letters to America. All the outgoing mail has to be censored of course, and the officers of each company attend to that.

The big Kentuckian who had brought over a bowie knife for social purposes wrote seven or eight pages on the French as a race. His comments were pitched on an exalted plane: "Except for their language, they ain't any different from us that I can see, Bill. The French are meek and lowly."

Every last man of them begged his correspondent to write often and to get others to write. Also, they asked for things to read and for tobacco—both mighty scarce articles in the camps at the present moment.

Hull managed to skim through them before taps sounded, and then sent for the top sergeant.

"How do you think Henderson is doing with Squad Eight?" he inquired.

"He isn't doing at all, sir. They've got him buffaloed."

Brodie's Promotion

"Just what I thought. I'm going to put him back in the ranks and make Tim Brodie a corporal. Tell him so. I liked the way he stepped to that job I gave him."

Pop looked as pleased as though he had received a commission.

Brodie did not go near the captain to thank him for promotion; he was one of the inarticulate kind. But time and again Hull caught the prizefighter looking at him as they worked on the training ground next morning.

It rained in the afternoon, and he lectured them in the largest billet—a converted storehouse for grain—on first aid to the injured. Afterward he went to the orderly room, whither the men came with complaints and requests.

"Captain," said a flushed youngster from Kansas, "would you mind writing a piece for the paper in my home town? I just got a letter from dad, and he says they sure would like to read it."

"Against regulations, Brown. Sorry."

But the best of the whole lot was contributed by a former truck driver from Buffalo. He laid in front of the captain the warmest love letter that ever came out of the box, and then demanded protection! The girl was after him, he could see that! If he didn't do something quick she'd have him tied up tight for life, sure as fate. Would the captain please to write to her and say poor Sam had died for his country by falling off a train between Paris and the camp, and his last words were her name?

Those were the affairs they brought to their captain for settlement.

"How is Squad Eight coming along?" the captain inquired of Pop at the end of another week.

"You wouldn't know 'em, sir. Brodie has got that bunch eating out of his hand. In a month or six weeks they'll be the best squad in the company."

"I could see they were taking hold. Sergeant, I'm going to try Brodie in Jackson's place. Jackson cusses the men too much, and yesterday he got drunk. The whole regiment saw him. So we'll make Brodie a sergeant."

He was shaving in the window of his room just before supper when earnest voices reached him from the front door. Evidently somebody wanted to come in, and the landlady didn't want him to do so until he had wiped his feet.

"All right, madame. Let him come in. What is it, Brodie?"

Sergeant Brodie saluted but did not utter a word. He had come to thank the captain and he couldn't do it. With his arms taut at his sides the big fighter stood and stared at Hull, and swallowed.

"Captain ——" he began, and stopped. "Captain ——" he finally managed to get out in a rush, "ain't there somebody you'd like me to beat up?"

"Well," said Hull to himself that night, "no matter what comes, I know one who'll follow me over the top."

Your Window Shades

YOUR window shades have to work hard. Think of the endless strain that is put on your window shades. Think of the dozens of times every day that they are raised and lowered. Think what it means to you in actual money saved to find a shade cloth that resists wear—that rolls evenly and smoothly—that is fadeproof—and that does not crack, tear or ravel. That is what you get when you ask your dealer for Oswego or Chouaguen (Shoo-A-Gen) Shade Cloth.

Oswego or Chouaguen Shade Cloth

Either of these shade cloths will give you wonderful service. They are both made under exclusive process by the Oswego Shade Cloth Company. Ask your dealer to mount these shade cloths on Hartshorn Rollers. Only the finest fabrics—firm-bodied, pliable and long-wearing—are used in making these shades. They are exquisitely tinted in a wide variety of mellow colorings.

Send to-day for "Shade Craft and Harmonious Decoration," our FREE book which tells how to drape your windows—how to plan your color schemes—how to group your furniture. Practically everything that you want to know about home decoration you will find in this beautifully illustrated book. Address "Dept. E."

STEWART HARTSHORN COMPANY
250 Fifth Avenue New York City

Stewart Hartshorn TRADE MARK
Shade Rollers with Oswego or Chouaguen Shade Cloth
TRADE MARK

ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

Break up the stumps with Farm Powder

A *pulled* stump is hard to handle. Getting rid of it is just as big a job as the pulling. *Blast* it out and you can carry it away like firewood. "Powder can be made to do a large amount of work at comparatively small expense," says the United States Bureau of Plant Industry. Use

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

and save money, time and labor. Punch a hole under the stump, load, fire, and the job is *done!* The shattered roots come out free of earth, the soil is loosened for yards around—ideal for crops.

Atlas Farm Powder is made especially for farm use. It is the cheapest farm hand for blasting stumps and boulders, digging ditches and for many other kinds of work. Sold by dealers near you.

Send for "Better Farming" Book—FREE

"Better Farming" (illustrated) tells how you can grow bigger crops by blasting the subsoil, how you can bring orchards into bearing two years earlier, and how Atlas Farm Powder replaces expensive labor. Sent free for Coupon.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
General Offices: Wilmington, Del.
Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Chicago, Houghton, Joplin, Knoxville, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis

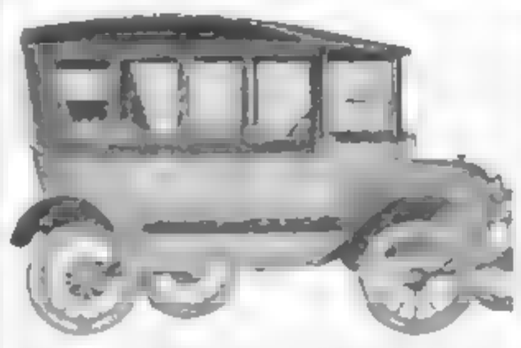
FREE BOOK COUPON

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.
Send me your 74 page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X.

Stump Blasting	Ditch Digging
Boulder Blasting	Quarrying
Subsoil Blasting	Mining
Tree Planting	Road Building

Name
Address

Roadster Top $40 For Your Ford Touring Top $60



Made Only For Ford Cars

Nothing yet produced for the comfort and convenience of motorists has created such a sensation among Ford owners as

The Koupet Top

For very little money you can quickly convert your Ford—either Roadster or Touring Car—into an all-year car for use anywhere, every day, regardless of the weather.

We have been building high-grade closed carriages for nearly 60 years. The Koupet Top combines all our skill and experience. Its exclusive patented features cannot be had in any other top.

The frame is of hardwood, and the top is ribbed, padded, and covered with the best quality rubberized duck. The doors and panels are of strong, clear glass. No celluloid, pyralin, or cloth curtains are used.

The wind-shield is of the newest double-acting ventilating type with a [illegible] hinges. The sliding doors and the [illegible] are easily operated and are automatically held in any position to meet weather conditions. *They will not rattle.*

The side panels and doors are easily removed. In fact, the Koupet Top in appearance and operation is very similar to the high priced Coupé and Sedan Tops.

The Koupet Top is shipped flat, which insures a low freight or express rate. There are no holes to be bored, therefore any "handy man" can install it.

It fits your car snugly. When closed it is wind- and rain-tight and dust-proof. Write for circular or send your order now. Your money back promptly if the Koupet Top is not satisfactory after 10 days' use.

Roadster Top $40.00—Touring Top $60.00
f. o. b. [illegible]

Heinzelman Bros. Carriage Co.
Estab. 1857
Jackson & "B" Sts. Belleville, Ill.

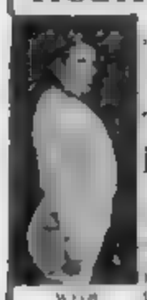
WIFIE WON'T KNOW THE OLD BUS IF YOU PAINT IT UP WITH

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Not a wax or polish, but a durable, quick-drying, high-taste auto enamel. Made in seven colors. Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert Inc., 145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 91 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Health—Looks—Comfort



THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT

Send for the [illegible] 6 days FREE TRIAL

The Weil Health Belt Co. 110 Hill St. New Haven, Conn.

DRUGGISTS Write for proposition and [illegible]

$50.00 For Christmas Money May easily and quickly be yours if you will devote your spare time to securing the names of Curtis subscribers in your neighborhood. For details, write to Agency Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, 908 Independence Square, Philadelphia.

POOR BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 18)

deliberate waltzes, she came shy-eyed and sweet, as if this party were her first; as if each dance were her first and a dream come true. Deep in her dream, she hardly seemed to see the face now pressed close to hers, purple-flushed and hot—the face of Mr. Harry Leroy, the king of Tilson's.

"You little devil!" said Mr. Leroy ardently. "Dodging me all the evening; dodging me all the week! But I've got you now! Do you know you and I have got an exhibition dance coming to us in an hour, on a floor like the Hippodrome ice rink, and not one rehearsal for a week? And you and I have got something else coming to us—a show-down. I'll take you home to-night. I've got some things to say to you—things you won't like; but you've got to hear—before to-morrow. To-morrow! Butterfly——"

"Harry, I can't—breathe."

Performing a double pivot turn daintily, with her professional smile, she pinched her dancing partner through the padding on his shoulder; but he only held her tighter and laughed.

"You can't hurt me, little girl! I'm too crazy about you. You little devil—you Butterfly!"

"Lead me to the doll in white ruffles. I want to dance her head off," the fattest guest demanded; and now he bore down upon them, laying a hand upon the Butterfly's shoulder.

Lightly, not missing one measure of music or giving Mr. Leroy one backward glance, she slipped into his arms, small slippers gliding neatly out of the way of his common-sense shoes as he swung her away; small voice neatly answering questions she knew as well as her dance steps.

"Sure I like cave men!" she said; but over his shoulder, her eyes, changed, tragic, cried out to Mr. Leroy, and Tilson's, an appeal unheard, but plain to hear: "You are my world! Help me! Tell me what to do. I've got to-night!"

The Butterfly's world, whether it held help for her or not, for the next hour was a beautiful world. The select staff worked no more, but took its ease in palm-shielded corners, or danced for sheer delight of dancing that is in young blood though young feet are tired; even danced together. The tallest specialist gazed with ardent eyes of unrequited love at the rare picture of Miss Trevor's curly head against his limp-shirted breast. T. Titheridge Tilson's farewell party had become a real party now, a gracious whole of which all incongruous elements were part. What could any party be more?

Guests who had arrived to laugh remained to dance. Men were won to little acts of chivalry. The fattest lady present one-stepped, unaware of the honor, in the embrace of a gentleman whose name she had seen in the society columns. The fattest gentleman looked into young eyes and found them kind. Confirmed wallflowers might remember that they had not been wallflowers to-night. For the dying dance craze can show to the faithful few who attend its deathbed constantly a beauty its young lovers never saw in its days of youth—the gracious and gentle beauty of sunset and afterglow; and that beauty was here.

And now the event of the evening was here too, announced by the massive blond manageress in her most massive voice:

"Mr. Leroy—Miss Donahue."

The king and queen of Tilson's, late winners of the silver cup in the one-step contest, twin centers of the evening, did not need a further introduction, or this. The stage was set for them. The lights were low for them, low but white-shining and clear. The floor was glassy smooth, like virgin ice, for them, and the faces crowded close round the generous circle of cleared space were all faces of friends. The orchestra swung with two long-held waiting notes into the fox trot of the year—still the fox trot of the year; but it called to the heart already as old tunes call. It filled the room with the promise of what it was to see, a promise as lovely and haunting as the passing of youth.

"Poor—butterfly—'neath the blossoms waiting.
Poor butterfly—for she loved him so-o——"

Graciously, carelessly, the king and queen bowed and smiled hand in hand to scattered applause; and then, carelessly too, as if their performance were impromptu and they drifted into each other's arms at the call of the music, they began to dance.

Twice round the circle of their friends they danced. And the thing they danced, the carefree, saucy and splendid thing, was a fox trot, the standardized, Tilson fox trot, its two simplest steps alternated in double-quick time—nothing more; twice again, the steps not so simple now, a mystery of swaying bodies and darting feet; but it was the fox trot still, and danced simply still, like children dancing wildly gay in the streets at night; two children dancing like one; the king and queen of Tilson's.

But now the dance changed; and the dancers were changing too, for the tune that gave her its name worked quick magic in the Butterfly's blood. Drawn apart now, at opposite sides of the circle, they paused, posed and smiled; and their pose was the same—the same, yet not the same. The king, supple-bodied, slender, smiling his white-toothed smile, his royal hand reaching out for her hand and his brown eyes for her eyes, was only her brown shadow now, a shadow against the sun. For it was now, and only now, that the dance began; and the dance was the Butterfly's.

Not one of the silent circle that saw it will ever forget or explain the charm of that wonderful dance. With shy advances and quick retreats, dainty posturings and coquettings, innocent as a child wondering before a glass, yet wise with the age-old wisdom born in women, she danced, posed, and danced again; close to her partner, and you held your breath—away, and your heart danced with her. He caught her, swept her close-clasped away, and the world stood still; let her go, and it moved again. She fled from him round the room—round measureless deserts with no hiding place; she forgot him, and you forgot him too—forgot everything but her, as she tossed up her arms and danced.

For this dance, built of figures old to the dullest dance team in vaudeville, was now the duel of sex; the dance of eternal youth; the lovely embodied laughter of children or angels. It was the Butterfly.

White, slender arms stretching high, pirouetting or still—still but alive from bright head to glancing feet with quivering, exquisite life—she danced now in the center of the room, while the king circled slowly near; danced at the center and heart of the world. For her music, remote and tender, had laughed and sighed itself now to its loveliest measure, lovelier now than ever before; giving her now, all in one perfect minute, the best it had for her of delight and comfort and strength. Rose-flushed cheeks paling to the delicate white of a budding flower, lips parted and smiling—smiling, but dreaming too—eyes free at last of the fear that had haunted them, she threw back her golden head and faced the high white lights of Tilson's, her kingdom and her world, radiant, a butterfly in the sun, a golden butterfly.

The music gave all it could, and it gave enough. It had answered all her questions. Help had come to her from the world she knew and loved, and the tune she loved. This was plain to read in her changed, lovely face; and it was read if not understood by the thrilled silent circle that was Tilson's. The tallest specialist held Miss Trevor's hand unrebuked. Tears came to her eyes; and not to her eyes alone. They came in tribute to the dance and the hour, and to the heartbreaking beauty of all perfect things, a beauty that must pass; of youth that must pass, and tunes that conquer a town and die, and perfect hours that come once and never come again.

This hour was over already. The king came close. As he touched her the Butterfly swung clear of his clasping arms with one quick turn of her slender body and danced away—danced a few exquisite fluttering steps away; then faltered, and with arms thrown out, face drained of color, dark eyes closing, dropped backward and hung limp in her partner's arms.

He caught her neatly, holding her just above the floor and bending ardently close. The tense circle saw a tableau of the dance, dramatic and prolonged. They could not see the boy's lips move.

"Hurt?" he was whispering. "Buck up! Cut out the last figure. Once round the room and out. You'll get through all right."

"I am through." The Butterfly's eyes, dark under fluttering lids, looked at him from far away, dim with pain. "My ankle! The fat guy! He slipped and it got the whole weight of him. I rubbed it and went easy on it; but just now it—went; folded right up. I guess I've sprained it," she whispered, smiling suddenly as if she gave him the best of news. "Get me home, Harry."

Tilson's, restless at the pause, but still held by the drama, now saw, with a little whispering thrill that ran straight round the circle, as if it had only one heart to stir, the sudden but perfect end of a perfect dance.

The king, sweeping her into strong arms and holding her drooping there, small body helpless and limp, and looking smaller so, closed eyes helpless under his conquering eyes, carried forever out of the kingdom she left his abdicating queen, a broken butterfly. But, as she passed, her lovely unconquered music still filled the air, growing softer now, faint, like echoes of some more distant music, where, in some corner in the sun, butterflies danced on to it forever—golden butterflies.

In the smallest and shabbiest room in the shabbiest rooming house on Forty-second Street, the king and queen of Tilson's looked at each other with new eyes.

There was a chill of dawn in the air—dawn on this frowzy street, where new days dawn old and tired. The evil-smelling gas jet flickered low. The dingily curtained window, open for air, let in intermittent music from a cracked phonograph next door. But even here, stretched on the gray blankets of her bed, her one evening gown crumpled and torn, her ankle clumsy with bandages, the abdicating queen of Tilson's was every inch a queen.

For upon this small and fluttering creature a new calm had settled; and it became her royally, like the mantle of a queen. It was with a royal reserve, not with coquetry, that her long lashes veiled her lids as she looked at the boy.

Calling the Schuyler house doctor, protecting her from the excited ministrations of the select staff, ordering a highball and making her drink it, and carrying her from her taxi up her four flights of stairs, he had been adequate enough. Standing now in her half-open doorway, he was an embarrassed little boy, even a guilty little boy—not a king at all.

"Well," he said, breaking a rather oppressive silence, "I'll be going."

The queen pointed with a weak but royal hand to her one chair, occupied now by a big box of roses.

"Shut the door. Sit there, Harry, and give those to me. I know it's against the rules to see men up here; but I'm going to break the rules. You said you and I had got to have a show-down. We have, Harry."

"Little girl," said the king, "I don't want to talk to you to-night. You're all in. I'll be round in the morning."

"You don't want to marry me," said the queen calmly, busy with her roses.

"I——" The king blushed scarlet and stopped.

"You don't want to marry me. I'll never dance again. I heard what the doctor said to you. There'll be no Leroy & Leroy. You can't support a wife, Harry, and you can't be tied to a cripple."

"Oh, you'll walk," he said eagerly; "and you'll dance too—some; straight dancing, with no stunts. Don't lose your nerve. I think a lot of you. I'll be round to-morrow."

The queen merely smiled upon his flushed confusion; so he sighed and sat silent, waiting.

"That's right. We'll have that show-down now," she said.

She had taken the roses from their box, touching them delicately and tenderly. Now she lay with closed eyes, pale cheeks pressed against the splendid sheaf of crimson flowers. She seemed for a time to forget the show-down and the king. Then, at first more to the roses than the king, she spoke:

"I had to choose between the man that could do the most for me and the man I love."

She drew a long, tired breath, as if she had recited correctly a lesson hard to learn.

"It looked easy to choose, at first," she went on. "I came to this town to make

(Concluded on Page 49)

How one Man built up a $10,000,000 Company

A few years ago, three big public service companies were merged into one with a capitalization of $5,000,000.

From the first, the directors of this new corporation faced grave problems of administration. The new structure was unwieldy. Its different units were working at cross purposes.

The directors saw that a man of unusual ability was needed to solve these problems. They wanted a big caliber executive with a broad knowledge of business fundamentals.

How the problem was solved

The directors finally selected a man from the ranks of the company.

Within two years the man selected proved his remarkable executive ability. He was made Vice-President and General Manager.

"This man," a member of the company wrote recently, "found the Company a loose-jointed aggregation of unrelated units. He has made it a smoothly running organization built up of efficient operating units. He has increased it from a $5,000,000 to a $10,000,000 company. He has substituted the progressive methods of modern business for a bewildering medley of inefficient practices."

His knowledge is sound

The new General Manager succeeded in his big task because of his splendid business knowledge.

He realized that a mastery of business fundamentals is essential to success. So he enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"Your concise statement of the principles underlying modern business," he wrote, "has given me knowledge of immeasurable value. It has made clear to me many matters of business practice. I am continually using your Course for reference."

This man only one of many

Daily there filter into the headquarters of the Institute intensely interesting, human stories of business. They are the careers of men who have succeeded because of their mastery of business fundamentals.

One day you hear of a brilliant lad of 22, in a big New York bank, rising to a $9,500 job, and giving credit to the Institute for his success.

The next day a factory manager writes that the Course has just helped him save his firm $7,000 a year, and that a "fair slice" of this went to increase his salary.

These are only typical cases. There are literally hundreds of them.

Based upon the experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying *all* departments of business.

In our national crisis today the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing.

Men in all branches of business are being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. The demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world markets. For men, and women, too, who are prepared there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

Today, 60,000 men are getting from this Course and Service a broad and sound executive knowledge.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ.

Among the 60,000 subscribers are such men as A. T. Hardin, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines; E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co.; William C. D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.—and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co. 291 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation 450; in the National Cash Register Co. 194; in the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. 108; in the General Electric Co. 300—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute.

This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of the interesting book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will show you how to prepare for the increasing number of business opportunities that are bound to come during the next few years. Every man and woman with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success, should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

711 Astor Place New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name _____
Print here

Business Address _____
City *State*

Business Position _____

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON

REPUBLIC

INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE MOTOR TRUCKS

IN the United States over 23,500 Republics are in use in every kind of business—from light delivery to heaviest hauling and construction work—from one-truck service to fleets of fifty. In Australia, New Zealand and the Orient, more than 90 per cent of all trucks sold in the last three years are Republics. This is because Republic Quality and the Republic-Torbensen Internal Gear Drive mean the utmost Capacity, Power and Dependability.

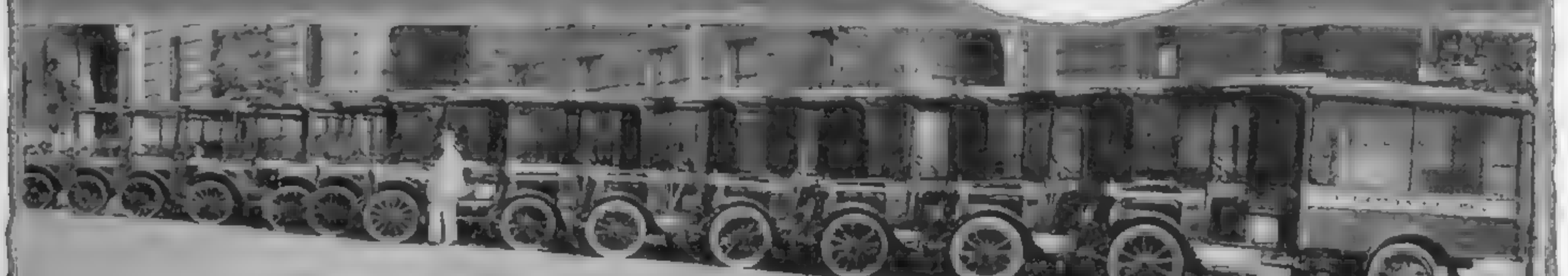
A New Republic Model is now ready for delivery: Republic Special, ½-ton, 128-inch wheelbase, with the usual Republic excess capacity, chassis with seat, **$895.**

Republic Dispatch with express body, windshield, canopy top, side curtains, $895, with solid panel body, $920. 1-ton with bow top and stake or express body $1195. 1½ ton, $1450. 2-ton, $1885. 3½-ton $2750. 5 ton chassis only, $4250. Our new hoist gravity and elevating dump bodies are unexcelled All prices f. o. b. factory Write for book on model in which you are interested Address Dept. Y.

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, INC., Alma, Michigan

SEE YOUR NEAREST REPUBLIC DEALER

Dealers and Service Stations in over 900 principal cities



Baltimore Post Office Fleet of Republics

(Concluded from Page 46)

good. My mother took in washing to send me. But I didn't have much to make good with. I'm not really pretty. I can't really dance. I've just got something—something that gets people in my looks and my dancing. I'm just—young. So I had to work quick. Making good meant two things to me, and nothing else—getting money and getting married. I didn't care how much money—enough to live and live right. I didn't care who I married—some man that I liked, and that liked me. Just being married, having a home of your own and a man of your own—yours to keep; and manage them your own way. No man knows how I, or any girl, wants that. No man knows!"

"Don't, Butterfly!" said the king faintly, unheard.

"Well, I found the man that could give me those two things I wanted," said the Butterfly simply; "and I went out after him and got him. Others were after him, too, but I got him. I got him where I wanted him, where he'd eat out of my hand. And then"—the Butterfly closed her eyes and shivered, wise enough in the mystery that was herself, but passing now to the discussion of a greater mystery, in which no woman is fully wise—"then another man got me; I got in love.

"The thing about love," said the Butterfly, out of her year's experience of love and Forty-second Street—"the thing that gets you—is the way it gets worse and worse on you; worse every day. There was nothing in this for me. I couldn't manage this man. I couldn't hold him. I couldn't understand half his talk. But I'd rather sit still and listen to him talk Greek than have any other man make love to me. He didn't want to marry me. He's not a marrying man. I knew all that. I know it now; but he's got me. He's my man—the man I love.

"The man that can do the most for me—the man I love," sighed the Butterfly into her roses. "My clock used to tick it nights; and that crazy old phonograph out there, and every jazz band in Manhattan, got to playing it. For I couldn't make up my mind. How could I, with him in the world? I'd try to tie up with this other, this tame cat that I'd tamed; then I'd see my own man again, and all bets were off, and I'd promise him anything he asked for. Then I'd go after the tame cat and promise the same to him. I couldn't make up my mind, Harry, till to-night. To-night, just before I fell down, when I was dancing—not thinking at all, but just dancing—all of a sudden I knew what to do. I knew!"

She sat up, stretching out slender arms, the gypsy light of the dance in her eyes again, and the joy of it in her smile.

"I want him!" she breathed. "I want him, and nothing else in the world! If it don't last but a week or a day, I want him. I love him! I love him! I want the man I love!"

The whispered words came soft as a bird's mating call; as a woman may call to one man, and one man only; as the Butterfly, so wild and shy, so strangely sweet, so shaken and hungry now, might never call again. But her call was heard; heard and answered—answered twice.

Her door, which had been creaking unheeded, as old doors do, opened now, flung suddenly wide by a man who had held it ajar and listened throughout this stormy interview and now could listen to no more.

But Mr. Harry Leroy, the king of Tilson's, not seeing him, seeing nothing but the Butterfly, threw himself on his knees by the couch and buried his burning face in her ruffles of soft bedraggled white.

"Butterfly," he cried brokenly, "I can't marry you! I'm not a marrying man. That's right! I never meant to marry you. I was just kidding you along. I meant to tell you so to-night; then you got hurt, and I was ashamed to tell you. But I'll be good to you. I'll take care of you. We'll have good times, little girl. I love you and you love me."

Still on his knees, his declaration rudely interrupted by small but strong brown hands that pushed him from her, he stared up at her, dazed; then got awkwardly to his feet, mists of passion clearing from his eyes and mists of anger replacing them, for now he saw strange sights and heard words that were stranger still.

"Don't touch me!" his ex-queen gasped. "It always made me sick to have you touch me."

"But you love me," said the king. "You said it! I'm the man—the man you love."

The queen shook her white skirts free, as if his touch would soil them. Then her eyes lighted and laughed. She had seen the man in the doorway.

"Van!" she said. "Oh, Van—what are you doing here?"

Mr. Gerald Vance Van Buren, hatless, wearing an irreproachable Inverness, hastily buttoned over a gorgeously brocaded purple bathrobe, and looking a little confused, a little timid, but probably handsomer than ever before in a long and prosperous life, and unquestionably happier, came close to her and stood still, not touching her; looking hungrily down. But her eyes would not meet his.

"I phoned the Schuyler and found you'd come here, sick, with him; so I got a cab and came," he said. "I couldn't stop to dress. I couldn't leave you alone with him. He's a dirty little cad, with a yellow streak a yard wide; but if you wanted him, darling, I'd buy him for you. And I'd give you Tilson's, the whole rotten shop, for a wedding present. I'm sick of it, anyway. I lose money on it. I shall sell it or give it away. But if you want me —— Oh, Butterfly!" He laid a timid hand on her tumbled hair. "So small; so fairy-sweet!" he whispered. "Could I flap a marriage license in the face of the queen of the fairies and frighten her away? Could I tie a wedding ring to a humming bird's tail? No! But they'll be ready and waiting, like a trap to catch a humming bird with—to-morrow. Butterfly, who is this man you love?"

"You!" said the Butterfly. "I love you you you!"

She was in his arms now, held gently close, head drooping on his breast; not a broken butterfly, but a butterfly at rest. That was the last the king saw of her. And the last words he heard, as he slipped from the room, were Mr. Gerald Vance Van Buren's.

"Darling," Mr. Van Buren was saying, "where on this dingiest street of a dingy city did you ever soil your sweet wings with the notion that I didn't want to marry you?"

After the king left, some time passed before Mr. Gerald Vance Van Buren or Miss Marguerite Donahue spoke. At last, drawing away, but still holding his two hands tight, as children cling to hands they love, she looked up into his face with a question in her eyes.

"Tilson's," she said then. "Tell me about Tilson's."

"Tilson's!" Mr. Van Buren laughed softly. "I was always proud of that name—T. Titheridge Tilson. I don't know whether I invented it or heard it somewhere; but it's the right name in the right place. Well, I got my news of you and your ankle to-night in the same way I have kept track of your precious Harry all winter—from the peroxide blonde in the office at Tilson's. That same blonde not only manages the establishment in a competent and classy manner but she knows something nobody else there knows—who the real boss is.

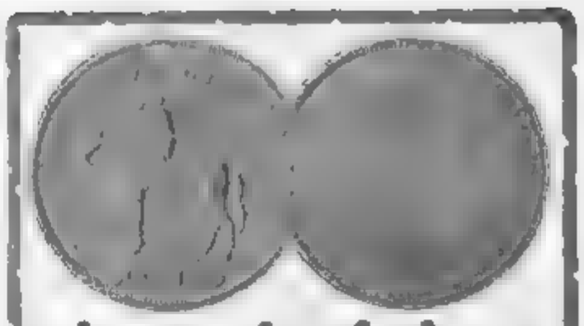
"A queer guy he is," said Mr. Van Buren thoughtfully, "who thinks money was meant to play with, and likes new games to play. When this dance game was new he wanted to get in on it and beat it; dope out the perfect *palais de danse*, cut and made to fit Broadway, and set it going; and then sit back incognito and watch the wheels go round. He watched till—till he broke a butterfly on the wheels. Then he wouldn't play any more. Yes; you guess correctly. You are the butterfly; and I—I am, or was, T. Titheridge Tilson."

He stood at attention and bowed, and she laughed her clear childish laugh. But while she laughed her sweet shallow eyes grew dark and wonderful again with the light that was only for him, and was born only to-night. He raised her two brown hands reverently to his lips.

"You're a woman," he said—"a woman, Butterfly!"

"Listen!" the Butterfly whispered.

She parted the dingy curtains at the one window and, hand in hand, they leaned out above the narrow far-stretching strip of dark that was Forty-second Street, and listened. Twisted, tortured and strange on the battered phonograph next door, a dying dance tune that had not died in vain, they heard the last soft notes of Poor Butterfly.



A mark of shoe
QUALITY
recognized everywhere

IN these days when rising costs tempt manufacturers to cheapen their material and workmanship, why not get on the safe side and buy a shoe with a seven year reputation to maintain?

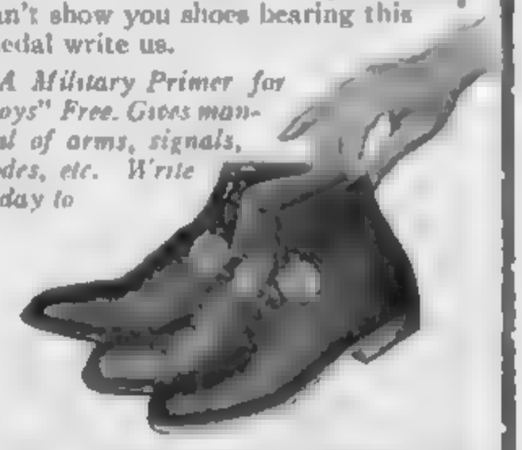
BOY SCOUTS SHOES

are advertised, have a known quality, bear the name of an old maker and have earned the enthusiastic approval of thousands of families by the good service two million pairs have given.

All genuine BOY SCOUTS Shoes bear the above medal. This includes the three styles: Service, Army (Munson Last) and Dress. All are Goodyear stitched.

In prices they range from $2.75 to $3.50 (9 to 13½); $3.50 to $4.50 (1 to 6); $4.00 to $6.00 (6 to 11). Nearly 3,000 dealers handle them. If your dealer can't show you shoes bearing this medal write us.

"A Military Primer for Boys" Free. Gives manual of arms, signals, codes, etc. Write today to



THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO.
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
Makers of Men's, Boys' and Little Men's Shoes

THE TRAIL FROM DESOLATION

(Continued from Page 9)

of obedience—an attitude he had come unconsciously to assume under the stronger will of the physician since first he emerged from nightmare. Of physical strength he still possessed a healthy reserve; the call to mild exertion threatened no great drain on that strength.

Mrs. Stanton bustled about the little tasks of buckling on her husband's arctics, swathing his throat with a muffler. When the two stepped out of the door Bowers pointed to his own ski standing upright in the drift; Stanton should take them, because it would be easier going. The doctor lashed on his feet the single pair of clumsy snowshoes the Stantons possessed.

Bowers went in the lead and broke trail. They had not taken a dozen steps when the low break in the unblemished white, which represented the gable peak of the house behind, disappeared. They were alone in the wilderness.

Up along the shore of the lake, now a great sapphire jewel set in snow diamonds, and into the glacial gorge at its head, which leads to Desolation Valley and the ultimate pinnacles of the divide, the man on snowshoes led the way. He set an easy pace for the one following. The snow they traversed was fresh and soft, laid on a harder crust a few inches below the surface.

So they traveled deeper and deeper into the wild gorge whose serrated walls on each hand were perpendicular slabs of granite upon which the snow found no lodgment. Here no man passed in winter, for this was an alley leading to uninhabitable heights. As remote from the crash and rattle of the world of men, this cleft in the Sierra spine, as any Himalayan valley.

"We'll rest here," Bowers said at length as he paused by a rounded knob of rock which thrust through the snow blanket.

They had journeyed about five miles. Stanton drew near as possible to the granite island, then kicked off the ski and wallowed for two steps to the security of the rock. The doctor noted with a quick eye that at each of those steps his patient broke through the snow crust up to his middle. He joined Stanton on the isle of safety without removing the snowshoes, whose shorter length permitted him a close approach. From the pocket of his Mackinaw he produced the last cigar of his store and began an elaborate process of tongue salvage on its broken wrapper.

"Cheerful place," Bowers said shortly, after he had his smoke going. "Nice place to be alone."

"Good Lord, deliver us!" the other laughed, with a return to that spirit of playful flippancy in which the doctor first had found him. It was the only time the sick man had laughed since the day of Bowers' first visit.

"Yes; the old-timers hereabout tell of a pleasing custom the Piute Indians used to put into practice when they wintered down on the lake," the doctor continued musingly. "Had its good points, though—that custom."

"I have ears erect, doctor," Stanton drawled.

"Well, they say that whenever the canny Piutes had a member of the tribe they wanted to get rid of—a murderer or a—or a weakling—they'd bring him up here and on to Desolation Valley, which lies right over that ridge yonder, take away his snowshoes and say good-by. Of course ——"

"Of course ——" the other murmured.

Doc Bowers smoked in silence for several minutes. Then, quite suddenly:

"You, for instance, Stanton; you wouldn't stand much chance with those old Piutes in wintertime."

"The Piutes were a primitive people, my dear doctor," Stanton expostulated with a lazy gesture of his mittened hand. "They had no understanding of temperament, of soul."

The Donner doctor sat, with his eyes on the far horizon of blue-white peaks, as if digesting this remark. Slowly he turned his head and smiled his mirthless smile on his patient.

"I'm a Piute, Stanton—that is, I'm a Piute when it comes to applying in action

The New Way

The I-GLAS-GARD

A real convenience for men who wear glasses

The I-Glas-Gard is a new necessity for men who wear glasses, different in design and greater in convenience than old fashioned cases. The I-Glas-Gard is a single, curved velvet covered shield, made to fit the pocket. Occupies little room, guaranteed to protect glasses from breaking, so light you don't know you have it.

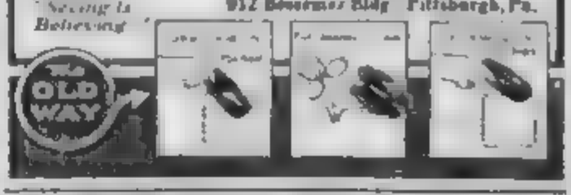
You don't have to remove case from pocket to take glasses out or put them in. Opens flat at all times and when in use. A real saving in time and effort. A genuine necessity

Sold Direct, Postpaid— $1

Simply send cash or money-order. If you aren't satisfied after two weeks use we'll refund your money without question on return of article.

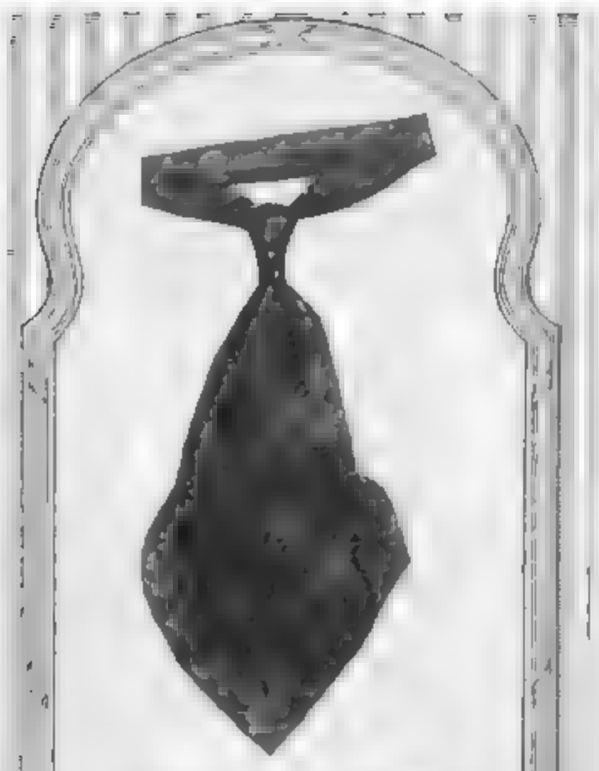
Send for free pamphlet. "Seeing Is Believing"

Waverly Novelty Company
Manufacturers
912 Bessemer Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.



PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Actual search free. Send sketch or model. Our page [illegible]
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.



What's In A Name?

The name Keiser stands for the best in Cravats—best in materials and workmanship, the latest in style—everything that is desirable in a Cravat. When you wear

Keiser Cravats

you know your Cravat is all it should be. It enables you to feel that there is nothing about your Cravat that invites criticism.

Dealers are now showing their new fall stock of Keiser Cravats. They have an infinite variety of patterns and shapes from which to make your selection. If you do not know the Keiser dealer in your city, write us for his name.

James R. Keiser, Inc.,
Designers continuously since 1860.
4th Ave. & 28th St., New York City

Look for the octagon trademark

The "BUCKLIN"
A snappy new buckle top design in a wide variety of novelty materials $1.50

Regal CAPS and Cloth Hats

are distinguished in appearance and artistically [illegible]
WATERPROOFED MOTOR CAPS
RADICAL GOLFING NOVELTIES
and SEPARATE LIGHTWEIGHTS
for TRAVELING and OFFICE WEAR
FOR SALE BY MOST LIVE DEALERS
If your dealer will not supply you send [illegible] name, and $1.50 for Men's Cap, $2.00 for Men's Cloth Hat, $1.00 for Boys' Cloth Hat or Cap. State age, size worn and taste as to pattern. We will fill your order promptly.

THE REGAL HAT CO
Largest Mfg. Distributors of Cloth Headwear
Regal Bldg., 643-51 Fifth Ave., Chicago

10 Named Darwin Tulips for 25 cts.

To know Darwin [illegible] and superlative [illegible] 10 large bulbs, [illegible] Or garden and [illegible] Hyacinths, Tulips, [illegible] and rare winter blooming plants FREE TO ALL.
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Inc., Floral Park, N.Y.

LARGE WAR MAP In Colors 26x30 in.
Complete and authentic. Smallest details of Western battle front. Every hamlet indexed, easy to locate. Battle lines of past and present. Inset of Eastern fronts. Postpaid 50c.
TRIAD PUB. CO., 401 Edison Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

deductions that my logic—better than a Piute's, if I do say it myself—that my logic reasons out for me. I understand your temperament—complete and monumental selfishness is my word for it. And soul! Stanton, you haven't any. Positively not even a rudimentary soul!"

"Loud cheers and cries of 'Hear! Hear!'"

The smile that lighted the features of this Petronius in mittens and muffler was as bland as a child's.

Bowers flipped the ash from his cigar and rose to his feet. A single step carried him to where the ski Stanton had cast off lay crossed, a few feet from the rock. He lifted the tapering staves of hickory from the snow and, holding them loosely by the foot thongs, turned to face his companion.

"Stanton, you're no use to yourself and you're a burden to your wife"—the words came most casually, without hint of bitterness. "I pulled you through delirium because your wife asked me to—pulled you through even in the moments when it was a case of your insane strength against mine. It was a mistake to do that; but it is not too late to remedy that mistake."

Gone was the smile from Stanton's face. Fear was playing round his eyes.

"You mean ——" he began.

"That I am going to take away these ski and leave you here," Bowers completed.

The glance of the man marooned on the rock traveled swiftly to where the doctor stood on his snowshoes, six feet away, holding the ski carelessly by their thongs; then to the two leg holes in the snow, each waist deep. He made a supreme effort to master his twitching features as his eyes met the other's.

"If this idea is part of your scheme of cure, Doctor Bowers," he began in a voice that quavered slightly—"some test of courage ——"

"One thing more before I go," the other interrupted: "Marie, your—wife; do not worry about her. Marie has been unfortunate in her marriages. I was her first husband. Oh, I can understand your surprise! Of course I had dropped out of sight before you met her and you may or may not have heard from her only sketchily something about me. I broke her heart because I was a—a science machine; not a husband. You have broken her heart again because you are a drunkard.

"But Marie, I believe, understands me better now. She is back there, waiting in that snow-bound house. I am going back to claim her."

He finished abruptly, turned, and with long hip-free stride went off down the slope toward distant timber.

The man Stanton sat on the rock in the midst of a waste trickier than quicksand, staring after the diminishing figure.

When Doc Bowers entered the door of the Stanton house he was breathing heavily and snow clotted in the wrinkles of his trousers from heels to waist. Marie Stanton, who had come running at the sound of footsteps, fell back a step when she saw the physician enter alone. Perplexity dissolved to quick fear in her eyes.

"Where —— What have you done to him?" she began in a quaver.

"I'll explain later," he answered brusquely and strode through the doorway into the kitchen.

Almost immediately there was a crash of glass; another, and a third. The woman, who had followed more slowly to the kitchen door, saw in the dim light from snow-clogged windows the figure of the doctor; an ax was in his hands and with broad swings of the weapon he was smashing ranks of gin bottles, set shoulder to shoulder on a shelf. A final leveling stroke of the steel brought down the last of the store; broken glass glimmered everywhere; a sickly sweet odor filled the room.

"I know you don't want this stuff, Marie," Bowers explained as he laid aside the ax and, with a hand on the woman's arm, gently led her back to the living room. "And if he—your husband—comes back he'll not want it either."

Suddenly she whirled upon him; her hands leaped out to seize the lapels of his Mackinaw; fury masked her features.

"My husband—what have you done with him? Where is he? Answer me—instantly!"

The man's cold eyes, deeply shadowed by the springing beak of a nose, looked down into hers without a flicker of sympathy.

"I left your husband up on the trail from Desolation," he said in a level voice; "took away his ski and left him on top of a rock, with soft snow, over his head in depth, all round him."

At first, full sense of the words did not come to her; then, with growing perception, the enormity of the act smote her dreadfully. She drew back, staring from wide eyes.

"You—left him—to die!"

"If he chooses to—yes."

She bounded for the door. Bowers anticipated her with a quick stride and put his back against the heavy panels.

"You can't go to him. I provided against that—hid the snowshoes some distance from here and made the rest of the way without them. No, Marie; this time your husband stands alone."

"Oh!" she whispered. "Oh!"

"If you'll come over here and sit quietly I'll explain this experiment of mine."

Just a hint of gentleness—perhaps of yearning—was in his voice. The woman obeyed dazedly. When she had sunk down upon the couch, her eyes fixed upon his with a stare almost hypnotic, Doc Bowers fumbled along the mantel, found the dead stump of a cigar and lighted it.

"This man Stanton," he began dispassionately—"a man so far fallen in selfishness that he would strike his wife if she tried to stand between him and self-gratification"—he saw hands lifted in swift protest, but went on unheedingly—"a man so far fallen in selfishness that he did not even count life worth as much as a quart of gin. Spirit gone; manliness gone; even love of life gone—or nearly so!

"Given a man of this character, was it worth while to prolong his life? Scientifically speaking, no. But this problem was complicated by an element outside of science—an element that perhaps I once refused to recognize, Marie, until—too late. Love, I mean.

"You love this man. I discovered that by the little trick of offering to leave you a revolver to protect yourself. Loving him, you must have him. But not the shell of selfishness and brutal degradation he was before I came here. Better no man than that! Not the man, Marie, who will sit helplessly on a rock along the Desolation trail and helplessly freeze."

The red-gold head was lowered into shielding palms now. Shoulders were bowed and shaking. The Donner doctor was silent for a space; perhaps he was trying to deny place in his voice to some unaccustomed access of tenderness.

"Before I left that man out there I said something to him which should drag him through a hundred miles of snow if he has any shred of love left for you—any spark of manhood. If it does not bring him here you do not want him. Better he should freeze."

"But how—how can he get back?" came the murmur from the couch cushions. "You said ——"

"That I left him without ski—yes. But, less than half a mile away on the back trail, I left the ski sticking in the snow. If he has the nerve, the will to live—if he has love for you, Marie—he can make it to those ski. If he has not he will die in three hours. A gamble—yes; but I'm betting he'll come."

Silence fell between them then. Nothing remained to be said. Bowers drew a chair before the fire and sat huddled low in it, his long bony fingers drawn together in a tent, nerveless and inert. It was the pose he affected at the poker table when he awaited the decision of the cards. Marie Stanton was stretched on the couch, her face buried amid pillows. An hour passed, and these two in the buried house waited—waited.

The second hour was dragging on. Suddenly the woman propped herself on her elbow, her head bent alertly.

"Arthur—oh, my Arthur!" The cry came chokingly from her lips as she stumbled to her feet and ran to the door.

Doc Bowers, left alone, slowly rose and reached for his medicine case, Mackinaw and coonskin cap. A curious half smile of triumph—the elation of the poker player at his winning—played below his ragged mustache.

The Stantons entered then; she supporting with encircling arm the husband, who staggered in weakness of exhaustion. Doc Bowers awaited their approach in a pose a little irresolute. Stanton saw the look in the other man's eyes and smiled. His right hand went gropingly out to find and clasp the doctor's.

"I understand, doctor; and—thanks!" he said.

The Donner doctor went out to where the westing sun burned red along the trail from Desolation—along the trail to Tallac, and Donner beyond.

The Captive Ships at Manila

OUR keels are furred with tropic weed that clogs the crawling tides
And scarred with crust of salt and rust that gnaws our idle sides;
And little junks they come and go,
And ships they sail at dawn;
And all the outbound winds that blow,
They call us to be gone,
As yearning to the lifting seas our gaunt flotilla rides,
Drifting aimless to and fro,
Sport of every wind a-blow,
Swinging to the ebb and flow
Of lazy tropic tides.

And once we knew the clean seaways to sail them pridefully;
And once we met the clean sea winds and gave them greeting free;
And honest craft, they spoke us fair,
Who'd scorn to speak us now;
And little craft, they'd not beware
To cross a German bow
When yet the flag of Germany had honor on the sea.
And now, of all that seaward fare,
What ship of any port is there
But would dip her flag to a black corsair
Ere she'd signal such as we!

Yet we are ribbed with Norseland steel and fleshed with Viking pine,
That's fashioned of the soil which bred the hosts of Charlemagne;
And clad we are with rusting pride
Of stays and links and plates
That lay within the mountain side
Where Barbarossa waits—
The mighty Fred'rick, thralled in sleep, held by the ancient sign,
While yet the ravens circle wide
Above that guarded mountain side,
Full-fed with carrion from the tide
Of swinish red rapine!

Oh, we have known the German men when German men were true,
And we have borne the German flag when honor was her due;
But sick we are of honest scorn
From honest merchantmen—
The winds, they call us to be gone
Down to the seas again—
Down to the seas where waves lift white and gulls sheer in the blue,
Shriven clean of our blood-bought scorn
By a foeman's flag—aye, proudly borne!—
Cleaving out in the good red dawn
Out again to the blue!

—*Dorothy Paul.*

AERUL
A practical quality oil
for aëroplane motors
SWAN FINCH
COMPANY
Quality Oils and Greases Since 1853
¶ Distributor and jobber connections desired for sales to mills, factories, machine shops, foundries, railways, and automobile accessory and hardware dealers. Write for full particulars regarding territory, prices, etc.
¶ See next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post for description of the Swan & Finch line of Atlas grease and oil specialties—¶ Aerul; Gearease, Slo-Flo, Textul, Talese, Asbestese, Corul.

STYLE NUMBER 6467

For the finishing touch to irreproachable attire, wear this Hansenbilt Washable; comfortable, serviceable, correct

STYLE NUMBER 961

This Hansen Gauntlet fulfills all the hopes of motorists for wrist protection with utmost dexterity of action

STYLE NUMBER 24

In this U. S. A. Riding Glove, cut to Army rules, civilians have a motoring glove of military efficiency and style

Originality

In their quarter-century of service Hansen builders have designed and brought to perfection every vital improvement in glove manufacture. Write for illustrated book with data on 500 styles for motoring, driving, sport and dress occasion. If your dealer is not supplied, let us know.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100A Detroit Street MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

HANSEN GLOVES

THE OUTLAWED GERMAN SEA TERROR

(Concluded from Page 10)

under water of shell holes made in the plates of the submarines by well-placed shots. Several providential escapes from sinking through the successful employment of this device led, more than a year later, to a meeting with Vice Admiral Schraeder, chief of the submarine branch. The vice admiral talked freely of the growing importance of the submarine as a factor in the Great War. He was confident that the intrenched fleet would rule the seas before this war was ended.

"Before long we shall literally be able to wall the English in with a ring of our undersea fighters," he said; "and we shall maintain a thousand submarines in the water to accomplish this, if need be. When the time comes England will find the importation of colonial troops and contraband of all sorts an exceedingly difficult matter."

Though this indicated a German purpose to maintain some sort of blockade by submarine, the vice admiral told me that nothing could occur in the future of submarine warfare to embroil the German and the American people. He spoke of the new type of submarine, powerful enough to observe the laws of cruiser warfare. The existence of this diving cruiser, of which he spoke, was confirmed for me from several independent sources, among these sources by Commander Bertram.

The new supersubmarines were to be proof against the armament of merchantmen, and too mobile to stand in danger of battleship surprise.

The evolution of the diving cruiser is the result of two years of high-pressure studies of the brightest technical marine talent in Germany. The facility with which these boats are now turned out is the result of two years of anxious organization of yards and factories. Before the war was many months old, the German Navy Staff adopted a comprehensive program for the steady development of facilities for the construction of submarines. Plans for the building and equipment of additional yards for the building of submersibles in more than a dozen Central European port cities were laid, and the investment for bringing these yards into operation was divided between the government and various shipbuilding companies. This program has been steadily followed, until to-day submarine building has become a large staple industry in Germany. I have heard it said that Germany could turn out twenty submarines a week, though this seems to me highly improbable.

Besides increasing dock facilities, the Imperial Navy Office undertook the standardization of parts of the various submarine types. The work of manufacturing these parts was widely distributed throughout the empire. Certain parts were manufactured in my district, being turned out by a lace-machine plant, the Voghtlaendische Maschinenfabrik, along with shrapnel.

New Types of Submersibles

However, there were several scores of forges devoting a feverish, unremittent energy to the production of parts for the German and Austrian deep-sea fighters. The parts were assembled at Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Bremerhaven, Dantzic, Stettin, Königsberg, Memel, Libau, Pola, Fiume, and other ports of the Central European Alliance.

The headquarters of submarine Germany, so to speak, is Kiel. Here finished submarine commanders and crews are being turned out in quantity. The broad harbor expanse before Kiel is always alive with exercising submersibles, diving and emerging, and carrying out all manner of maneuvers and attacks by way of preparing commanders and recruits for the terrors of an anti-German ocean.

There are many types of submarines, ranging all the way from the frail cockleshells, with which Germany began the naval war against England, to powerful, thoroughgoing cruisers that dive as well as swim. The smallest submersibles, five hundred tons and under, are no longer employed in the desperate adventures of the North Sea. They are now doing service merely as coast-defense units of supporting value. The largest submersibles, the pride and the hope of Germany, are of five thousand tons, and have an uncanny radius of action. There have, further, been reports of six-thousand-ton boats in prospect, but it is unlikely that boats of such tonnage have yet reached the firing line.

These weapons probably incorporate the most remarkable triumphs of the German genius for war. They are easily among the finest creations of modern war science, rivaling the daring fancies of romantic fiction. Nevertheless, German marine engineers, according to my friends, were engrossed with the problems connected with the construction of still larger and more powerful underwater craft before I left Germany. "We may yet win the trident with submersible battleships," Commander Bertram put it.

There are two types of submersibles now bearing the burdens of Germany's frantic attempt to blockade Great Britain, France, Italy, the Suez Canal and the allied force at Saloniki. These boats are of twenty-four hundred and of five thousand tons. It is not likely that many boats of the larger type have yet reached the firing line. The smaller diving cruisers, however, are formidable enough as weapons, as some facts I shall give about them will indicate.

The twenty-four-hundred-ton *Tauchkreuzer* is a mobile deadly fighter. Boats of this type submerge much more quickly than did the little boats that began the great adventure. The older boats, properly speaking, did not dive at all, but sank gradually as their tanks filled with water. The diving cruiser, on the other hand, as its name implies, takes to the water like a duck. It dives! I have seen these craft change the plane of their course in full career, disappearing under the surface in a small fraction of time. This makes the newer type of boat far more elusive, far more difficult to combat, than were the clumsy boats of the earlier days of the war.

The End of the World

"The end of Germany will be the end of Europe," said Captain Melzer, of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Saxon Regiment, attached to the staff of Prince Ruprecht, to a small gathering of friends one evening. This was shortly after the declaration of Rumania, which made the German rank and file decidedly nervous at first. "If we are to be downed we shall pull England's world to pieces about her ears in the downing."

"The end of Germany will be the end of the world," put in another bitterly. "Germany will not be crushed until the whole edifice of civilization itself gives way."

This is the standpoint of the ruling Germans to-day; and it is most particularly the standpoint of German submarine warfare. The world that insists upon chastising Germany for breaking the peace of the world must be ruined for its wickedness; and it is the business of the submarine to hasten this general ruin. The weapons are sharply forged and the Germans have a serene confidence that they will accomplish the tasks set them.

The twenty-four-hundred-ton and five-thousand-ton types of submersibles are regular cruisers. They are protected by an armor belt of tough steel plate. They mount a number of guns of small and middle calibers. The largest of these guns have ranges between three thousand and five thousand meters, enabling them to outrange most of the armed merchantmen. They are capable of great surface speeds and of submerged speeds that seem phenomenal when compared with the highest submerged speeds attainable by the craft that began the war. It was rumored among naval officers that larger types were planned to surpass the smaller cruisers in speeds, armament and armor.

As I have said, the brightest technical minds in Germany are grimly straining upon the problems of increasing the effectiveness of the Vaterland's undersea warfare, now looming in the nature of a last hope. The Germans have blindly staked everything upon ruthlessness—or, rather, upon the submarine, their best expression of ruthlessness. Its failure can only mean the failure of the German people; and they are determined that it shall not fail.

One of the distinguishing features of the new submarine is its powerful construction. It is no longer a shell—a frame with a thin skin stretched over it. It has a strong, thoroughly knit, reënforced steel ship's body. The powerful body is protected by heavy plate. The diving cruiser is designed to hold its own in a lively give-and-take against smaller warships upon the surface, as well as to pursue its treacherous work from the depths. The solid construction of the new boats further enables them to withstand terrific water pressures. They can bear a water pressure of sixty atmospheres, allowing a threefold margin of safety. I believe that, translated into depth, this means that they can cut their way to a level six hundred feet below the surface. It means that they can elude every effort at pursuit, every effort to entrap them. They can dive below the widest nets it is possible to make. Once in the open ocean, the *Tauchkreuzer* can escape every danger but that of a well-placed enemy shell.

The smallest boats of the diving-cruiser class are the boats with which the Great Blockade began. They are, in all likelihood, still bearing the brunt of the struggle. They measure two hundred and sixty feet in length, twenty-five feet in breadth and nineteen feet in depth. They carry crews of between twenty and forty men. They mount a number of high-powered naval guns, and as surface fighters they have made the famed mosquito fleet of Great Britain almost valueless. The daring little vessels of England's widely described mosquito fleet hunted the old-type submarines down relentlessly. Alone, and in packs, they made the Channel and the North Sea a nightmare of insecurity for German submarine commanders.

The improved submarines see with their ears, so to speak. Commander Bertram told me that it was possible to determine not only the approach of vessels by the apparatus in use, but also the direction of approach and the approximate size. Thus, the U-cruisers are not blind, even with the waves washing high over their periscopes. A complex and varied range of apparatus for increasing the effectiveness of the operation of the submersibles has been evolved along with the evolution of the subsea cruisers. My friend was particularly enthusiastic concerning the improved method of submarine signaling for the communication of U with U.

I was told that the twenty-four-hundred-ton boats house motors that develop seven thousand horse power. These powerful engines are of the Diesel-Körting make, and they drive the diving cruiser over the surface at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. In other words, these boats can cruise upon the surface with the high-seas fleet, a lurking menace to any enemy fleet attacking the body of surface warships to which the U's are attached.

Fast Merchantmen Needed

The English maintain that several of these submersibles took part against the Grand Fleet in its action off Jutland. This the Germans deny. I am inclined to put more credence in the English than in the German report. It is not unlikely that it was the *Tauchkreuzer*, rather than the superior marksmanship vaunted by the German Admiralty, which did the unexpected damage in the Battle of the Skagerrack.

Under favorable conditions the submerged cruisers of the twenty-four-hundred-ton type are able to follow battleships and merchantmen, for their submerged speed is fourteen knots; a speed about equal to the regular cruising speed of the dreadnought. British men-of-war to-day, however, maintain full speed ahead when cruising in waters known to be infested with submarines. Speedy merchantmen form one of the great needs for the defeat of Germany's submarine madness.

Commander Bertram, in the course of one of our many conversations, informed me that the difficulties of serving the torpedo to its mark increase rapidly with each added mile-an-hour in the merchantman's steaming speed.

"Should we ever unleash our latest-type submarine and declare a blockade of our enemies, it will mean that Germany's patience has been tried to the breaking point; and that we are not to be satisfied with anything less than the complete ruin of England," Captain Bertram buoyantly announced to me on the occasion of his last furlough. "You Americans will be thankful to us," he continued optimistically, "once we have broken England's grip. It means the freedom of the seas and a lasting peace."

"A lasting German peace upon German oceans?" I queried pleasantly.

My question nettled him.

"Of course Germany will keep the seas safe for the world," he said. "You Yankees, you know, haven't got spirit enough to assert your rights; much less to assert and to maintain sea law. Yes; Germany must become the Mistress of the Seas. It has taken our race a long time to recognize its responsibilities as a Sea Power; but this time we will not be denied. There is no power on earth that can prevent a sweeping victory for our submarines. Opulent, degenerate Carthage again bows to young and victorious Rome! However envious Greece may be, it is powerless to prevent the fulfillment of the decrees of the Fates. You Americans, you know, pride yourselves upon being the Greeks among the moderns. Is my moral clear? Our success may gall you or please you; it is utterly beyond your control."

The submarine cruiser has developed a remarkable freedom of action. The twenty-four-hundred-ton ships have a radius of action of eight thousand miles. In other words, they can freely operate in our home waters without being dependent upon bases hidden along our coast or in the West Indies.

High Power and High Speed

Moreover, many of their attacks are made by shell fire. Submarine commanders of the new-type ships are under orders to carry out their sinkings by gunfire wherever possible and to save the costly torpedoes. The torpedoes are to be used only when there is a presumption that enemy battleships or destroyers are near, or when it is necessary to take advantage of the element of surprise. Thus, the torpedoes are always employed against speedy merchantmen. The commanders are checked up very closely to guard against waste.

The five-thousand-ton ships are the pride of the submarine branch, and newspaper dispatches concerning recent adventures of these monster submersibles tend to show them to be formidable opponents. These boats, I was told, measure between three hundred and fifty and four hundred feet in length. They are adequately protected by tough armor plate and mount a heavier armament than their smaller sister cruisers. They are equipped with improved Diesel engines, which develop eighteen thousand horse power.

These ships were constructed with a special design for speed and are said to cut along upon the surface at the merry clip of twenty-six knots an hour.

When Germany forced the United States to break with her—in my opinion—she did it to secure an absolutely free hand for beginning a riotous debauch of frenzied destruction and indiscriminate slaughter on the seas. Germany was determined to wreak a bloodthirsty vengeance upon enemies and neutrals alike: upon the first because of her sufferings, and upon the second because of their blessings of peace and plenty. The enemy must be ruined for persisting about "the ruin of Germany." The neutrals must be ruined for "making profits out of Germany's miseries." An envious, hostile and greedy world must be mercilessly strafed for its shortcomings. The strafing was to be unrestrained, remorseless, unlimited, regardless. It was to be conducted without refinements of sentiment, conscience, or any other silly, shilly-shally, hampering weaknesses.

In short, the world was ripe for a strafing, and the Germans were the people appointed to do it. They secretly felt that America needed a dose of their vigorous treatment, along with everybody else; and they were firmly convinced that their quality of strafing could be developed to such a perfect degree of frightfulness that a terror-stricken, bankrupt and palsied world must sooner or later knuckle under.

The insane spirit which prompted Germany's redeclaration of unrestricted submarine warfare, and her months of laborious painstaking preparation for the most extravagant destruction upon the seas and the most merciless slaughter of noncombatants in history, forces upon me the conviction that Germany in her present temper is a savage menace to every force making for the continued progress of human creatures.

An Unmatched Success

Year after year for many years the thirty-five horsepower Overland has outsold, by a wide margin, all cars of such comfortable size.

An unequalled combination of power, comfort and economy, it has naturally been an unmatched success.

The thirty-five horsepower motor is not only unusually powerful—it is unusually economical.

The wheelbase is 112 inches—unusually long—permitting unusual roominess.

Thirty-five horsepower!—112 inch wheelbase!!—$895!!!

Also unusual at the price—cantilever rear springs that ease the car over rough spots—permit speed with comfort on poor roads.

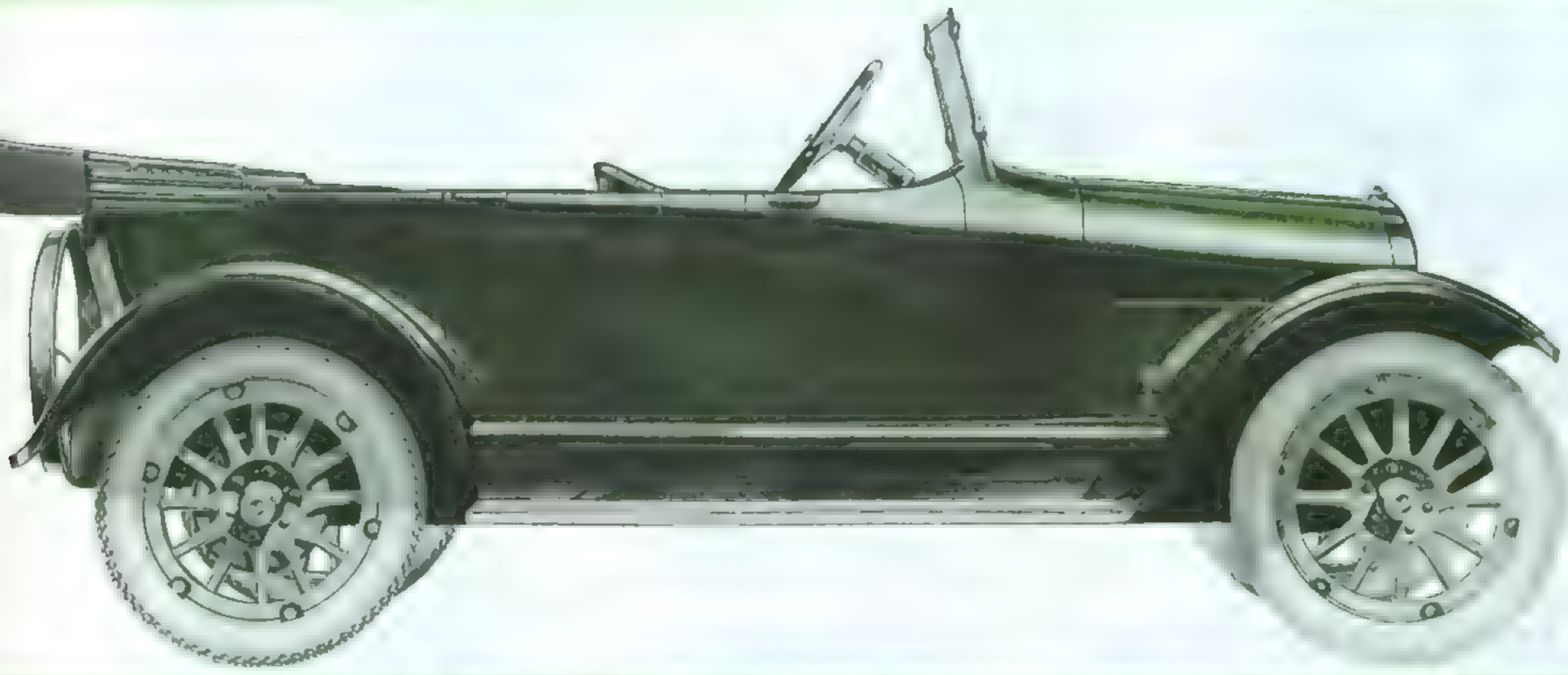
No car of such comfortable size has ever approached its success, because none has ever combined such power, comfort and economy.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



Model Eighty-Five Four

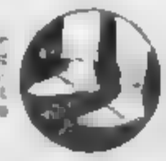
$895

f. o. b. Toledo—Subject to change without notice

This BRIGHTON Is *Your* Guide To Night-Wear Satisfaction

THIS YEAR you must use unusual care in buying sleepingwear, to protect yourself against skimped, poorly made and ill-fitting garments. *This year, even more than usual,* the Brighton-Carlsbad blue label is *your guide to certain value.* Eliminate risk. Get Brighton-Carlsbad with the *blue* label. Study the actual photographs and small diagrams here. Note the many *unique comfort and style features distinctive of Brighton-Carlsbad.*

On men's nightgowns the [illegible] and full and has no side openings. The extra width at hips, knees, and bottom gives ample walking room.



On pajamas and also on [illegible] these keep the garments hug down snugly over the calf. There is no chance for chills. Nor can the trousers work up and bind in the crotch.

On pajamas and Pajunions [illegible] are several [illegible] all Brighton-Carlsbad, these garments are "scaled" to correct proportions.

In women's nightgowns [illegible] size that [illegible] with the [illegible] On yoke styles, the yoke is kept high not to bind, not dropped low to save cloth.

But do not rely on pictures to prove Brighton-Carlsbad superiority. *Ask your dealer to unpin and open up the garment that interests you.* See both *quantity* and *quality* of material in our garments—the utmost in fabric value, with all the fullness necessary for comfort. See all the little comfort kinks that make *each* of our 517 styles so different.

When you judge a sleeping garment simply by *surface* appearance as it lies folded on the counter, remember that the comfort value, the fit value and the satisfaction value are all hidden within its folds. Unfold Brighton-Carlsbad *in the store.* Prove for yourself that it has all these requisites in the *highest degree.*

Ask for Brighton-Carlsbad *by name.* If our dealer cannot supply you, write for our "*Nightie Book*" and get free 80-inch kraft paper measure so he can order for you the style and size you require.

The Garments in the Upper Illustration

THE PAJUNION, a [illegible] one piece, has no [illegible] drawers [illegible] trousers can't slip down, the coat vest is uncomfortable folds. In Brighton Flannelette, also this summer materials. For men, sizes A, B, C, D $1.75 to $4.00. For boys, ages 8 to [illegible] $1.25 to $1.50. For women, sizes A, B, C, D $1.75 to $4.00. For misses, ages [illegible] $1.25 to $1.50

WOMEN'S NIGHTGOWNS—[illegible] $1.25 to $1.75. [illegible] $1.00. [illegible] 85c up.

CHILD'S SLEEPERS [illegible] Ages [illegible] 7, $1.50; 8, 9, 10, $2.00; 12 14, $2.50. Other styles, 75c to $3.00.

Brighton-Carlsbad Nightshirt in Plan
[illegible] for men or women, all in
[illegible] ferred, without cap perfect
[illegible] 30, 34, 38, 42, 46. Pr. c. $1.50
$1.25 to $2.00. Also summer weights

H. B. GLOVER CO., Desk 2, Dubuque, Ia. *Dealers and Retail Salesmen:* Write for samples and prices of this fastest selling and best known sleepingwear, and let us send you our Retail Salesman's Book, full of valuable selling suggestions.

The New British Infantry Platoon

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

A Snow-Covered British Platoon Halted for a Brief Rest in a French Village

THE recent successes of the British armies were based on discipline and teamwork. The individual recruit at first was averse to rigid discipline; but needless and appalling losses drilled into him the lesson that he must subordinate his individuality to his team unit.

The men of Great Britain and France cannot be blindly driven to the attack, as the Teuton forces are. The German military theory of unreasoning obedience is an effective one, as her victories of the first months of the war so fearfully demonstrated; but the Allied armies have now reached the more effective stage of reasoning obedience.

As iron in the furnace is converted into steel, so in the hell of battle have men learned that the individual there is less than an atom of importance, and that rigid discipline and cooperation alone can keep him alive and render him effective. Each new army added to the Allied forces has shown the same lack of discipline at first; and each in turn has learned its terrible lesson on the battlefield. The high commanders in the Allied armies have also learned much by experience; as the individual soldier has seen how absolutely powerless is a single man, so the commanders have found the danger of mass attacks.

In the present war the fate of armies depends more and more upon the small units and their leaders. In recent battles in France and Flanders, on an average it took the captain of an assaulting company fifty minutes to send a communication back to his battalion commander, and an equally long time for him to receive a reply. Since a battle emergency usually lasts only a few moments, it is evident that under such conditions the platoon and company commanders must act on their own responsibility.

In previous wars, when troops fought in masses, and the battlefield was consequently of small extent, the lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels and generals usually perceived an emergency simultaneously; and the commanding general gave orders that caused all the armies to respond in instant unison to the exigency.

America's national devotion to baseball and football, which has so often invited the ridicule of foreigners, may yet prove a most valuable asset for the new armies of the United States. The realization of the importance of teamwork has been ground into two generations of Americans, who have fought on the athletic fields or sat on the benches that surround them.

As a football team is composed of eleven men, divided into forwards and backs—and as a baseball team is made up of nine men, who belong to the outfield, infield or battery—so a British infantry team, numbering thirty-two men, is made up of riflemen, rifle grenadiers, bombers and Lewis gunners. This combination is called a platoon.

In the conduct of modern battles the army corps is the principal administrative unit, and the aëroplane squadron, the heavy artillery brigade and the infantry division are the three most important tactical units; but the infantry platoon is the unit of attack. It is the team that does the actual fighting under the leadership of its lieutenant, who is the team captain.

Studies in Teamwork

Its armament includes all the weapons and tools employed by infantry; so it is capable, without outside help, of defeating an equal number of the enemy under any conditions of terrain or climate.

Every member of the team, including the lieutenant, is an expert bayonet fighter and a qualified rifleman. In addition, each is a specialist in either sniping, rifle-grenade firing, bombing, or in handling the Lewis gun.

Thus every soldier is trained and rehearsed to play a definite and carefully planned part contributing toward the success of the team.

The platoon, like all military organizations, and indeed all teams, cannot attain a maximum of success except through iron-clad discipline. Its watchword should be: Discipline, Discipline, Discipline. Only the raw recruits scoff at discipline; the veteran clings to it as his one salvation from a useless and wasteful death. Six policemen can usually coerce a mob of a thousand men; but add discipline to that mob and the result is a battalion, within whose ranks its individual members can find safety from all attacks of any but the most overwhelming numbers.

The Canadian troops were ineffective and vulnerable when they first went to Europe because they did not sufficiently appreciate the value of rigid and punctilious discipline. To-day, having learned their lesson from experience, that most terrible of all teachers, they welcome the sternest discipline; and, since they combine with this the will to use the bayonet, they are now among the most effective troops in Europe.

Cold Steel at Close Quarters

To come to close quarters, where men can use the bayonet, constitutes the final and decisive stage in nearly every battle, and is, therefore, the ultimate aim of all preliminary strategy and tactics. The enemy cannot be conquered unless he is captured or driven from the field of battle; for experience has shown that he cannot be shot out of his trenches, and only flees or surrenders when the attacking infantry routs him out of his shelter with the cold steel.

When that supreme moment arrives the platoon must and should temporarily disintegrate into a collection of individual soldiers fighting single combats. It is at this conclusive moment when rifle and bayonet, which have always been and still are the infantryman's prime weapons, come into their own.

The new platoon organization carries the attack to close quarters, where conclusive victory can be won by killing or capturing the enemy troops and by taking possession of their positions.

The new platoon organization, cemented together by discipline, carries the soldier up to the parapet of the enemy trench, which he could never reach by any individual effort. Once he has arrived there his personal skill and bravery have full play as he valiantly and confidently attacks Hun after Hun, until the enemy garrison is terrified into surrender and resistance ceases.

When this has been accomplished the platoon reconstructs itself and proceeds to further conquests.

Nothing said hereafter about the new platoon should be interpreted as depreciating the rifle and bayonet. The sole purpose of the new platoon is to bring its members quickly and economically to close quarters with a demoralized enemy, in order that they may then exterminate him with the rifle and bayonet, in the use of which every man has been thoroughly trained before being permitted to commence the study of the specialties of bombing, rifle-grenade firing or Lewis gunning.

It is carefully impressed on all ranks of the British forces that the rifle and bayonet are and always will be the principal weapons of the infantryman, and that fighting units cannot become too expert in their use. Examples of their proper use are constantly brought to the soldier's attention.

A certain Australian, for instance, was granted the Victoria Cross not only because he performed a very gallant feat but also because the British General Staff desired to call attention to the fact that in so doing he had made a classic use of his rifle and bayonet.

A small enemy strong point, which lay in front of the trenches occupied by his platoon, had proved very troublesome. Artillery bombardments and other ordinary methods of attack had failed to silence it. When these had proved ineffective the Australian suggested that he be allowed to attempt a surprise attack single-handed.

The strong point was held by eight Germans, but their exact number was unknown to the Australian when he volunteered to attack them.

Though he belonged to the bombing squad of his platoon and was, therefore, a specialist in the use of that weapon, he, nevertheless, took with him no bombs, but relied solely on his rifle and bayonet, which is the correct procedure in offensive fighting at close quarters.

He climbed out of his trench and, aided and supported by the snipers, rifle grenadiers, bombers and Lewis guns of his own platoon, was able to creep unobserved within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy position. He was then so close to his objective that his own platoon was forced to cease fire for fear he might be hit.

An Amazing Exploit

Left entirely to his own resources he rose to his feet and charged toward the enemy, one of whom, being no longer kept under cover by the opposing fire, looked out toward the British lines to see what was going on. The German was startled by the sight of a single British soldier charging toward him and already within fifty yards. In his surprise he fired a single ineffective shot which, however, served to give the alarm to his comrades in the trenches behind him.

Though the Australian's one desire was to come to close quarters as quickly as possible he, nevertheless, realized that if he allowed the Germans to fire at him without retaliation they would be able to aim calmly and would certainly bring him down.

At the instant of the enemy's first shot he, therefore, stopped abruptly; and, before the one German in sight could aim again, he made a quick snapshot and hit the *Boche* between the eyes.

Spattered with his brains the other Germans, who at the sound of his shot had started to join him on the parapet, on seeing his fate hesitated just long enough to afford the Australian a moment in which to resume his rush. Taking full advantage of this pause he covered half the remaining distance before another German ventured to raise his head above the parapet.

The instant this second enemy appeared above ground the Australian tumbled him over with a bullet through the brain, and resumed his headlong charge before the remaining Germans could collect their wits. He reached their parapet, fired a third deadly shot as he leaped into their trench, and there killed the five now demoralized survivors with the cold steel.

Again aided by the protecting fire of his platoon, which covered his retreat, he returned unhurt to his own line.

The platoon organization, cemented together by discipline, gave him the opportunity for victory; but the victory itself was achieved by the will to use the bayonet.

The support of his platoon organization had enabled him to advance unmolested within fifty yards of his objective; but from that moment he was thrown on his own resources, and his agility, courage and skill in the use of the rifle and bayonet had enabled him to dispatch eight enemies and to win the coveted Victoria Cross.

The bayonet is still the decisive weapon in battle, just as it has been since man first fashioned an edged weapon. The will to use the bayonet shares equally with discipline the distinction of being the deciding factors in war.

Organizations cemented together by discipline carry the soldier safely through training, travel, marches and long months of trench holding to the moment of attack; and then through the advance to his objective, where the will to use the bayonet concludes the victory.

Making Bayonet Experts

When a sweeping charge crashes against a stubborn defense battalions and platoons momentarily disintegrate into individual warriors, thrown absolutely on their own resources. Each man is alone with his enemy.

Such an elemental moment may occur at any time in the life of an infantryman, and when it comes he often finds himself separated from eternity by less than the thickness of paper. In the narrow trench there is neither time nor space for shooting; each man must rely solely upon his bayonet. Upon his will to use it depends his chance to stave off defeat and death. It, therefore, behooves him, while still in the training camp, to prepare and rehearse himself, both in body and mind, for this ordeal, and to consider with all seriousness how he shall meet such a crisis.

With this purpose in view the infantryman of the British armies undergoes daily exercises in gymnastics and in bayonet fighting, to which he devotes a dozen hours a week.

He is forewarned of the sights and sensations of battles; he is made quicker than his enemy in mind and body; and he is trained to be an unconquerable bayonet fencer.

The actual use of the bayonet, though important, is not so vital a factor in deciding battles as the definite consciousness of the will and skill to handle it effectively; for therein lies the confidence of the soldier in himself. If he doubts his own ability to give a good account of himself at close quarters—if he dreads the cold steel—the fear of it slows up his pace in the advance and affects his accuracy of rifle fire long before he comes into physical contact with the enemy; whereas, if practice has given him confidence in his skill at fencing and thrusting, and his training has made him alert in mind and agile in body, his greatest desire will be to encounter an enemy face to face, where skill and courage alone decide the issue. He then feels far safer than

(Continued on Page 61)

Copyright 1917, by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

The Supreme Evidence

If any further proof were needed to establish the superiority of the Goodyear type of cord tire construction, certainly it is available now.

By means of this construction Goodyear has at last been able to bring to a successful development a thoroughly practical pneumatic truck tire.

What this signifies as evidence of the strength and efficiency of the Goodyear multi-cord principle, can be realized only in the knowledge of how fruitless have been previous efforts to build such a tire.

It is the literal truth that under the limitations of any other form of construction, experimentation has consistently been marked by complete or partial failure.

When we say that Goodyear has evolved a practical pneumatic cord tire for motor trucks, we do not mean that it is successful merely on light delivery wagons and converted pleasure cars.

We mean that on heavy, sinew-cracking duty, over all kinds of roads, this tire is handling the burdens of three-, four- and five-ton trucks with consummate ease and dispatch.

We mean that Goodyear Cord Tires are performing this sort of unsparing labor *now*—and to the profit and satisfaction of the men who are using them.

In more than 200 American cities, trucks equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires are serving to signal advantage *today*.

The tire that will stand up in truck service, triumphant under shock, strain and the hammer-and-anvil pummeling of road and load, will stand up on your pleasure car.

The principle of construction that combines the activity and brawn necessary to outgame such punishment, will deliver you superlative results in ordinary motor car use.

You can count on such superlative results—in mileage, comfort and freedom from trouble—from any Goodyear Cord Tire you buy.

You can count on this tire to yield up to you a measure of utility and value beyond that of any other you have used.

Goodyear Cord Tires are built differently from ordinary tires—they contain no canvas.

Instead, they are made from thousands of rubber-impregnated cords, light and strong, laid diagonally in layers one upon the other, without cross-weave.

The tire-structure thus formed is heavily treaded with fine-grained, wear-resisting rubber, in either the non-skid All-Weather or the easy-steering Ribbed Tread design.

The tire as a whole is quick, vigorous and athletic in action—it travels easily, with the utmost comfort.

Being tremendously strong Goodyear Cord Tires last long and wear stubbornly and slow.

Being extremely resilient, they escape trouble, reduce engine effort, save gasoline, and increase speed.

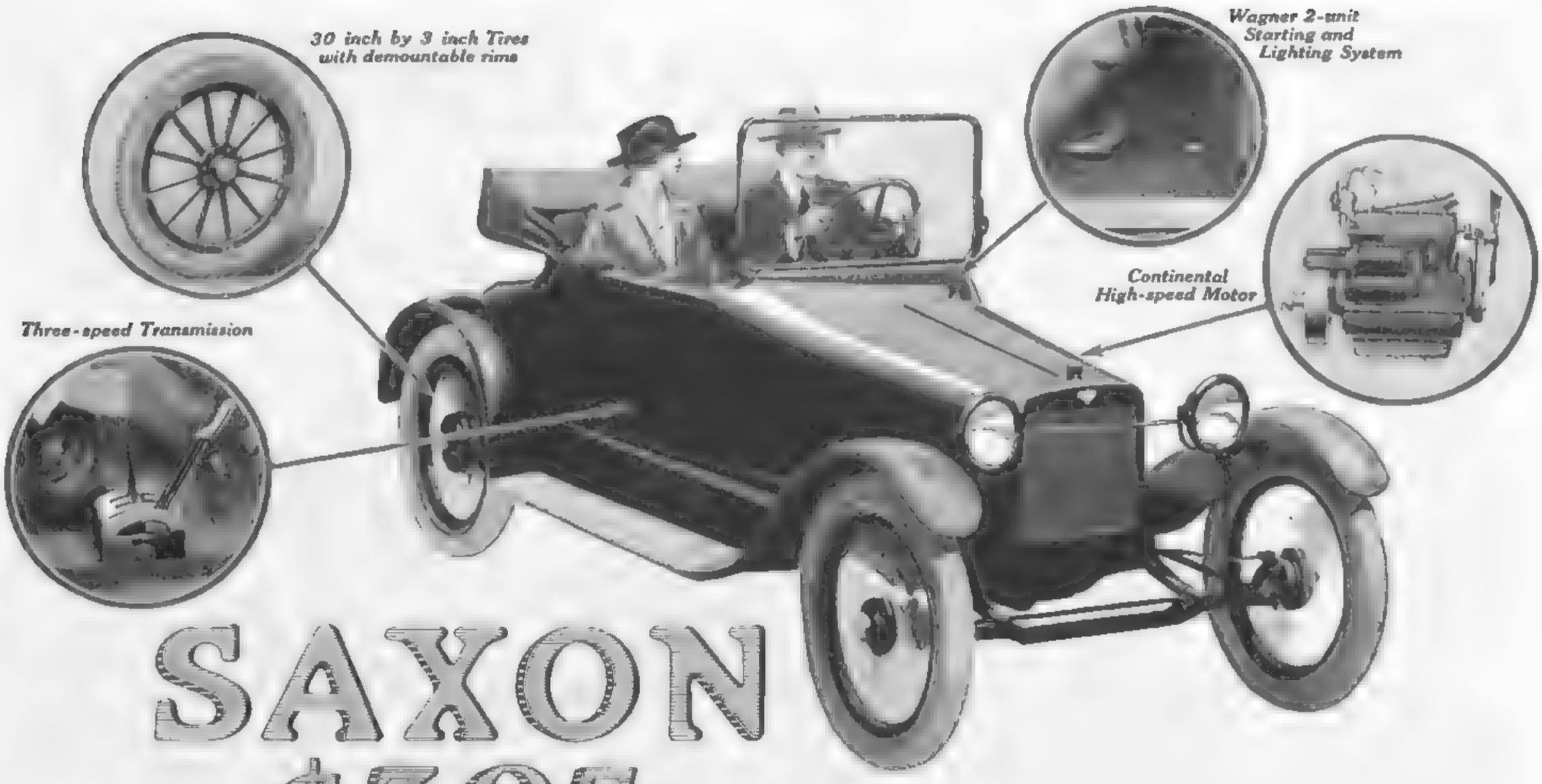
They are very economical tires—and mile for mile they cost you less to use.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES



$395 Buys Saxon Roadster
Greatest Automobile Value Ever Offered

Electric starting and lighting system, Wagner two-unit type.
Demountable rims.
30 inch by 3 inch tires.
Hyatt Quiet bearings.
High-speed Saxon-Continental motor.
Schebler carburetor.
3-speed transmission.
Dry plate clutch.
Streamline body.
Fedders honeycomb radiator.
Atwater-Kent ignition.
Extra long vanadium steel springs, cantilever type.

Never has there been an automobile value that can compare to this. Just stop and figure up all that you get for $395.

First and foremost, it buys a car with a 2-unit electric starting and lighting system. No more bother, no more danger of hurting your arm, no more labor cranking by hand.

Simply step on a button placed for your right heel and your motor is running. Simply turn a little switch and your lights are shining.

This Saxon Roadster at $395 has a high-speed Continental motor. It is a motor of unusual power, smoothness, quietness, flexibility, operative economy, and coolness under all conditions.

The wheels have demountable rims. So it is an easy matter to change tires. And the tires are 30 by 3 inch.

Saxon Roadster has a 3-speed transmission. It is the lowest priced car with 3-speed transmission.

And you know how far superior a 3-speed transmission is to the planetary or 2-speed transmission.

The 3-speed transmission gives you far more speed on less power. It gives 25% swifter pick-up. And it protects the motor from over-heating and over-working because the proper speed can be maintained under all road conditions.

In addition to these features Saxon Roadster has the famous Hyatt Quiet bearings; a streamline body of racy smartness; Fedders honeycomb radiator that insures constant coolness to your motor; Atwater-Kent ignition system; cantilever type vanadium steel springs of extra length; electric horn; extra tire carrier; speedometer; adjustable pedals; ventilating windshield; dry plate clutch; gasoline gauge on dash; new style top with Grecian rear bow, and one-man rubber top and top cover.

In short, Saxon Roadster is a completely equipped car down to the last detail.

And it sells for $395. That is a clear $240 less than any other completely equipped car.

Buy your Saxon Roadster now. Buy it while the price stands at $395. Come and do it now.

35 Miles Per Gallon

Two Saxon Roadster owners drove 835 miles without stopping, over the worst roads in Canada, and averaged 35 miles per gallon.

.97 of a Cent Per Mile for Fuel

Another couple drove a Saxon Roadster from DuBois, Penn., to San Francisco in 21 days, covering 3600 miles, and the total fuel cost was $34 95.

Two other Saxon Roadster owners drove from Tiffin, Ohio, to Los Angeles at a total expense for gasoline, oil, and incidentals of $38 60

Note these letters from other Saxon Roadster owners

9000 Miles of Satisfaction

"The service I have had with my Saxon Roadster is the best ever. It simply can't be beat for the money. Have run it 9000 miles, and I am perfectly satisfied. The next car I buy will be a Saxon."—W. A. Sawyer, Silver Creek, N. Y.

Operates at Street Car Fare Cost

"I have driven my Saxon Roadster every day in all kinds of weather, as I am an outside salesman covering the city and country. I have had no trouble with the car and it runs perfectly. Saxon Roadster has increased my sales as well as improved my health. Careful records of the operating cost prove that it cost me no more to ride in a Saxon Roadster than it did to ride in slow, stuffy street cars."—Val. B. Holman, Detroit, Mich.

Calls It Ideal Car

"I have driven my Saxon Roadster every day, in rain, sleet and snow, since June 12, 1915, and each day I become more attached to it. To my mind there is no other car like the Saxon. Speed—good looks—economy—reliability—combine to make it the ideal car."—R. A. McClelland, Richmond, Ind. (211)

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

(Continued from Page 57)

at a distance, where an accidental bullet or fragment of shrapnel may take him unawares.

The courses of training of the platoon are conducted by sergeants who have been graduated from a normal school of bayonet fencing. The instructor lays out complete trench systems and mans them with dummy Germans, which he teaches his pupils to attack. The soldiers are repeatedly made to rehearse every detail of an assault. They march across an imitation No Man's Land, reach the enemy trenches, and bayonet with dispatch and efficiency the dummy Huns, who man the machine-gun emplacements and dugouts, until the mock attack eventually ends in the capture of all the enemy trenches.

The sergeant in charge precedes each exercise by a lecture. He is usually an imaginative man of fluent but unrefined speech, who is not only a graduate of a bayonet-fighting school but also a veteran of many battles. From his own experience he tells the recruits exactly what battles are like, so that they may not be taken by surprise when they face the reality. He not only explains these experiences verbally but acts them, illustrating each sentence with his body and bayonet.

Half a hundred recruits gather round him, each holding his rifle, with bayonet fixed. The instructor begins his discourse quietly, laying down his premises somewhat as follows:

"Th' bayonet is not a pocketknife or a tool. It is not made to chop firewood or to toast bread. It is the most effective weapon of war; and it is meant to kill Germans with.

"The only way to win a battle is by 'ard fightin'. Yer never get anythin' for nothin'—in war or anywhere else; so don't be afraid of losses.

"When yer go to the Front yer want to do it with the idea of seekin' 'ard fights—under favorable conditions if possible; but, favorable or unfavorable, make 'em rough! Get close to yer enemy. Look for 'im; get 'im into a corner of the ring, so to speak; and then mix it up. Rough 'im! Give 'im 'ell!

"Yer must 'ave this idea firmly fixed in yer head when ye're about to take part in yer first attack. Yer will be in the trenches, waitin', and not knowin' exactly when the zero hour is to be. Yer may wait like that for several days, with a most particular 'ell of a bombardment going on all about yer; some of it comin' at yer, but most of it movin' toward the *Boches*, preparin' the way for yer by bustin' up his wire and destroyin' his trenches."

A Red-Hot Lecture

"And then, while the bombardment is still goin' on as 'ard as ever, word comes that ye're to go over the top at such and such a minute.

"As the hour approaches the officers keep lookin' at their wrist watches, and the time don't seem to go very fast. Be a man! Don't begin thinkin' of 'ome; but think what the Germans are tryin' to do to the worl'! Think of what they'll do to yer if they get yer down.

"Think of their baby killin' and their Belgian slaves and their Armenian massacres, and their burnin' and pillagin'; and be damn thankful that yer have got a chance to do something toward stoppin' all that kind of thuggery for good an' all.

"Don't stand with yer knees shakin' and yer eyes quiverin'; but grind your teeth and think of the way they're makin' people suffer everywhere with their *Kultur* and their 'Me und Gott!'

"And so, about a minute before the time to go, yer wants to say to yerself: 'The time has come for me to do my bit. It's goin' to be a rough party; but I'm goin' to make it a damn sight rougher for the *Boche* than for me!'

"So, with yer teeth grittin', yer eyes poppin' out, yer 'air standin' on end, and yer bayonet fixed, ye're ready to go over the top when the time comes and the order is given.

"And when she comes don't wait a secon' for yer chums on the right or left, but clamber over the top, and all go at once, like a British lion after 'is grub."

By this time the recruits are enthralled by the words of the veteran sergeant, who has gradually worked himself up into a state of rage and feels himself actually starting across No Man's Land. His teeth are gritting; his hair is on end. He pauses; and the silence is heavy.

"Drills, theories, textbooks, maneuvers are all right in their way; but the bayonet is the thing that wins the battles. And the soldier who does the winnin' is generally a sweaty one, with 'is sleeves rolled up, mud on 'is face and blood in 'is eye.

"Th' order comes. Over yer go! Ye're absolutely goin' mad. Yer have yer objective and make straight for it, searchin' the ground on the way. Yer may be got by a sniper and the 'Un's shrapnel will be singin' all round yer, but don't wait for anybody else to start puttin' 'Uns out of their misery. Yer may come across a 'ungry 'Un, about seven-foot-six high, waitin' for yer in a shell 'ole or round a machine gun. Fly strite for 'im! Don't tickle 'im with yer bayonet but shove it into 'im—point, barrel, left 'and, right 'and, and even butt—right through 'is guts!"

The Sergeant's Climax

"Now ye've got it in ye've got to pull it out. So put a little more than 'uman force be'ind it—out it comes! And when that's done don't tarry and think of writin' a letter 'ome about it. Yer ain't done yet. That's only yer first 'Un; and yer goes for another, always lookin' round and havin' in mind yer objective, accordin' to orders. If yer sees a 'Un 'idin', pounce on 'im like a bally tiger and carry out the same ole program. There's a 'ell of a lot of noise goin' on; but don't stop, for if yer stops ye'll get no mercy; and the mercy yer wants to give the 'Un is yer little bit of steel, as far into 'im as yer can stick it. If yer can't use a bayonet yer might just as well fall down a drainpipe and get off the earth.

"And if the 'Un gets yer, yer won't be buried with music, and all that. Oh, no! First, he'll pick yer pockets, take away any little thing yer 'ave worth tikin'; and then yer body goes to the ovens, where they'll cook yer, and use yer fat to make nitroglycerin and oleomargarine out of! It's bally awful; but that's what 'appens.

"So yer wants to show the fightin' spirit; and there's no fightin' spirit in a snail. Keep yer 'air on end, and always 'ave yer teeth grindin', and stay mad! And when yer sees the 'Uns runnin', as yer often will, chase 'em madder than when yer first started!"

The last order is delivered in stentorian tones, as the instructor enacts everything he describes, meantime making terrible grimaces.

Every recruit has gripped his gun; every man's eyes are "poppin'"; and it is evident that the energetic sergeant has made a great impression on the green men.

He then musters them to the trenched field, with its dummy Germans; and there they take their place in "our" front-line trench, awaiting the word Go! When it is given by the sergeant, away they start, charging across the copy of No Man's Land, springing into trenches, plunging their bayonets into bags, dodging round traverses, and popping the most effective weapon of war through sacks and out the other side. Not one of them pauses—not even when they find themselves, at the end, suddenly confronted by a six-foot jump.

They do the course once, twice, a dozen times, led by the professionally infuriated corporal, who gives speed and energy to the mimic charge, yelling furiously when he thinks a man's a bit slow:

"That sack's a 'Un. Kill 'im! Don't slap 'im in the ribs, or yer nime's fat. Be mad!"

The British infantry company has a paper strength of about two hundred and fifty officers and men; but temporary subtractions for sickness, for absence, for wounds and for detached service as scouts, runners, signalers, pigeon flyers, ammunition carriers, moppers-up, salvage men, and so on, invariably reduces this number, so that a company almost never goes into battle with more than one hundred and sixty combatants. This makes it possible to organize each company into four platoons of about thirty-five men each, besides leaving a reserve company of some twenty men.

The most effective size for a fighting platoon has been determined by the test and trial of actual war conditions, and is limited by the maximum number that one lieutenant can personally command in battle; for it has repeatedly been demonstrated that men will not fight to the best of their ability unless an officer is present to lead them.

In the present conditions of warfare a lieutenant, even with the assistance of two good sergeants, cannot personally lead more than thirty or thirty-five men. It, therefore, becomes evident that in battle the most effective infantry platoon is one comprising about this number; and in actual combat a British platoon is usually organized on a basis of thirty-two men, two sergeants and one lieutenant, though its paper strength is always more than fifty. As has already been stated, the excess is needed to replace casualties and to furnish battalion signalers; carriers of tools, bombs, grenades, ammunition, barbed wire, instruments, flares, stretchers and signaling flags.

The Lesson of Arras

Since the beginning of the present war the British platoon has been reorganized according to a principle which has no precedent in history, but which is, nevertheless, so effective that it is said to have been largely responsible for the great victories of Arras and Messines.

This new platoon organization is based upon a revised estimate of the value of the Lewis gun and similar automatic rifles, it having been found that a single Lewis gun gives a fire effect superior to that of an entire platoon of thirty-two riflemen. There are many reasons for this superiority; only a few need be mentioned here.

In battle the enemy seldom exposes himself for more than a few seconds at a time. If he is to be effectively punished at such moments a heavy fire must be promptly opened upon him. But thirty-two different men will not, as a rule, all see one target at the same instant; nor amid the din of battle can an officer indicate it to every one of them before it shall have disappeared.

Moreover, even a good rifleman cannot, on the average, fire more than one well-aimed shot each five seconds. But, even under the very best conditions, no platoon of riflemen would ever be able to achieve the theoretical perfection of thirty-two shots in that length of time. This ideal result is practically unattainable, even under the most favorable circumstances. A Lewis gun, by contrast, is loaded with a drum containing forty-seven shots, and this entire charge can be effectively fired by one man under almost any condition in five or six seconds, thus giving a sudden annihilating burst of fire.

The Deadly Lewis Gun

Experience has shown that when engaged in active battle a platoon of riflemen which has once been deployed into a line facing the enemy, so they may all see to fire upon him, cannot subsequently be reassembled and deployed in a new direction without exposing itself to prohibitive casualties. Under no condition can it change place quickly, since a full platoon deployed on a firing line covers a front about forty yards wide, and a change of position requires the outlying men to move some thirty or forty yards. The operator of a Lewis gun, on the other hand, can turn his sheaf of bullets as quickly as a fireman can direct the stream from his hose.

The total fire effect of a platoon of riflemen is no better than that of the average excellence of the marksmen who compose it; while a Lewis gun, operated by picked shots, has an average effect greater than that of a whole platoon of riflemen, though it is in itself less accurate than a rifle.

Again, the fire volume of a platoon of riflemen decreases in proportion to the number of casualties; for if half the marksmen are hit the fire volume is then reduced fifty per cent. But in the new British platoon, where there are eight Lewis gunners to each gun, only two of them are exposed at one time, while the remaining six take shelter and lie in reserve, so that if one of the original gunners is hit he can immediately be replaced.

Thus, before the volume of fire from a Lewis gun can be definitely shut off, four successive teams of gunners would have to be put out of action.

To obtain the full fire effect of a platoon, thirty-two individuals, who must be considered as national assets, are, all at one time, exposed to the fire of the enemy; who is, moreover, certain to perceive them more quickly because of their greater number. To obtain the fire effect of a Lewis only two men—the gunner and the loader—are exposed to danger; and they are less likely to be noticed by the enemy, because two men can keep cover where thirty-two cannot.

Since, for these reasons, a Lewis gun gives a result superior to that which would be obtained if all four squads of the platoon used rifles; and as it has been proved by the experience of actual warfare to give a fire effect amply sufficient for the needs of the platoon; and since it can be operated and kept in action under almost any conditions by the eight men of one squad—the three remaining squads are consequently free to devote themselves to duties other than that of obtaining fire effect.

The fire of a Lewis gun, like the fire of a platoon of riflemen, cannot, of course, injure the enemy once he has taken shelter in the trenches; and, therefore, the three squads left over after the selection of the Lewis-gun operators are armed and trained to deal with him in this contingency.

One of these three squads is armed with rifle grenades, which have a range of several hundred yards and are especially effective against the enemy in trenches. They are about as deadly as the field artillery shells used in our Civil War.

The second squad specializes in the use of the rifle, in order to deal effectively with enemy snipers, particularly in saps and other positions outlying his main defenses.

The third squad is armed with bombs, which weigh about a pound and a half each, and which can be thrown to a distance of fifty yards. The bomb most

(Concluded on Page 64)

BRITISH OFFICIAL PICTURE

Members of a Platoon Occupying a Concrete Stronghold in the Hindenburg Line

The Brunswick

"We Chose The Brunswick —Our Reasons Why"

". . . . . chiefly because it plays all records. That feature is the most important of all.

"Of course we had to be convinced on tone. And we were. The all-wood sound chamber is built like a violin. The tone is soft and natural—never metallic nor harsh.

"And we liked the nature-way tone control. It diminishes or expands the volume like the human throat.

"We wanted many Pathé Records among our collections. Brunswick makes it possible.

"These and other Brunswick features commanded our admiration when we went from shop to shop making comparisons. Finally in our own home we compared The Brunswick with another.

"The Brunswick won. Not only by our own choice but upon the advice of friends.

"And now we're all glad we chose The Brunswick."

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Chicago San Francisco New York Cincinnati

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico, France

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 80 York St., Toronto

DEALERS: Write for our profitable plan with all the sales details

Phonograph

Plays All Records Any Make

Yet Costs No More

With each Brunswick comes two reproducers. Use any needle, play any record.

One reproducer is for the world-famous Pathé Records. Pathé, as you know, is one of the greatest record makers. Some of the foremost singers and musicians perform exclusively for Pathé. Not only American artists, but the famed ones of Europe.

It does not take a trained ear to appreciate the superiority of The Brunswick. Once you hear this instrument you'll have a new appreciation of phonographic art.

For 75 years The House of Brunswick has been pre-eminent in fine cabinet work. For the past few years one group of Brunswick craftsmen have made phonograph cases.

Hear it today—before you decide on any instrument. Have it sent to your home for tone demonstration. Note also the price advantage. Then judge. You will be glad you chose a Brunswick.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Chicago San Francisco New York Cincinnati

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico, France

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 80 York St., Toronto

DEALERS: Write for our profitable plan with all the sales details

(Concluded from Page 61)

employed by the Allies is known as the Mills' Hand Grenade. It is a comparatively new weapon, and there was for a time a tendency to overestimate its value and to use it too often as a substitute for the rifle and bayonet.

Attacks over the open with rifle and bayonet, when vigorously pushed home, will always succeed in making progress if the cooperation between infantry and artillery is good. On the other hand, bombing attacks along trenches, however well supported by artillery, will never succeed in making much progress. It may be taken for granted that, once an attack has degenerated into the bombing stage, the operation will soon be brought to a standstill.

There are, however, during an assault, three duties for which bombers are required, and for which they need to be carefully trained. They must assist the "moppers-up" to clear out and capture the garrisons in the enemy trenches already passed over by the assaulting wave, so that they shall not be fired upon from the rear. They must also assist the riflemen in holding the captured positions by repulsing counter bombing attacks of the enemy. After the objective has been attained it is their duty to assist the advancing forces to get in touch with their allied units on the flanks. This is done by clearing out any enemy who may hold any isolated positions intervening between the two allied units.

Since the infantry platoon is the fighting team that carries the soldiers to the point of contact with the enemy, and since the lieutenant is responsible for its effectiveness, no discussion of the platoon is complete that does not conclude with a description of its leader and the qualifications most valuable in such an officer.

It has been said that the present conflict is a lieutenant's war; and, therefore, in the British forces the platoon leaders are selected from the whole army for their intelligence, courage and ability to lead men, and are not only taught to fill any one of the various positions in the teamwork but they must also possess the inborn gift of teaching others.

Each lieutenant is required to train his little band of followers when in camp, to care for their bodily comforts in the field, and to lead them in battle. He is teacher, father and master to his men. He is *deus ex machina*.

Though there has never been a war in which organizations and complicated scientific equipment have played such a tremendous part, yet, at the same time, there has never—since the Middle Ages—been an epoch when inspiring leadership of small bands of men has counted for so much.

The lieutenant is expected to be the bravest, most cheerful and most self-sacrificing individual in the platoon he commands. Most of these officers are very young men, who two years ago were boys at schools like Eton or Rugby, but who to-day are veterans, with war records replete with splendid courage and self-sacrifice.

All along the line of actual conflict between the opposing armies little bands of warriors are now led much as the knights of old led their followers. When in the battle-front each band is so isolated by the conditions of the conflict, and by an ever-watchful enemy, that it often loses touch with everything in the world except the platoons upon its right and left. Food and water, to sustain life, and ammunition with which to carry on the fight come to it at intervals from the dim rear.

Four things are demanded of a lieutenant:

1. He must train his own platoon. Formerly, when a company contained only sixty or eighty men, a captain could efficiently drill them all; but as a company now numbers two hundred and fifty men, it is impossible for the captain to train so many; and, therefore, that duty devolves upon the lieutenants.

2. By maintaining the strictest discipline he must bring them well and safe through the route marches and trench holding that lead up to an attack; and then must carry them at a steady walk to within fifty yards of the enemy infantry before giving the final order, which culminates in the conclusive charge with the rifle and bayonet.

3. When the decisive moment arrives he must inspire his men by the example of his own bravery. He himself carries a rifle and bayonet, and is expected to do more fighting and kill more Huns than any other man in the platoon.

4. The objective and its enemy defenders having been conquered, he must reconstruct the platoon, which has temporarily disintegrated into a fighting mob, and then proceed to the attack of the next objective.

A definite idea of the high standard a platoon commander is expected to attain may be gathered from the following list of orders embodied in the instructions that were issued before the battle of Arras to platoon commanders by the British General Staff:

"He can gain the confidence of his men:

"*a*. By being the best man at arms in the platoon, or trying to be so;

"*b*. By being quick to act, taking real command on all occasions, issuing clear orders, and not forgetting to see them carried out;

"*c*. By being himself well turned out, punctual and cheery, even under adverse circumstances;

"*d*. By enforcing strict discipline at all times. This must be a willing discipline, not a sulky one. Be just, but do not be soft—men despise softness;

"*e*. By recognizing a good effort, even if it is not really successful. A word of praise, when deserved, produces better results than incessant faultfinding;

"*f*. By looking after his men's comfort before his own, and never sparing himself;

"*g*. By demanding a high standard on all occasions and never resting content with what he 'takes over,' be it on the battlefield or in billets. Everything is capable of improvement, from information on the battlefield down to latrines and washing places in billets;

"*h*. By being bloodthirsty and ever thinking how to kill the enemy, and helping his men to do so."

The platoon commander should be the proudest man in the army. He is commander of the unit in the attack! He is the only commander who can know intimately the capabilities of each man under him.

He can, if he is so disposed, establish an esprit de platoon that will be hard to equal in any other formation.

OUR NEW NAVY—By Fitzhugh Green

IN DECEMBER, 1910, I discussed the German situation with an English naval officer. "We have recalled the Mediterranean fleet," he said. "We are lying here in Weymouth ready for anything: Full steam at six hours, service ammunition at the guns, and war watches set."

"But the Germans," I ventured; "what do you honestly think of them?"

"Well, they're Germans!" His look explained what he meant. "They have an army. If something doesn't happen pretty soon they're going to have a navy. Their latest dreadnoughts equal ours in armament and speed."

He launched into a long technical comparison of guns, torpedoes, armor and turbines. Though a divisional officer in command of a hundred men, flesh and blood munitions of war, war itself to his mind connoted steel, coal and lyddite. His self-confidence was almost smug.

The next week I was in Paris. At a near table of a corner café sat three young Teutons. Reiteration of *Kriegspiel* and *Kürfürst* drew my attention to their flushed faces and heated words. They were viciously frank.

"Losses grip the people and anger them. Anger is strength," one declared.

"Then sacrifice, Mein Herr, but let her be well manned," admitted another.

Discipline was the gist of their conversation. They knew guns and powder seemed to take them for granted. Krupp and Von Tirpitz could look out for logistics and search curves. The great unfinished task and unsolved problem before every German was to train the people, to rehearse soldiers, sailors and civilians alike for cruel raw war, until every detonation and command had its mental and physical reaction in the German race; until for every individual stroke of the enemy there was a German counterstroke, spontaneous and effective.

The Safety Valve

Four years later the test came, men against material. The U-29 fell in with three British cruisers, wounded one and waited. H. M. S. Hogue turned to aid her stricken sister. Weddigen cut loose his second torpedo and hit. Without hesitation Captain Johnson, of the Cressy, came about and lowered boats. He had a swift ship and good guns. His crew were brave men. But the finality of war they had yet to learn. Mathematics of casualty lists was Greek to them. From coal heaver to captain their untrained impulse was to help the dying. Greater gain to the nation by saving themselves and their ship—greatest good to the greatest number was a military maxim not yet ingrained in their peace-perfect navy.

Sixty years ago punishment in the American Navy was a matter of inflicted pain. It was no uncommon thing for a man to receive scores of lashes for a minor offense. If he fell unconscious the dose was finished next day. Lincoln describes a steam box in which men were confined and sweated until their toenails dropped off. Thumb-hanging and ear-splitting could wring obedience from the surliest lad. "Makes 'em tough!" said old Porter in defense of his truculent henchman. He wanted men who could repel boarders with insensate fury and brutish strength that only the harshest physical discipline could instill.

Boarders have gone out. Battle ranges have run to fifteen miles and more. Away on the horizon plows a drab column of gray giants, swift and terrible. As the distance dwarfs their size, so has development made relatively puny the physical characteristics of the lash-scarred man-of-war's man.

He is a new type in the world, this mechanical jack-tar, thin but sinewy, quiet but keen. In 1910 my English friend all England—undervalued him. German thoroughness knew he was there, hidden, unattained, enigmatical. Their system sought and found him first. The British captains maneuvered on impulse and lost their ships. Weddigen waited—and won.

Discipline is the greatest problem in the United States to-day. In our Navy its importance is paramount. We have money, ships, food, guns, armor and engines. We concede efficiency to our leaders, willingness and courage to our men. There remains this task: Shape the man!

Common order is easy. Old coarse methods have, like the antiquated pillory and stock, been replaced by standardized punishments, potent, accurate and humane. "Man thinks" is the hypothesis of modern battleship discipline. The bluejacket's body is cared for like an athlete's; his spirit is nursed and guarded as is the life of a millionaire's baby. Ten days of solitary confinement on bread and water do not injure physically; mentally they are ten times that in lashes. A month's pay lost is a healthful experience for the candy-gorging youth. His unsated craving for sweets is painful as the rack. Handling delinquents is the least of our troubles.

It's the rehearsing that is the hard part. Day after day, week after week, of rigid drill and relentless, wearing training and routine. Monotonously mechanical are the periods, all in yards and tons and seconds. Men tire; brains slacken. But we dare not tire or slacken—and just there comes discipline.

For a charge, drum and shout will do; for a squall—reef and smother—cat-o'-nine-tails drove men leaping into the shrouds. So infinitely more delicate a task is it to keep men contented, cheerful, enthusiastic, eager, that no officer in the fleet is there but fills the long night watches with scheming how to inspire his men and goad them to more persistent effort.

What is it that drives men? Self-preservation, pride, vanity and greed. All combine and crop out in one motive: Rivalry. Since Ninety-eight our new Navy has harnessed man's competitive instinct to replace all the tortures of pirate punishments and to do the work of ten thousand officers.

Navy life has become a great game. Regulations are the ground rules. Decks are no longer sanded for blood, but the barbarous lusts are still there and must be blown. Competition is the valve.

The Fight for the Meat-Ball

What do they play for? Ask me what they fight for. Hits-per-gun-per-minute, tons-per-horse-power-hour, inches of a whaleboat's nose over the finish line—those are the drops of blood that redden our decks to-day and will some day drip from the heart of an enemy.

Sports go strong. Every ship has its race boat's crew, football and baseball teams and boxing champions. Men must play or their work will suffer. But it is the gunnery game that counts. From captain down to the lowliest stoker it's the hits-per-gun-per-minute that takes form in the throb of the pounding screws or the lappety-pat-pat of gale-snapped halyards. The spirit must be there to win, for no longer can the brilliance of a captain or the toil of a resourceful engineer alone put a ship to the top notch of the Navy. Cooperation is the keynote of successful competition where large numbers of men are involved.

But how is this competition gained when there can be no bonus? From what can spirit be born when the game is played every day in the year, and patriotic duty is only the emblem of monotonous routine?

Suppose you were a recruit just come aboard a smart ship. First thing happens to you is a bath and fumigation, followed by clean clothes from skin out. Happens is the word; they come with too much suddenness to seem more than an accident. Fifteen hundred men cooped up on board a man-of-war, busy the day through and standing by for a call on every muscle and nerve and wit they have, must not be exposed to epidemic.

Next day you learn. Not oars or compasses or signals; not even guns. But you have it ground into your very soul what means this tidy monster, with her gaping muzzles and writhing basket masts.

"Here's the Knox Trophy," says your guide, a man detailed for the work. "We won it last fall—racing cutters at three miles. That's the football cup; yes, there in the glass case. . . . New York Navy Yard schedule. 'Those sheets of curves?' Sure they're for us. Show what we've done in the steaming competition for this year.

"But say, look at this!" He drags you on deck and points with a thick finger at the masthead. "See that red pennant with the black center? That's the good old Meat-Ball, the Gunnery Pennant. Won it two years straight; fourteen-inch, five-inch and torpedoes. Whole fleet scrappin' for it. Say, man, you oughta seen us make a sieve out of that target! Turrets, ten-gun salvos—ten thunderin' volcanoes. Old bucket heaves like she's drunk or been torpedoed. Then comes the real fireworks, the torpedo-defense practice at night. Searchlights like white ribbons in the blackness, clean to the edge of things. Target jumps into it—might as well be a destroyer, water line and all. Crash! Bang! Whole bloomin' side busts loose together, tracers in the shells like Roman candles. . . . Say, bo, you are lucky to catch this bucket! Ain't another like her in the fleet!"

You would find it on any ship, from the flags down to the dirty subs, from the hot destroyers down to the mine-laying spit-kits, this spirit of "They can't touch us" or "We'll get 'em yet!" Right down into the divisions it works. Divisions, you know, are like companies of a regiment, about one hundred men. On a battleship there is a division for each of the five or six turrets and both broadsides.

Recent naval engagements have demonstrated the value of splinter bulkheads, thin armor walls dividing the gun deck into a number of compartments—padded cells, the jacky calls them. Thus may a bursting shell do a minimum of damage. Even more important, particularly in peace-times, is the opportunity afforded to isolate divisions of men from one another. Not all day, for they must work on deck and in boats. But at "bean" times and through recreation hours divisions may congregate, each in its own clubroom as it were, and

(Concluded on Page 67)

She didn't want to be a Little Girl!

DEAR, funny, lovable little Bab—the "Sub Deb"—with her "plited" troth and faithless lover—that $1000 yearly allowance which "just melted away"—her escapades with the car bought without the family's knowledge. Then the *burglar!*

Poor Bab tumbled into mischief and out again—into seething romance—into tragic troubles—head over heels. It's a delicious story. Millions have read it. Now Paramount and Marguerite Clark have *brought Bab to life on the screen.*

As in "Miss George Washington," "Snow White," "The Amazons," "Wildflower," "The Goose Girl," "Still Waters," "The Prince and the Pauper," Marguerite Clark proves anew her title, "The sweetest girl on the screen." Marguerite Clark is only *one* of *many* Paramount stars, and "Bab's Burglar," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is only *one* of *many*

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures were the first feature motion pictures ever made. In five years of progressive leadership, Paramount has built a library of motion picture classics—not one star or ten, but a hundred—commencing with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—who under the Paramount banner have achieved their finest success. All of these great pictures are still available.

Paramount visualizes the plays and books of the past and present. More than a million followers of Paramount Pictures, in thousands of theatres in two hemispheres, daily renew acquaintance with the famous places and characters of classic and contemporary literature. Paramount Pictures preserve indelibly for all generations the world's greatest stories and plays, acted by the leading artists.

A *few* of the most recent Paramount Pictures now being shown in the country's leading theatres are Billie Burke in "The Mysterious Miss Terry," by Gelett Burgess; Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in "The Varmint," by Owen Johnson; Sessue Hayakawa in "Hashimura Togo," by Wallace Irwin; Vivian Martin in "Little Miss Optimist," George Beban in "Lost in Transit," Fannie Ward in "On the Level," Mme. Petrova in "Exile" and Pauline Frederick in "Double-crossed."

Ask the manager of the motion picture theatre nearest your home to book Paramount Pictures.

Send us coupon herewith for a sample copy of our illustrated magazine, "Picture Progress." Mailed free on request.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
485 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me free a sample copy of your magazine, "Picture Progress."

Name

Address

Paramount Pictures Corporation
FOUR EIGHTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-FIRST ST.
NEW YORK

Controlled by **Famous Players-Lasky Corporation**

Adolph Zukor, *Pres.* Jesse L. Lasky, *Vice-Pres.* Cecil B. DeMille, *Director-General*

Blind as the Czar

The Czar rushed back from the front and found he had no throne.

A business man rushed to a fire and found he had no business.

Both men blind—blind to dangers they had been constantly warned against.

Forget the Czar, and think about the warnings the business man had:

1st—Newspapers, nearly every issue, telling him of burned-up businesses—*all kinds* of businesses.

2d—His insurance rates high—sky-high, warning him of his own danger.

3d—Grinnell advertisements—lots of them—warning him that he would be a loser even if the insurance companies paid him *double* what he is entitled to.

Why wouldn't he see?

1st—Trusted to luck. He had a "hunch" the fire wouldn't amount to much even if it did come.

2d—Human nature. Like everybody else he ducked the ugly, disagreeable facts.

His one valid excuse was *inexperience*. He was innocent as a child of fire-hazards lurking all about the place, for the only fire-hazards he knew anything about were those his mother had taught him to fear as a child. Therefore, he couldn't see why Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers should be put on guard all over his building to keep him from burning up.

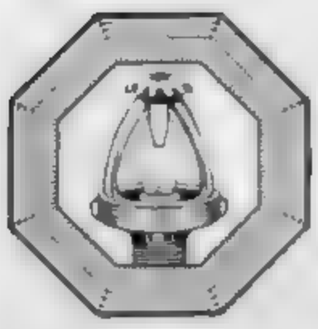
Where he got sidetracked

Therefore, he looked at a Grinnell System only as something to cut the cost of his insurance 40 to 90 per cent.

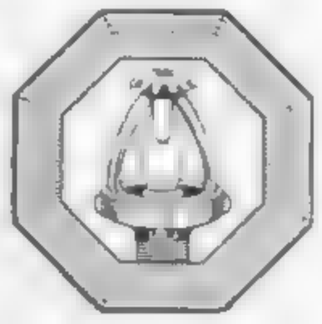
While it would pay 15 or 20 per cent. on its cost, the outlay required was considerable, and just then his working-capital happened to be tied up. He put it off a while—and forgot it!

Write us today for the Grinnell Exemption Blank. We can then tell you in a general way whether you have a sprinkler proposition or not.

Don't delay. Procrastination is mist on the spectacles of Foresight. Don't let it blur *your* vision, for foresight today means profit and safety tomorrow, instead of your business in ashes. Address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.



GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
The Factory-Assembled System



(Concluded from Page 64)

hatch plans to assassinate some gun record or other.

This may appear to combat unified ship's spirit. But it is by interdivisional races that material for a ship's crew is developed. It is through extraordinary efforts to win the ship's weekly loading competition between turrets that, when target practice comes, the vessel's time for a run cuts whole seconds off the fleet record.

Occasionally this thing is carried too far. Safety precautions forbid next charge of powder to be exposed until the gun has been fired and its bore reported clear. A few years ago in our Navy and recently in the British Fleet this rule was neglected in the desire to shorten loading time. Results were dreadful. A turret exploded, killing eighteen men and wounding thirty. In one instance abroad the whole ship blew up.

Another case is on record of a sudden and inexplicable musical rivalry appearing on board a battleship. Divisions forsook the ship's minstrels to arrange and produce such a series of histrionic extravaganzas in their compartments as might have shocked old Ziegfeld himself. Collections were made daily for phonographs, music boxes, pianos and accordions. It is said that on a hot evening, all ports open, that man-of-war sounded like a floating Coney Island.

At target practice all perishable articles must be stowed in a storeroom set apart for the purpose. On this ship divisions clamored for space. Their list included nine pianos, fourteen talking machines, innumerable fiddles and accordions. The captain, fearing partiality and perhaps desiring to illustrate the principle of clear ship for action, forbade anything to be stored. Next day the wreckage was complete. Concussion of the great guns disemboweled piano box and fiddle and talking machines. Fire from a short circuit started among the highly inflammable tinder; but, having been anticipated, was quickly extinguished. That ship's company understands now why they clear ship for action; the burning splinters were a lesson.

Target practices come several times a year. They constitute the supreme test, muscular and technical, of the crews that have been training for so many months. Lads who don't know calculus from kindling wood discuss knowingly upon muzzle velocities and flat trajectories. They bet on angles of impact when the gunnery officer himself couldn't measure them.

The training is prolonged, irksome and harshly difficult. Every week day for months a full program of battle drill must be lived up to. But rightly driven the men thrive on it.

Come with me into this turret. They have an even month before they fire. "Out a little with that foot," advises the turret officer to his first powderman. "Now an inch lower with your knee." The young lieutenant gauges his crew. "Here, you with the shoulders, take this breech plug."

One Hundred Per Cent Efficient

An efficiency engineer would revel in it. Plug in question weighs one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five pounds. The black hole it opens is fourteen inches in diameter and fifty feet long. A team of nine huskies must feed into it a ton of steel and powder once every fifteen seconds. They often do it in thirteen; and the record is twelve and something. Every move and posture is analyzed, timed and fitted in order to shave fifths of seconds from the total.

At "Load!" a frenzy seizes the nine men grouped about the breech. One jams down a control lever. Almost instantly a shell crashes into view, fourteen hundred pounds of tempered steel carrying in its gullet a bursting charge capable of sinking the largest ship afloat. Like a mammoth rat it hesitates an instant on the table, then darts into the black tube, impelled by an almost invisible rammer. A strange thumping under the gun is followed by four bulky bags of smokeless powder, ninety-seven pounds each, yet swung into the tray like feather pillows by the powerful powdermen. Rammer flashes again and the powder flees after the shell. Trays fold up and out. Breech smacks and grinds . . . . "Ready!"

Stop watch tells the tale. "Fifteen two," the men repeat. "Oughta been fifteen flat!" growls the one with the shoulders. "Loosen up on that powder below there! Ain't eggs, y'know." And so on.

Daily loading records are posted. Weekly loading competitions give turrets the chance to fight it out for ship supremacy. Finally a tropical morning dawns when every man on board, even to the cooks and carpenters and stokers—they admit it—has that little sick emptiness in his stomach such as men have before a football match or a fight.

Not just hitting the target is all the game; but speed of ship, rapidity of fire, dispersion in fall of shots, breakdowns at the guns—and a dozen other factors. Sport rule books are juvenile compared with the secret instructions the Navy Department issues for conducting target practice. It's the most expensive game in the world. Think of a 2 to 0 score at one hundred and ninety thousand dollars an afternoon. That's what an expert figured for a couple of jagged tears near the bull's-eye of a battle target.

But war games are not always on the wrong side of the books—the engineering competition for example. A few years ago a ship loafed along, taking coal or oil when she needed it and docking mostly when the Old Man found he could have his family on hand for the time.

One day a thin red-headed young officer landed in Washington. He had been a pretty good sailorman and his friends regretted to hear of his becoming a swivel-chair artist. Their grief was misplaced. "Why not a little coaling competition?" he said off-handedly one morning to the sleepy members of his lethargic bureau. "See if we can't drive a little economical pep into their cruises!"

All Precedent Snubbed

Old admirals shook their heads. The very idea snubbed all precedent, and such brazen tyranny might mean mutiny if the coal passers were driven too hard. "Besides"—they played their trump card—"with twenty different types of ship it can't be done. If the battleship Missouri saved a hundred tons of coal in port the cruiser Brooklyn would claim she had a right to expend ten times that amount at sea. Edison himself couldn't standardize that conglomeration of pipes and pumps we have in the fleet!"

"I'll do it!" was the redhead's sharp reply.

His first attempt was a monument to dynamic mathematics; practically it was a failure. The fleet was pretty nearly disrupted by this attempt to standardize. The next year progress was amazing. Engineers were becoming used to the plan, and the plan itself was maturing. Allowances and fuel handicaps, and multiples for each, were assigned to a vessel according to her past performances. These having in most cases been rotten, new records were quickly established. Every year, ship by ship, the fleet drew together, until to-day high-standing ships are neck and neck in the race, not only in score but in the fairness of their chances for making that score and capturing the engineering trophy. The game is fair and square.

The men take great interest. Fresh water is of course made aboard as well as electric power. Every gallon conserved, every light dispensed with, means husbanding so much coal. Daily coal and water reports are published at morning quarters. Ten thousand gallons is a good average day's allowance of fresh water on a first-class battleship, but, with every man saving, this has been cut to seven and even six thousand. The story that a young officer took a bath while visiting another ship gave a black eye to his season's efforts at coal saving. It is rumored that the chief engineer of a high ship wears two suits of underwear in winter so that he will not have to waste steam heat in his stateroom radiator.

But it pays incredibly. For a year five hundred thousand dollars is only a rough estimate of coal alone saved by this economical rivalry. Repair work done by the ship's force means fewer days at the navy yard and adds materially to the ship's score.

Our men don't go into it for the dollars. For them there are no visible or tangible results of all this miserliness. And economy has no place in the sailor's philosophy. Their incentive is the chance to skin the other crowd, to "show them other windbags they'd make better farmers than firemen." When coal-ship day comes barges are swept clean as a hound's tooth, for every ounce is charged to the ship and must come aboard to count. Power and water are squeezed out of coal like juice from black lemons. If smoke comes black out of the funnels the captain tears his hair. "Those blankety-blank imbeciles! Look at that—saving coal on my cabin lights, and here they are shooting it overboard! Orderly, tell the chief to speed his blowers!"

Even into the small tasks is the competitive idea able to carry its quota of discipline. "Man overboard" in fleet formation is a frequent drill. Flagship drops a buoy and signals Man overboard! All ships stop, lower lifeboats and pick up the man. One executive officer promised extra liberty to the first ten deck hands manning his boat. The crew were enthusiastic. A number swung their hammocks near the davits in order to be on hand when the call came. A few days later the admiral dropped his buoy. That night there were two broken legs, three broken arms and a broken collar bone in the sick bay—ship's hospital—so violent was the desire to win. The same executive nearly had apoplexy when he found another ship used a few gallons a week less paint than he did.

Liberty Loan campaigning was another example of ship spirit. Subscription looked weak for a few days and Secretary Daniels solicited aid from the fleet. As usual the affair was put on a competitive basis. Given twenty-four hours, how many Liberty bonds can you sell on your ship? was the proposition. The Red Cross campaign was a Sunday-school picnic alongside that battleboat barbecue of Liberty bonds. I doubt if the San Francisco earthquake had a financial aftermath so full of financial frenzy as did the fleet that day. *Noblesse oblige:* The flagship won; something like seventy thousand dollars from a thousand men, most of whom were earning less than thirty dollars a month. The Navy grand total was three million dollars. Rivalry did it.

It is inspiring to think of these forty-odd floating fortresses with their enthusiastic, exuberant young crew. [Average age in the fleet is about twenty-one.] Each is a university in itself, has its own slogan, yell, songs, customs and fiery desires to win the pennant. Every one has its curriculum of instruction in all subjects, from reading to navigation and naval strategy.

A battleship is a steel beehive, a great honeycomb of bulkheads and decks. Each cell is a watertight compartment. Access is had only by means of heavy metal doors with rubber gaskets on their edges and strong dogs or metal clamps to hold them down. Each of these rooms is like a life preserver, a unit of buoyancy for the ship. A hundred may be shattered, and still there remain a hundred compartments more to keep the giant craft afloat.

I go into technicalities in order to illustrate where discipline must start. Clean, ambitious American youths are leaving homes and friends and leaping into a life which demands all of reason and courage that men may have—which commands them to think—youths who have not yet learned to think.

Do they think? Judge for yourself. At night in the fleet we close watertight doors. They are dogged down but not locked because occasionally it is necessary to send into the storerooms they secure. Not long ago four men entered one of these compartments and played cards, leaving the door open. By accident I surprised them there. They were full-grown men, not irresponsible boys.

A Lesson in Discipline

"Do you realize this is a watertight compartment?" I inquired as they stood sheepishly at attention.

To my amazement they admitted it. They understood perfectly the theory of watertight compartments. Yet the point of my discourse escaped them. Real war seems beyond their imagination.

Outside the trivial discipline of the case I saw my responsibility. For their benefit I pictured a single torpedo or mine exploding under the ship's skin at the point where they were sitting. I reckoned the water pressure, six hundred pounds per square inch, ten tons crashing, tearing through the shredded edges of the wound. The passage fills, and in offset spaces men die like rats. The very ones who might warn the officer of the deck are caught. Pressure bursts the magazine doors, ruptures electric conduits and leads. In any one of a score of possible ways the deadly explosive ignites. The after end of the ship rolls up slowly like the tail of a near-dead fish. She straightens, settles, sinks. Fifteen million dollars of the country's money a thousand men who might have been the fathers of good citizens—all lost irrevocably. And just because some thoughtless sailor leaves open a watertight door.

"Do you think I exaggerate?"

"No, sir." All shook their heads; the lecture was telling. "Because, if you do, I have a little real proof. Remember that tall, dark civilian who inspected you Friday? He fought in the Battle of Jutland. He saw his ships go down and his men wasted like a spendthrift's dollars. He said wasted, for later, in the calm of inquisition, broken, nerve-racked men who had survived wished they hadn't when forced to tell the truth. 'Were watertight doors open on the Invincible?' The answer came painfully: 'Yes.' Relentless inquiry went on. 'Why?' 'Because men could sometimes sleep undisturbed in them.' They paid for their little sleep a terrible price."

The dealer stepped forward. His voice shook. "I didn't realize, sir," he said.

He didn't. None of them do. But unless we carry this realization in our hearts like a knife in its sheath we shall be as unprotected as if we had no knife. The Germans have knives.

The Blade of Preparedness

"Just give us a chance to really fight!" I hear our lads exclaim over and over. Ah, there's the rub. Our little blade of preparedness must be keen and polished at our side. Days and months and years it may hang unused. Weeks on end of loading drill; long arid hours at the blinding range-finder; deafening minutes at the ex-caliber—a ceaseless monotonous grind that seems to wither the very soul of a man. But sooner or later, in the night, comes a cry—perhaps a clanging alarm or maybe only a vague uneasiness such as steals over a man when he is in danger. Instantly he is awake. He knows the enemy is near. The mortgage on his manhood has come due. The quickness of his hand and eye has been learned under breechblock and rammer. His instinctive reaction to buzzer signal and visual—the nerves of the ship—is a matured sense that only trained men have. In his sight field spouts a towering column of water. An instant later he hears the crash of steel on steel and the sharp thud of fragments on deck. But these are not for his mind. He is a machine. Training has saved him the agony of apprehension. Clickety-click of the visual, drone of the range-spot orders, a sharp "ready!"—such is the sphere of his consciousness; and his actions are paragons of balanced effort as he swings two hundred tons of turret and trunnion on the doomed enemy.

'Tis reported the Germans landed their salvos on the British battle cruisers three times as quickly as the British salvos landed on them. That was worked out ahead of time by specialists who never reached the firing line. But when the great fleets grappled, hearty English lads, unscathed by an enemy's shell, gasped last piteous complaints against their luck, and died—by the carelessness of shipmates in whom had not been ingrained how easy it is to be careless aboard ship; shipmates who left doors open and didn't close their powder flaps because "them German pirates is too d—d scared to come out"—or so they blindly thought; who slept in watertight compartments because conscientious English officers, knowing the danger, kept them at the guns too long; who tapped a firing circuit lead to make coffee in the mid watch, and forgot to connect up again, so that the guns could not fire until after the gunnery officer had been killed.

Of course the service is alluring. There are wonderful things to be heard and seen and done aboard a modern man-of-war. European cruises will come. South Sea Islands will be visited. No part of the Seven Seas is forbidden to the man who enlists.

But the present is cold, hard reality. The opportunity has never been equaled for success and for tragedy. The recruit who has health and ambition must succeed. But he must be disciplined.

Men are pouring in—good strong and patriotic men. For the sake of God and country may they drink deep of the cup of discipline, not only of body but of spirit, may they learn now which emotion and when! Our decks are cleared for action. Powder tanks and live shells are by. Your sons and brothers or your friend's sons and brothers wait near the powder and steel. As their sense of duty and responsibility has been developed so will they measure up when the critical moment comes.

Why Have a Corn?

Let Today's Corn Be The Last!

THIS very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever.

For nowadays touchy corns are needless—even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay Plaster—with its healing wax—is applied in a jiffy. No soreness. No inconvenience. Paring never cures. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

Blue-jay removes the corn—roots and all. This is the way that is gentle, scientific, sure. It costs but a few cents per corn.

Decide to join the cornless crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way. You'll never be the victim of corns again.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain Instantly **Ends Corns Quickly**

25c packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

RAILROADS MADE OVER

Millions in Hope—By Albert W. Atwood

HOWEVER great may be the temporary attractions of war babies or however intense the concentration of financial activities upon Government bond issues, there is no gainsaying that as a steady diet the American investor is most interested in railroad securities. And why should this not be the case? More fortunes have been made and invested in railroad than in any other class of bonds and stocks. We are often told that as a people we should take more interest in our railroads. Such advice seems to me unnecessary. Of the Americans who have saved money and invested it most of them are perforce concerned with what happens to the railroads, for where their treasure is their hearts and minds are sure to follow.

For some years now the railroads have been a favorite subject for pessimism. Unlike many other industries, their profits have been limited by state and Federal regulation, but no kind Government has put a limit on their expenses. Railroad securities are not so popular as they were ten or twelve years ago. With huge profits being made by oil, copper, shipping, munition and other more or less distinctively wartime industries, there is a general feeling that railroads have seen their best days, are without friends, supporters, investors and backers. In other words, railroad stocks and bonds have suffered an eclipse.

It is not the purpose of these brief articles to consider that large and much discussed subject, the railroad situation. But rather from the more strictly financial and investment point of view it is intended to concentrate on a number of individual railroads, upon their downfall and uprising. For there has been going on in the last few years a very real regeneration of railroad properties. A dozen or so went to the wall in the period from 1912 to 1916, and since then most of them have been rejuvenated and rehabilitated. Others did not actually fail, but disclosed their weaknesses in a most shocking manner. In these cases, too, there has been a wholesome cleaning-up and building-up process.

The proof of a man or of an industry is not so much that it never fails as that it can come through its period of fire tried and tested and better prepared to go ahead. Just as with the railroads, so with every other industry, threats, dangers and actual troubles are always present. Yet there are always successful units in practically every American industry worthy the name. There are grocers and dry-goods merchants who succeed, and yet I warrant you any pessimist could find a hundred reasons why engaging in those particular enterprises would be foolhardy in the extreme.

Safe and Sane Railroading

I doubt whether any industry over a long period of years has a larger percentage of success than railroading in America. There have been many clearly defined periods or eras of transportation bankruptcy, especially those of 1892–98 and 1912–16. But except at the very beginning, in the thirties and forties, the proportion of total permanent loss has really been strikingly small. Railroad securities carried over long periods, through reorganizations, readjustments and assessments, have done remarkably well. Then, too, there are railroads that have steadily paid dividends for twenty, thirty, forty and, in one or two cases, even fifty years without a break. If the so-called underlying or leased lines, of which so many of our big systems are made up, be considered, the number of companies that have paid relatively large dividends for long stretches of time, as well as uninterrupted interest on their bonds, is really impressively large.

As in every other business so in steam transportation there are strong and weak sisters. There are well-located roads and numbers that are poorly located. Many have been well and honestly managed. Others have been abominably managed. The finances of numbers have been safe and sane as long as the memory of man goes back. With others the less said the better.

Investors in railroad securities have taken chances, just as investors in gold mines or newspapers or department stores. If in the main these railroad investments had turned out badly, the total wealth of this country would have been far smaller than it is to-day. For years I have collected from newspapers the accounts published from time to time of the appraisals made by state authorities of the estates of various and sundry deceased persons, especially those that run into large sums. I have glanced over in all probability many hundreds of these appraisals, and the one most striking fact is that persons of comfortable circumstances and those who are well off and rich usually leave a large part of their property in railroad bonds and stocks.

It cannot be a mere coincidence that such a large proportion of the successful business men of the country have invested in railroads. Pretty nearly every great captain of industry either made his fortune in rails or invested part of it that way after he made it. James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, Jay Gould, Jay Cooke, Moses Taylor, Lord Strathcona, Collis P. Huntington, John S. Kennedy and Commodore Vanderbilt—these are only a few of the most conspicuous railroad builders and developers.

Some New Recruits

But look for a moment at the leaders in other lines who have become identified with railroads: John D. Rockefeller and his brother William; their associates, Henry M. Flagler, H. H. Rogers, Charles Pratt, the Harkness family, and the Paynes and the Whitneys; among the steel kings, Henry C. Frick, Henry Phipps, William H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid; great landowners like the Astors and Goelets; tobacco millionaires like Thomas F. Ryan, P. A. B. Widener and Anthony N. Brady; great merchants like Marshall Field, of Chicago, and the Bliss family, of New York; men who had made fortunes in mines, such as D. O. Mills, D. Willis James and E. J. Berwind; the McFaddens, great cotton merchants; the Cranes, rich paper makers; the Weyerhaeusers, lumber kings; and the McCormicks, best-known manufacturers of harvesters and reapers. Then, too, nearly every nationally prominent banker has gone to the top through his connection with railroads—men like Morgan, Baker, Stillman and Schiff.

Now it may be objected that the trouble with the railroads is not with their past but with their future. All this is dead stuff, one might say. Admitted that John D. Rockefeller has invested heavily in railroads, does it follow that the new generation of business leaders will do likewise? Admitted that the leading financiers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia have been connected with railroads for fifty years. These are old, conservative places. How about the new generation of captains of industry in the Middle-Western cities?

Well, it may be observed that two of the automobile kings of Detroit and Toledo have become directors of the reorganized Wabash, and that on the board of directors of the reorganized Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad are a number of Cleveland, Akron and Youngstown capitalists who have come to the front only in the last ten years. One of the younger men who has gained considerable fame and fortune since the war began, as a promoter and organizer of metal companies, has invested heavily in railroad securities.

Such facts should not be worked too hard. They do not prove necessarily that the securities of these companies are desirable investments. But it is significant that as new leaders come upon the stage they do not by any means pass the railroads by. The present generation of bankers in Wall Street seem just as active in railroad affairs as their predecessors. Such are men like James N. Wallace, Thomas W. Lamont, Albert H. Wiggin, Seward Prosser and Charles H. Sabin. Perhaps even more suggestive is the increasing interest that capitalists in the Middle West and the South are taking in the railroads that run through their territory. Though Wall Street is still in the saddle to a large extent, I doubt whether there has ever been a time when so many Westerners were influential in the councils of the great railroad systems as now.

There are two directly opposing schools of thought, as it were, that seek to explain the troubles into which a number of railroads have fallen. One blames it all upon the legislators, upon increased taxes, upon harsh laws, upon too much, too severe and too complicated regulation, and, above all, upon the limited rates that railroads are permitted to charge. The other school finds that the causes of all railroad disasters are internal—bad, or even rotten, management; high finance; Wall-Street manipulation; overcapitalization; and, occasionally, because the roads never should have been built at all in the first place.

Naturally the truth lies somewhere between these extremes. Roads that have been wisely managed and conservatively financed have withstood the storm of adverse legislation and regulation just as well as similar concerns in other industries have withstood diseases that attacked them. For there is nothing so absurd in the whole gamut of special pleading as the naïve assumption of the professional railroad apologist that the railroad industry is the only one that has its troubles. It does not have to contend at all with what is perhaps the most serious difficulty in business in general—the danger of being hung up with bad debts and with extended inventories at inflated prices.

Roads that have been unwisely managed and recklessly financed have gone down before the storm just as hundreds of steel, copper, oil, munition, shipping, chemical, motor, machinery and countless other industrial concerns, that have been conceived and operated in an unwise manner, will go to the wall when their particular ill wind begins to blow.

In a nutshell, the failure of a dozen or so railroads a few years ago did not show that the railroad industry is a dead one. Rather these failures were the logical result of poor judgment, of an almost insane belief in the efficacy of more combinations and mergers, and of a strangely blind emphasis upon Wall Street exploitation. It was not so much that railroad promoters were dishonest as that they could not see. They banked millions of dollars on mere hopes. Indeed, hope and optimism seem to have been their chief stock in trade. Such were the poor foundations upon which many houses were built to stand off the winds and floods that came.

Costly Mistakes

The mistakes made in the period from 1900 to 1910 were natural enough. Railroad managers still remembered the dreadful days, not so long before, when steam transportation was a chaos because of cutthroat rate competition. To men like Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, it seemed wise to tie up with every possible competitor, and so he devised the community-of-interest idea. The Pennsylvania, and to some extent the New York Central, obtained an interest in the coal roads, the Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Lehigh Valley, and Norfolk and Western. The Pennsylvania had an interest in the New Haven, and the New York Central in the Chicago and Northwestern.

Up in his corner of the country James J. Hill stretched out his hand to extend the limits of his empire, but his extensions were gradual, natural and logical. E. H. Harriman became a railroad emperor and yearned to control everything in sight. But his supreme genius enabled him to get away with it as long as he lived, and fortunately he died before he went far enough to invite destruction from the gods. As for the Pennsylvania, it was able with its inherent strength and careful management to divest itself gradually of outside interests when the tide of public sentiment against such activities began to turn. And as for the New York Central, its inherent conservatism of management and ownership never led it into actual excesses of exuberant growth.

No; it is not with any of these railroad systems that this and subsequent articles are concerned, but rather with others, that followed the dizzy mirage of hope and illusion too far. It was in the air in those years—this process of banking and capitalizing everything upon mere bigness. The conversion of the Carnegie Steel Company into the United States Steel Corporation had just created a hundred multimillionaires. Apparently the sure way to grow rich was to merge and combine as fast as possible and without regard to consequences.

This idea, borrowed from the trusts, of grouping together under one head, under one system, every rag and bobtail of railroad track that could be scraped together was a passion with the financiers of fifteen years ago. Looked back upon, it appears almost ludicrous now. Not only was it considered necessary to bring together as many roads as possible, but it was thought desirable to have a distinctive personality about them. Either they must be under men whose names carried magic or there must be something else definite and distinct about each group. This was all very well with geniuses like Hill and Harriman, who could accomplish the impossible, or with roads like the Pennsylvania, that had reached its dominance by fifty years of very gradual evolution. The absurd thing was that these trust-imbued, would-be railroad kings expected to accomplish overnight what geniuses like Hill and Harriman had taken years to do, or an organization like the Pennsylvania half a century.

Mushroom Growths

So we had mushroom growths like the Great Central System and later on the Hawley System—experiments in sheer high finance such as the Moore-Reid-Yoakum System, and the mere lack of ordinary business wisdom of the New Haven and Gould systems.

The Great Central System was perhaps the least important of those we have to consider, but was one of the most curious. A group of small but ambitious financiers with no railroad experience gathered together almost overnight a job lot of railroads, mostly in the state of Ohio. Put together on the map they looked most impressive. But their finances were in an inextricable tangle, the railroads led nowhere in particular, and most important of all, there was no one man or organization with a practical knowledge of railroading that had grown up with it. The whole structure quickly fell to pieces, several of the fragments being taken over by the New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio railroads.

Edwin Hawley was a railroad operator of some ability, but he tried to imitate Harriman and Hill in too short a space of time, and before he died he was unable to weld into a sound unit the odd lot of roads that he had collected. These are now getting along, some better and some worse, but without having apparently gained anything from being temporarily thrown together.

The four tin-plate manufacturers who made fortunes in selling out to the United States Steel Corporation, and long known as the Rock Island Crowd, bought up the old conservative Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway and tied up with it the great, sprawling St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which had been extended far too rapidly by its then boss, Benjamin F. Yoakum. The credit of the whole structure went to pieces, because the financial methods of both companies seem to have been adopted solely on the ground of their recklessness. Bonds were issued in place of stocks, huge syndicate profits were paid to insiders, and vast quantities of bonds were sold at ruinous discounts. No excursion into high finance has ever been more severely condemned, but the persons most surprised at the inevitable outcome seemed

to have been the insiders themselves, for we have court records to prove that several of them retained hundreds of thousands of shares of worthless stock.

The New Haven has not had to go through receivership, like the members of the Great Central, Moore-Reid and Gould systems. But it has suffered grievously, and apparently from precisely the same cause from which a child suffers when it eats four or five times too many sweets. The wisdom shown by the New Haven directors and officers in trying to gobble up and digest everything in sight within a very few years does even not vary an iota from that of the child who eats a whole box of candy at one sitting.

The story of the Gould railroads differs in a few details. Ambitious to create a system of transportation under their hegemony even vaster than those of Hill, Harriman, the Vanderbilts and the Pennsylvania, the Gould brothers simply overreached their own ability. It is not so much that they tried to do it all at once as that, in spite of no little shrewdness and vision, they simply lacked either the ability or the willingness to build up round them a large and sympathetic organization, and they did not have the genius to do it single-handed, like Harriman.

Then, too, they lacked common sense enough to forgo present dividends for larger future profits. Indeed nothing but short-sightedness and overweening ambition could ever have driven such a naturally rich railroad as the Missouri Pacific into bankruptcy. But it had to go, and along with it the Wabash, the Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal, the Western Pacific and others. How these various railroads have been or are being put upon their feet and given strength to develop into sound properties will be told in the next article.

A composite picture of the railroad failures of a few years ago reveals in hopeless array chapter upon chapter of reverses, blasted hopes, adverse conditions, unexpected handicaps, mismanagement, bad judgment, high finance and bad faith. A similar study of current conditions in the early nineties would produce the same effect, yet it is well known that nearly all the railroads that went through receivership at that time are now in a strong, healthy condition.

With unimportant exceptions the roads that were reorganized twenty-five years ago have stayed reorganized. Investors in the low-price securities of a generation ago have had ample opportunity to cash in profitably. The Hill and Harriman fortunes were built up largely on this very process. Is it not possible that history will repeat itself for the benefit of those who invest in the low-price railroad bonds and stocks of this later and now closing era of failure and reorganization?

Figuring Paper Profits

It will not do to stress the parallel too far. Many of the computations made to induce investors to buy into the recently reorganized roads assume impossible conditions. It is pointed out that the purchase of one hundred shares in each of fifteen railroads, all selling at fifteen dollars or less in 1894, would have resulted in a profit of approximately three hundred and thirty per cent, or $178,432, if all the stocks had been disposed of at the high prices of 1906. The original cost was $29,097, and it was necessary to pay assessments of $24,050. Loss of dividends at the time was roughly offset by dividends received later, and the profit came entirely from the increase in market prices. Estimates as to the profits that could have been made by the purchase of bonds at the same time and in the same railroads range from fifty per cent to more than two hundred per cent.

Now of course people never do buy at the lowest and sell at the highest prices. They are not built that way. These computations of possible profits are unattainable extremes, humanly impossible. But no one will deny that fortunes were made by purchasing railroad securities in the nineties and selling them, or taking the big extra dividends upon them, in the decade between 1900 and 1910. Railroads may never again attain the prosperity of that period, but we must not forget that in all industries there is a tendency for prosperity and depression to go in cycles. In the eighties and nineties, and indeed in many earlier periods, the railroad future looked even blacker than now.

Quite a large number of railroads have just emerged from failure, receivership and reorganization. Some are much more soundly reorganized than others. In all human probability some will continue prosperous for a very long time to come, and others may fail again. But even those that have been most gingerly reorganized, and therefore most likely once more to fall upon evil days, are in far better condition than they were a few years ago. A great financial menace has been taken off the markets. No longer do overambitious systems pile up their house of cards.

Only easy optimism or special pleading argues that every defect has been overcome. But on the whole the last two or three years have witnessed a quiet but tremendous curing of financial disease. Only a professional, persistent pessimist can fail to recognize the building up of new investment stamina. All the conditions may not be entirely favorable for a rush of investment capital into rails, but when have conditions seemed quite ripe for investment in any industry? He who waits for perfection loses his opportunity.

Judge Dickinson's Task

Many railroad advocates are mournful just now because the Interstate Commerce Commission failed to grant in its entirety the recent application for higher freight rates. But the commission granted part of the application and said: "Wait and see. Come back in the fall, and if you then are able to make out a good case we will reconsider." Personally the writer believes it would be for the benefit of the whole country to permit railroads to make a considerable advance in their rates, in order to attract new capital to the industry. Opposition to a general advance seems to be largely due to narrow prejudice. And there is some ground for disheartenment among railroad leaders and bankers. They feel that the railroads are being treated much like a certain baby in its bath. The nurse was asked how she told whether the water was the right temperature.

"If the baby turns red," she replied, "I know the water is too hot, and if he turns blue I know the water is too cold."

Just as the nurse might have done better by using a thermometer, so it seems as if the railroad problem might be given a little less rough-and-ready treatment. But it is almost certain in the long run that the sober second thought of the American people will see that the railroads get fair play. It is inconceivable that the rate problem should not ultimately be settled on a basis both fair and scientific.

At this writing only one of the group of companies that went into receivers' hands a few years ago has failed to emerge—the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. The Rock Island, Frisco, Missouri Pacific, Wabash, Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal, Wheeling and Lake Erie, Western Pacific, Pere Marquette, Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and one or two others have gone through their purgatory and come out to start the battle of life anew. More people are interested in the four larger roads—the Rock Island, the Frisco, the Missouri Pacific and the Wabash—than in the smaller companies, and it is mostly with these four that this and the next article will deal.

Railroad success or failure presents two phases, physical and financial. A railroad fails upon evil days either because it lacks the up-to-date physical equipment to handle its traffic or because its finances are bad or unwise.

When a railroad goes under receivers' jurisdiction it is almost always improved physically. The receiver and the court to whom he reports feel that the property must be conserved, and it can only be conserved by making a fair allowance for repairs and depreciation along with more adequate equipment. Commonly, or at least supposedly, a receiver is free from the various entangling alliances that held back the old management. Probably the old management continued paying interest on mortgage bonds just to keep out of receivership, long after such interest should have stopped for the good of the property. In almost every case in the period prior to a receivership the property is for this reason unduly skimped. It is then impossible to raise money on reasonable terms, and all the earnings go to pay interest and dividends. Things are allowed to slide.

But a receiver is responsible to the court, who considers not one group of security holders or even all of them, but the public as well. So a receiver is permitted to borrow on receivers' certificates, which rank ahead of nearly all other bonds, and he uses the proceeds to pay off the odds and ends of debts that a desperate management has accumulated and to improve the run-down property.

Without going into any technical discussion it may be assumed that nearly all the companies recently discharged from receivership are in a distinctly improved physical condition. Few will argue that they are improved enough or are in anything like the condition of the Pennsylvania, Atchison, Norfolk and Western, Union Pacific, Burlington, and others of our stronger railroads. Of the four companies under immediate consideration it appears that the Missouri Pacific has provided most carefully for the improvement of its property. The efforts of the others in that direction are not to be described as sensational.

But perhaps even more important is the fact that in every case the financial structure has been made over to permit of a larger margin of earnings going into the property. In the case of the Rock Island, which will be considered first, Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, formerly Secretary of War, won the hearty recognition of the railroad world for the capable way in which he handled the property.

The vital weakness of railroads as a basis for investment is their tendency to finance too much by means of bond issues and too little by stock. Just now it is popular to say that railroads cannot sell stocks because of the hostile attitude of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But this is not the reason why roads like the Rock Island, Frisco and Missouri Pacific did all their financing by means of bonds instead of stock, and so sank into financial straits. It was partly crazy finance, partly a desire to retain control—which is more difficult where stock financing is resorted to—and partly because bonds appeal to a much wider group of investors than stocks. In some cases the mistake appears to have been due to the mere technical error, probably not so recognized at the time, of adopting straight mortgage bonds instead of those with a convertible feature.

Financing railroads by bond issues seemed the easiest way to many. But we know that the strong railroads of the country are those that have managed to resist the temptation to follow the easy path, those that through good times and bad have insisted upon maintaining a high average of stock to bonds. That way financial soundness lies.

So when a railroad falls into receivership the problem is to cut down the bonds and increase the stock. Cut down the fixed, the imperative charges. Substitute for bonds, upon which interest must be paid, stocks, upon which dividends are paid only when surely earned. With these facts in mind let us see where the Rock Island stands.

Too Much High Finance

With a history most peculiar unto itself the Rock Island does not illustrate, with the same simplicity as the Frisco or the Missouri Pacific, the principles just laid down. But let us crack the hardest nut first. Thousands of persons are and long have been interested in Rock Island securities. It is one of our largest railroads, runs through a rich territory, and may possibly become itself once more rich and prosperous.

Some sixteen years ago a large block of Rock Island stock was bought by a small group of capitalists. They wished to dominate the property, and so devised a scheme of exchanging their stock and that of thousands of smaller owners for about the same amount of bonds in a new company with an equal amount of stock of still another new company thrown in.

Unfortunately this scheme failed to take into account the necessity of new financing. The promoters apparently failed to see that railroads were just entering upon an era when enormous sums must be spent for heavier freight cars, locomotives and rails. By their locking-up scheme they made it impossible to sell new stock issues, and through a technical banking error the only available bond issue the refunding fours, in themselves safe and desirable enough—could not be sold in large quantities for improvement purposes. Gradually the Rock Island strangled for lack of money. Small loans at exorbitant rates were made. But no large sums could be had to keep the property up with the times and with its competitors. It was impossible to obtain funds by reducing dividends as other railroads in a similar situation would have done, because any decrease in dividends on the original stock would mean a default in interest on the bonds, and defaulted bond interest nearly always means receivership.

Finally the inevitable receivership came, and we must hastily pass over the sensational events that followed—plan after plan, committee following committee in bewildering succession, regular committees and independent crusaders, and reformers, restitution suits and Federal investigations. Finally, at midnight on June 24, 1917, the company resumed possession of its property, having been reorganized. What are its present securities, in which so many investors are interested; and what are their prospects?

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway has five issues of securities in which the public at large are concerned: $61,581,000 general mortgage four per cent bonds; $111,140,000 first and refunding mortgage four per cent bonds; $29,743,889 seven per cent preferred stock; $25,000,000 six per cent preferred stock, and $74,359,722 common stock. The company has 8131 miles of railway, in many states, and valuable terminals. The general mortgage bonds are a first charge on nearly all this property.

Rock Island's Future

The two issues of preferred stocks are new. They came into being in exchange for $20,000,000 of debenture bonds that were outstanding before the reorganization; for some $18,000,000 of short-term notes and receivers' certificates, and in return for the extensive cash contributions of stockholders, who were given the alternative of buying the new preferred stock or losing their entire investment. By substituting these issues of preferred stock for debenture bonds and the short loans that were out, the fixed interest charges have been reduced from $12,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year, and the ratio of stock to bonds has been raised from twenty to thirty-three per cent.

Rock Island's reorganization has been described by a hostile critic as effected by anæsthesia. Perhaps that is not quite fair; but the reduction in fixed charges has not been a drastic one, and the substitution of preferred stock for bonds is not so far-reaching as it might seem, because the company will strain itself to pay dividends on the preferred stock. Yet if necessity arises it can cut these dividends, which it never could do with bond interest.

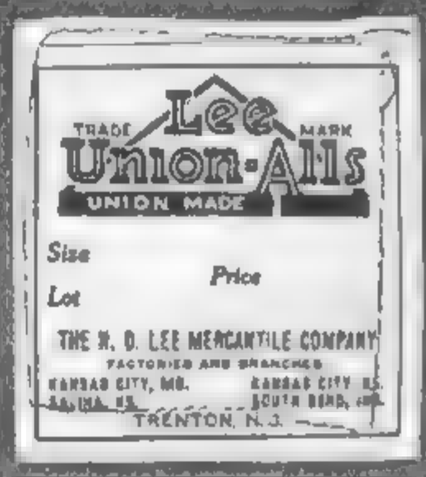
This must be said in behalf of Rock Island's very mild reorganization: Its earnings were never relatively so far behind its needs as might appear. What was most needed was a more flexible financial structure and a new deal of the cards to restore lost confidence. These it has secured, and earnings are running so large now that the company should be able to pay dividends on its preferred stocks without trouble for the present, and keep up its property as well.

With good management and general prosperity the two preferred stock issues promise to prove highly attractive speculations not wholly without investment quality. At this writing the seven per cent preferred sells at sixty-five and the six per cent preferred at fifty-three. For those who can afford some risk these stocks are real opportunities.

Far safer are the first and refunding four per cent bonds, selling round seventy. This means an income return of seven per cent on a bond that is as certain as can be to continue to pay its interest. Mr. Nathan L. Amster, the Boston broker who was so instrumental in putting the Rock Island on its feet, says of these bonds: ". . . the first and refunding bonds should advance marketwise into a prime bond ranking with the best of railroad bonds." This is a trifle too optimistic, but the fundamental safety of the bond seems unquestionable. Even in Rock Island's darkest days, the pitch blackness of which is most unlikely to reappear, the first and refunding fours did not go below sixty-three. Within a year they have been almost up to eighty, and they are just as good intrinsically now as when they sold at that price.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue.

LOOK FOR THE TRIPLE STITCH AND THE LABEL



Not merely ***first*** in appearance and fit, but ***first*** in ***quality.*** That's why ***LEE UNION-ALLS*** are supreme, the standard by which other work clothing is measured and the model for the "Just as Good." You can't beat ***Lee Union-Alls*** for comfort, convenience and economy. You can't match ***Lee Union-Alls*** for workmanship and durability. Not the cheapest one-piece garment made, but by far the least expensive.

Thrifty wearers of work clothing cannot be deceived by substitutes and imitations. Remember ***Union-All*** is a registered name. There is but one ***Union-All*** —that's the ***Lee.***

If your dealer does not supply you, write for a descriptive booklet, send your chest measurement and material desired. ***Lee Union-Alls*** are made of khaki, blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white drill.

Lee Union-Alls for children are "Just Like Dad's."

UNION MADE **Lee** **Union-Alls**

INSIST ON THIS TRADE MARK

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY

Factories at: Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kansas, Salina, Kan., South Bend, Ind., Trenton, N. J.

Electricity has leveled out the Continental Divide

Notable G-E Steam Road Electrifications

1895—*Baltimore & Ohio Tunnel*
1906—*New York Central Terminal*
1906—*West Jersey & Seashore*
1909—*Great Northern*
1910—*Detroit River Tunnel*
1911—*Southern Pacific*
1913—*Butte, Anaconda & Pacific*
1916—*Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul*
1917—*Victorian Railways, Australia*

HIGH among the bald peaks of the Montana Rockies, 6,000 feet above the sea, the high-speed, smokeless passenger trains and record-tonnage freight trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul wind their way up and over the Continental Divide, under electric power. These trains cross four hundred miles of the same mountain ranges that years before meant weeks of perilous travel to horseman or prairie schooner; over the same tracks where a few months before giant steam locomotives had faltered on the up-grades and heated their brakes to redness while descending.

To build the huge hydro-electric generators that convert the enormous power of the Upper Missouri into electric current for this electrification project, and to design, build and install an extremely high voltage long distance transmission system, dotted with many sub-stations, would have presented grave difficulties to an organization less experienced than the General Electric Company in large undertakings of this character. This company accepted its stupendous task with confidence in the outcome. Conservation of approximately half a million tons of coal a year is one of the epoch-making results.

Half a hundred G-E electric locomotives are daily climbing the Continental Divide, making faster time than their steam predecessors, hauling heavier loads, and by means of regenerative electric braking on the down-grades are returning power to the wires, effecting vast economies.

Immune to the biting cold that freezes motion from steam locomotives, freed from carrying tons of fuel and water, the trans-continental electric locomotive is now a 3,000 horsepower reality—another General Electric Company achievement.

7311

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 23)

neither seemed at all familiar with those matters of ordinary knowledge which he was convinced every lady and gentleman should know—and he not infrequently put them right. Mr. Scott particularly appeared to find much that was stimulating and entertaining in Tom's conversation, and often laughed quite unexpectedly in a mild and gentlemanly way at what he said. The longer he stayed at Beausejour the more Tom wondered that two such idiots could get along as they did, and one evening in a corner of the billiard room, over a glass of the Scott port, he confided as much to Parradym. Under the influence of its fragrant old bouquet he launched forth into a general indictment of the individuals composing the society about them. Many, he admitted, were clever people enough, but the majority, he declared, were too stupid to live, or, if they were not stupid, utterly mannerless. This last comment was based almost exclusively upon the fact that one distinguished lady had that afternoon at the Casino shown no marked enthusiasm at meeting him.

"It's inconceivable to me, Parry!" he exclaimed, "how these old dodos here in Newport can be so dull. It's a wonder they've got any money left to live on, it would be so easy to get it away from them. And the women are so disgustingly rude! I'm surprised that you—an intelligent man—can find any pleasure in this society!"

He clicked his tongue thickly in a superior way and poured out another glass of the port. He had already consumed two cocktails, three glasses of champagne, one of claret and a Scotch and soda, in consequence of which everything seemed very far away and rather blurred, and what he had to say to Parry very, very important indeed. He felt kindly toward Parradym. He was a good old sort, after all. He felt kindly toward everybody really—what he was saying was more theoretical than anything else. He would have slapped old man Scott on the back if he'd been there—he was really quite a good sort, too, even if he was more or less of an ass.

Parradym looked at him contemplatively, but very good-naturedly.

"In the Golden Age of Childhood, my dear fellow," said he, "we look upon all Olympians and, in fact, everybody but ourselves as fools. They do such ridiculous things! They're always washing and dressing up instead of having a good time playing round in the mud. And they surround us with all sorts of arbitrary and absurd rules and laws, about what to eat, and when to go to bed, and how not to get drowned—just as if anybody wanted to get drowned!"

"'Zactly," nodded Tom benignly.

"Later we pass into another stage," continued Parry. "We see some of the reasons for these supposed absurdities and we discover that it takes brains and ability to make a living. But life still seems very simple, and our estimates of people are of the snapshot variety and generally made without allowances. We're strong and well, and to us everybody must be strong and well. People who do not at first blush conform to our standards of intelligence or manners are uncompromisingly put down by us as fools, idiots or ruffians."

"Oh, no!" protested Tom in a detached sort of way. "Tha's too strong, you know!"

Parradym shook his head.

"There's nothing so cruel as the judgment of youth. It has no verdict 'with extenuating circumstances.' A person is either good or bad. People are either heroes or cads. We are ready to attribute the basest of motives for the most trifling acts. We demand of our parents, our sisters, our brothers and our friends that they should all be as perfect as the Peerless Princes and Princesses of our fairy books."

Tom laughed. Parry was right. No one ought to be held to any such standard as that. But his friend's face had taken on a serious expression.

"Yet as we go on," said Parradym with some earnestness, "we learn that nobody is either good or bad, and that anybody who has been obliged to live in this funny old world of ours for thirty or forty years generally has had some sense knocked into his head, at least so far as his own self-interest is concerned. We are ready to believe that strangers or casual acquaintances are quite ready to insult or snub us on the slightest provocation, whereas men of the world discover very early in the game of life that there is nothing so expensive as unnecessary rudeness, and this lesson is soon learned by everybody who mixes much in society. In point of actual fact very few people are deliberately rude. Those who are generally turn out to be genuine fools, of which, of course, there is a scattering still about. But I think I'm right in saying that the only safe assumption to work on is that the ordinary person whom you meet, whether man or woman, is probably very much like other people; neither a hero nor a villain, anxious to appear to the best advantage before everybody, quite willing to go halfway, not disposed to conscious rudeness, ready to return favor for favor, and more than able to look out for himself or herself so far as dollars and cents are concerned.

"The man whom you regard as a stuffed shirt, simply because he looks like a boiled cod or an unboiled rabbit, will probably end by making a fool of you. He can't have nosed round for half a lifetime without having learned to go in when it rains or to keep out of copper stocks. He looks like a cod because his forbears looked like 'em; not because he's got anything the matter with his head or his heart. Most people are moderately honest—nobody absolutely so. 'Diogenes' job,' as someone has said, 'is still open.' But take people by and large, and they'll give you back just about what you hand them. And there's usually a reason if they don't; they may not have seen you, or heard what you said, or they may be absent-minded. Just because Smith doesn't bow to you on Fifth Avenue isn't any real ground for supposing that he has a mortal grudge against you or wishes to make you an enemy for life. That is arrogating to oneself too much prominence in Smith's cosmos. Instead of trying to insult you he is probably wondering where he put his opera tickets ——"

Parradym chuckled and laid his hand affectionately on Tom's knee as the others rose to join the women in the drawing-room.

"Be a little easier on 'em, my boy!" he whispered.

XIX

IT WAS half after one the next morning when Tom, the last guests having left the house, made his way with some difficulty toward the Royal Suite. He had had a very pleasant evening, and while he had been somewhat noisy in talking to the women after dinner, he had not been conspicuously alcoholic in a gathering where entire sobriety was the exception rather than the rule. People were good-natured with Tom because most of them liked him and because he was rather the fashion. It is doubtful if at this period any kind friend would have taken it upon himself to hint that his conduct was not exemplary, however extreme it might have been.

But it was due to the number of brandies that he had consumed and not to the nature of his disposition that he presumed to hold the hands of several young ladies—including Pauline—somewhat longer than the occasion demanded. Nevertheless, as he told himself, he had got away with it. He had already discovered by experience that only the bold had favor with the fair. The bolder you were the better, particularly with the older women. "If the women are older you have to be bolder!" he told Allyn. He had learned this from observing the success of a certain young scion of the local nobility—a most unattractive person—whose head was a couple of sizes too large for the rest of his body and whose features resembled those of the late Mr. Bunny. Yet in spite of his physical limitations this peculiar youth had an astonishing vogue with the opposite sex.

"All you need is *la confiance!*" explained the pimply Lothario with a superior grin.

This philandering apparently occupied a large portion of the waking hours of the men in society, particularly after five o'clock in the afternoon. Every Jack had his Jill, even if both were fully aware that the arrangement was only temporary. Trial engagements were obviously popular. One baby-blue-eyed virgin of nineteen boasted to Tom that she was engaged to eight men all at once. It seemed to be quite customary to be engaged to two or three, and the relations between young people at Newport consisted largely of a sort of dallying—half jocular and half serious, coloring everything with a romantic glamour.

They're Here
The New
U-ALL-NO
POCKET MINTS
With all the delicious, real mint flavor that's made U-All-No Mints so popular everywhere.
Seventeen tablets chuck full of minty daintiness in every five cent pocket package.
You can't appreciate the taste of real mint until you try U-All-No Pocket Mints. Everybody likes them. And they're as good for you as they taste.
Relieve thirst, sweeten the breath and keep the mouth cool. A wholesome, beneficial confection that's often been imitated—but that's all.
5c Everywhere—Ask for U-ALL-NO Pocket Mints
Manufacturing Co. of America, Philadelphia
Also makers of U-All-No After-Dinner Mints and U-All-No Cream Mint Sticks
U-ALL-NO
POCKET MINTS
5¢
U-ALL-NO POCKET MINTS
U-ALL-NO POCKET MINTS

Protecting your brakes against a rainy day

Facts about a discovery that overcomes one of the most dangerous conditions of motoring

Have you noticed in your car's brakes any tendency to slip and grab on a rainy day?

This indicates inability of the brake lining to resist moisture—one of the most dangerous defects it can possess.

For moisture—not only rain, but water from any source, as well as oil, gasoline, etc.—causes the lining to become swollen and "mushy," which makes it slip and grab. Automobile accidents due to failure of the brakes can, in almost every case, be traced directly to this cause.

The discovery of Grapnal

This problem of moisture was considered at the very start in the development of Thermoid Brake Lining. Hundreds of experiments were made in the Thermoid laboratories, which resulted in the discovery of a remarkable new chemical substance now known as Grapnal.

Thermoid Brake Lining is thoroughly impregnated with Grapnal by a special process. As a result, it is made practically impervious to moisture even under the most severe conditions. A series of impartial tests, conducted by a well known chemist, which included all well known brands, proved beyond question the remarkable superiority of Thermoid Brake Lining.

The Result

Test No. 1

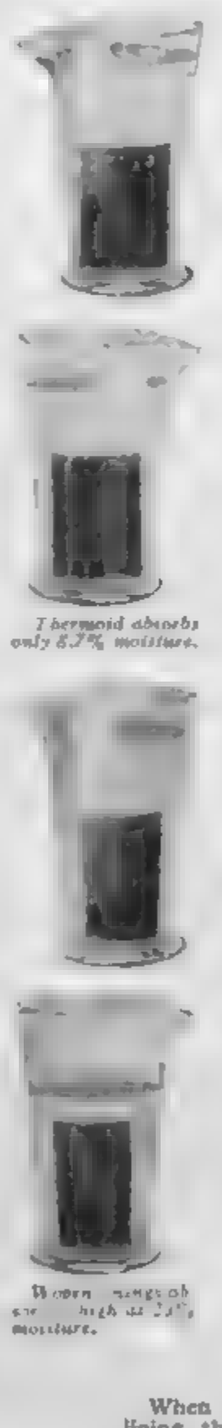
Soaked one hour in boiling water, 212° F.

	Absorption
THERMOID BRAND	8.7%
Brand A	21.0%
Absorbed over 141% more water than Thermoid.	
Brand B	21.3%
Absorbed 145% more water than Thermoid.	
Brand C	23.0%
Absorbed over 164% more water than Thermoid.	
Brand D	17.0%
Absorbed over 95% more water than Thermoid	

Test No. 2

Soaked one hour in boiling oil, 300° F

	Absorption
THERMOID BRAND	5.69%
Brand A	20.4%
Absorbed over 258% more oil than Thermoid.	
Brand B	21.6%
Absorbed over 279% more oil than Thermoid.	
Brand C	22.2%
Absorbed over 290% more oil than Thermoid.	
Brand D	16.0%
Absorbed over 181% more oil than Thermoid.	



Thermoid absorbs only 8.2% moisture.

Woven linings absorb as high as 23% moisture.

Test No. 3

Soaked one hour in gasoline at 70° F.

	Absorption
THERMOID BRAND	5.5%
Brand A	12.5%
Absorbed over 127% more gasoline than Thermoid.	
Brand B	15.0%
Absorbed over 172% more gasoline than Thermoid.	
Brand C	16.2%
Absorbed over 194% more gasoline than Thermoid.	
Brand D	10.9%
Absorbed over 98% more gasoline than Thermoid.	

Two other exclusive features

Grapnal is an exclusive Thermoid formula and is used in no other brake lining. In addition Thermoid possesses two other exclusive features in its process of manufacture.

1. It has over 40% more material by actual weight.

   This means longer service—best service. Thermoid is over 40% heavier than any woven brake lining. This is why it is better fitted to stand the responsibilities placed on it.

2. It is hydraulic compressed.

   Powerful hydraulic presses compress Thermoid into a solid mass. This makes it far tougher and stronger than loosely woven linings, not hydraulic compressed. It makes wearing surface ideal for braking; it can't grab and it can't slip. The "coefficient of friction" is just right.

Specify Thermoid

When you reline your brakes, use the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Leading jobbers, garages, and dealers stock Thermoid and recommend it. When you buy a new car insist that the Brake Lining is Thermoid.

Remember your life depends on the efficiency of your brakes, and the efficiency of your brakes depends on your brake lining. Be sure your brakes are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining. The cost is a little more—and well worth it.

Our guarantee

Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL. It is positively guaranteed to out-wear, and give better satisfaction than any other brake lining.

Thermoid Rubber Company
TRENTON, N. J.

Makers of "Thermoid Tires" and "Thermoid Garden Hose."

If a young man was not frankly pursuing some girl or married woman he was viewed as peculiar, to say the least, and treated as the legitimate object of suspicion.

Every incentive possible was offered to the love game, and Tom, trifling with it along with these others, discovered to his satisfaction that his pursuit of Lulie Wingate—of the quest for the daughter of the house where he was visiting—was almost *de rigueur*. Thus he found it easy to devise meetings with her, for which she showed no disinclination. Always, however, their conversation had flowed along the lines of that first evening when she had assumed the becoming pose of a misunderstood wife and daughter. It was a charming pose, albeit Tom knew it to be one. But he liked it none the less, and played up to her spiritedly with his recently acquired gloss of culture. Yet this evening, when unexpectedly they met at the turn in the long corridor of the bachelor wing, he somehow felt that the time had come to put things on a less distantly sentimental and more intimate and vital footing. Had he been less exhilarated it is doubtful if this "cave-man stuff"—as he afterward described it—would have appealed to him. He would at any rate have considered before he acted as precipitately as he did.

As it was he did not ask himself what on earth she could be doing there at that hour of the morning. He only knew that he was face to face with her in the stillness of the night, alone in a remote part of the house. That did occur to him. She was coming quite rapidly along the hall as if she had been somewhere, and the red silken hangings reflected the glow of the shaded electric lamps along the walls and gave her cheeks a transparent crimson tinge that by contrast with the black storm clouds of her hair made her skin delicately exquisite—like a picture he had once seen of a girl shading a candle with her hand. She hesitated and almost stopped at sight of him, then came on toward him with a smile. Tom, emboldened by his evening of success, forgot that she had never yet allowed him to touch her hand.

He saw only the crimson, translucent color of her skin and the smoldering fires in her black eyes.

He was happy and more than a little drunk; believed that Lulie liked him and that she would go quite a way with him if she had the chance and—well!—he felt *la confiance*. He did not question the propriety under all the circumstances of his making rather violent if not forcible love to this experienced daughter of his hostess. If the things he had heard about her were all true ——! She had not been immune by any means from the after-dinner attacks of the scandal specialists, male and female. And had he not caught her himself in the dark with a man? So he sidled up and told her that he loved her merely as if he had forgotten to tell her so at dinner. Only there was a vast difference between this declaration and that other of less than two months ago made to Evelyn, under the elms of Class Day—that declaration which had elicited no response from the recipient. But in one respect at least this was a much more genuine affair. He had never had any real confidence that Evelyn would consent to be his wife, but he did have a certain amount of confidence that Lulie might consent to have an affair of some sort with him. And his literary sense of the proprieties—which had led him to propose to Evelyn—now rushed to the support of his desire and impelled him at least to essay the conquest of Lulie. "The time, the place and the girl!"—all that sort of thing. Every suggestive influence of the so-called comic-opera stage of twenty years ago was stirring in him at that moment. Why, if he didn't kiss her what a chump she would think him! She probably got kissed all the time. He'd kiss her too.

Probably many a decent girl has been similarly cornered, and perhaps escaped only by yielding partially to force of circumstances. But Lulie had had a short lifetime of lovers, alcoholic and otherwise. Therefore, when Tom pushed her against the scarlet curtains into the embrasure of the window she neither shrieked nor dealt him a blow in the face. On the contrary she laughed more or less good-naturedly, squeezed the hand which had seized hers, and said chaffingly:

"Heavens, Mr. Kelly! How ardent we suddenly are!"

She stood half hidden, her marble-white arms and neck gleaming softly amid the silken hangings, a teasing smile on her lips.

"I'm not joking, Lulie!" he said. "I mean it! Lulie—little girl—I love you!"

He tried to clasp her to him, but the curtains interfered, and stepping away, clear of them, she turned angrily upon him.

"Let me by!" she cried, with a metallic ring in her voice. "You're crazy! Let go of me! Let me by—do you hear?"

Tom gave a brusque laugh. Of course she had to pretend to be angry. He threw both arms about her.

"Kiss me first!"

She shrank from him and struggled to disengage herself; then, finding this to be impossible, she faced him again and clutched the friendly hangings.

"Someone might come along here any moment! Please let me go!" she begged in a whisper.

"Then kiss me!"

He had torn her left hand from the curtain and had crushed both her arms tightly to her sides. She had ceased to struggle, but had thrown her head as far back as she could beyond the reach of his lips. And then—at the very climax of this interesting scene—Tom suddenly found himself without any inspiration to go on with it. Yet this was no time to play the hesitating lover. He must go on with the motions.

"I love you, Lulie," he heard himself repeat, reaching for her lips.

"Let me go!" she repeated hoarsely. "For the love of God!"

He now experienced a moment of self-reproach. Supposing she really didn't want his caresses? Suppose he was forcing himself on her? That would be a fine performance! There was something also decidedly awkward in their position. He didn't know exactly what to do. If he kissed her they would probably go over all at once with a crash! He had ceased to want to kiss her. He didn't like forcing people. She would probably hate him forevermore! Nobody liked to be manhandled—least of all a high-spirited girl like Lulie! No, she could go! Instinctively he released his right hand and steadied himself with the curtain. He was now holding Lulie only with his left arm and she could easily have escaped. He expected her—was waiting for her—to do so. He looked down into her face. Her eyes were shut—her lips slightly parted. By Jove! She was a pretty girl! In another instant his lips were upon hers.

They were in this very definite position when a masculine voice became suddenly audible behind them. Lulie thrust herself quickly from him.

"Let me go! What do you mean!" she shrieked savagely at the unfortunate Tom.

"I beg your pardon!" said the voice.

Tom pulled himself together as best he could. A tall man clad in a vicuña dressing gown and smoking a cigarette was standing about ten feet distant. He was clean shaved, well built, athletic.

Blind fury took possession of Tom. What business had this fellow to spy on them? He'd show this peeper how to behave himself! Lulie had fled down the corridor and disappeared.

"Mind your own business!" snarled our hero.

"I beg your pardon," repeated the gentleman in the dressing gown. "But, you know, it is my business in a sort of way."

"How is it your business, I'd like to know," demanded Tom in a bullying tone.

"Well, you see," politely continued the other, "you seemed to be kissing my wife. I may be mistaken, of course. But I was quite distinctly of that impression. Come now—weren't you kissing her?"

Tom was too taken aback to make any reply. So this was Wingate! In a flash he recognized the man he had seen in the garden with Lulie lighting his cigar. What on earth was Wingate doing at the Scotts' house?

And why in heaven's name had he been such an idiot as to tackle Lulie that way before finding out how she came to be there? He was entirely sober by now. Mr. Wingate was regarding him with slightly amused surprise.

"I don't think we've met!" he remarked. Then he added curiously: "Anyhow, I think you're just a little drunk, you know! Well, she's an all-fired pretty woman, my lad! Good night!"

Tom did not reply to Mr. Wingate. On the contrary most ungraciously he left him standing by the fatal crimson curtains which had indirectly been the cause of the whole trouble. He wanted a drink and he wanted it quick—with ice in it. He entered his room, filled a tall glass with Scotch,

(Continued on Page 77)

Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
Noted Household Efficiency Authority, New York

MRS. FRANK AMBLER PATTISON
Domestic Efficiency Engineer, New Jersey

MRS. JANET McKENZIE HILL
Principal, Summer School of Cookery, New Hampshire

"Hoosier Beauty"

Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists

MRS. ALICE R. DRESSER
Consultant of Household Activities, Boston, Massachusetts

MISS ALICE BRADLEY
Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Massachusetts

MRS. NELLIE KEDZIE JONES
Household Consultant, Wisconsin

MISS FAY KELLOGG
Household Science Architect, New York

MRS. H. M. DUNLAP
Domestic Science Specialist and Lecturer, Illinois

These Talented Women Will Help in Your Kitchen—Through the Hoosier Cabinet

Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists are among the most capable authorities in the whole domain of household economics.

They skilfully experiment with Hoosier Cabinets in their scientific kitchens and laboratories. And thus they devise unequaled features for saving you time and labor in your kitchen.

Single-handed these experts could serve but few women. Working through us, their helps and ingenuity are open to every home.

New Kitchen Cabinet discoveries which some of these specialists have made are built into the Hoosier. They give us expert advice for women who own the Hoosier—for those who have bought it, as well as those who will. Some plan entire kitchens.

Lifetime Convenience

Not a dollar is added to the regular price. And you can secure the Hoosier on easy terms.

Here are 40 work-reducing features that save you hours of time and miles of steps.

Within arm's reach are places for 400 articles.

Our experts have planned each section scientifically—the most used things will be closest at hand. Hoosier makes use of space that in many cabinets is wasted.

Not only is this a cabinet of super-convenience, but its lifetime standard of construction cannot be surpassed.

Hoosier Cabinets fit every size of kitchen.

Surprising Prices

More women buy the Hoosier than any other five makes combined. This enormous output cuts manufacturing costs in many ways.

So, notwithstanding the many extras you get in Hoosier, the prices are as low as any—$15.25 to $54.50, according to design, equipment, and your location.

You can pay as convenient—a small amount weekly. *Your money all back if you are not delighted.*

Send for Kitchen Book FREE

Our experts have planned six labor saving kitchens. They are pictured and described in the Hoosier Book "New Kitchen Short Cuts" together with all the five new Hoosier Cabinets.

Mail your address before these books are gone and we'll send you a complimentary copy. Use the coupon or a postal—send today.

HOOSIER MFG. CO., 1709 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.
Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World

Important Branches: 1067 Market St., San Francisco, California — The Adams Furniture Company, Toronto, Canada
The Hoosier Store, 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada

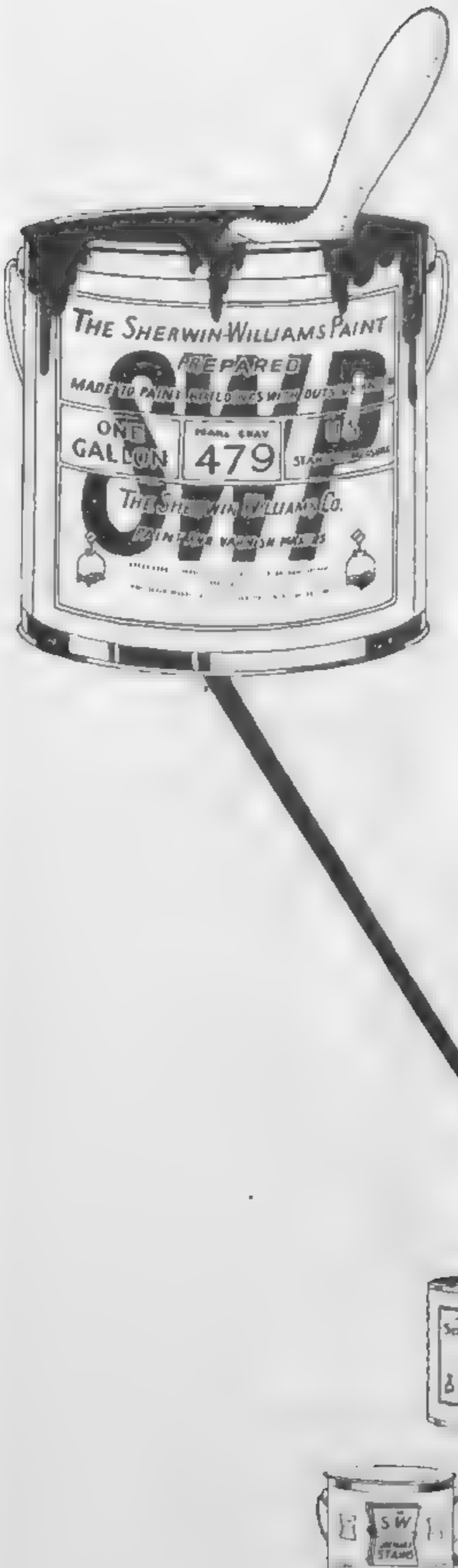
HOOSIER

HOOSIER MFG. CO.
1709 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

Send free postpaid your illustrated book *"New Kitchen Short-Cuts"* showing all Hoosier models and helpful kitchen ideas.

Name_____

Town_____



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Paint will keep the value in your buildings if you act before decay sets in

When economy is the watchword painting becomes a necessity. We are urged to cut out needless waste to conserve the nation's resources. Your buildings are a part of the nation's resources.

The most needless form of waste is to allow those buildings to deteriorate and decay through neglect. Therefore, timely and thorough painting is a real economy.

But painting is economical only when good paint is used. You can no more afford to waste the labor of the painter than you can afford to waste the value of the buildings by allowing them to run down.

In these days of excessive high costs in materials and manufacture, it is gratifying to know that you can get in

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT

a product that still maintains the quality that has stood every test for 50 years.

Use it and you will find that it returns a full measure of service for every dollar spent for it and for applying it.

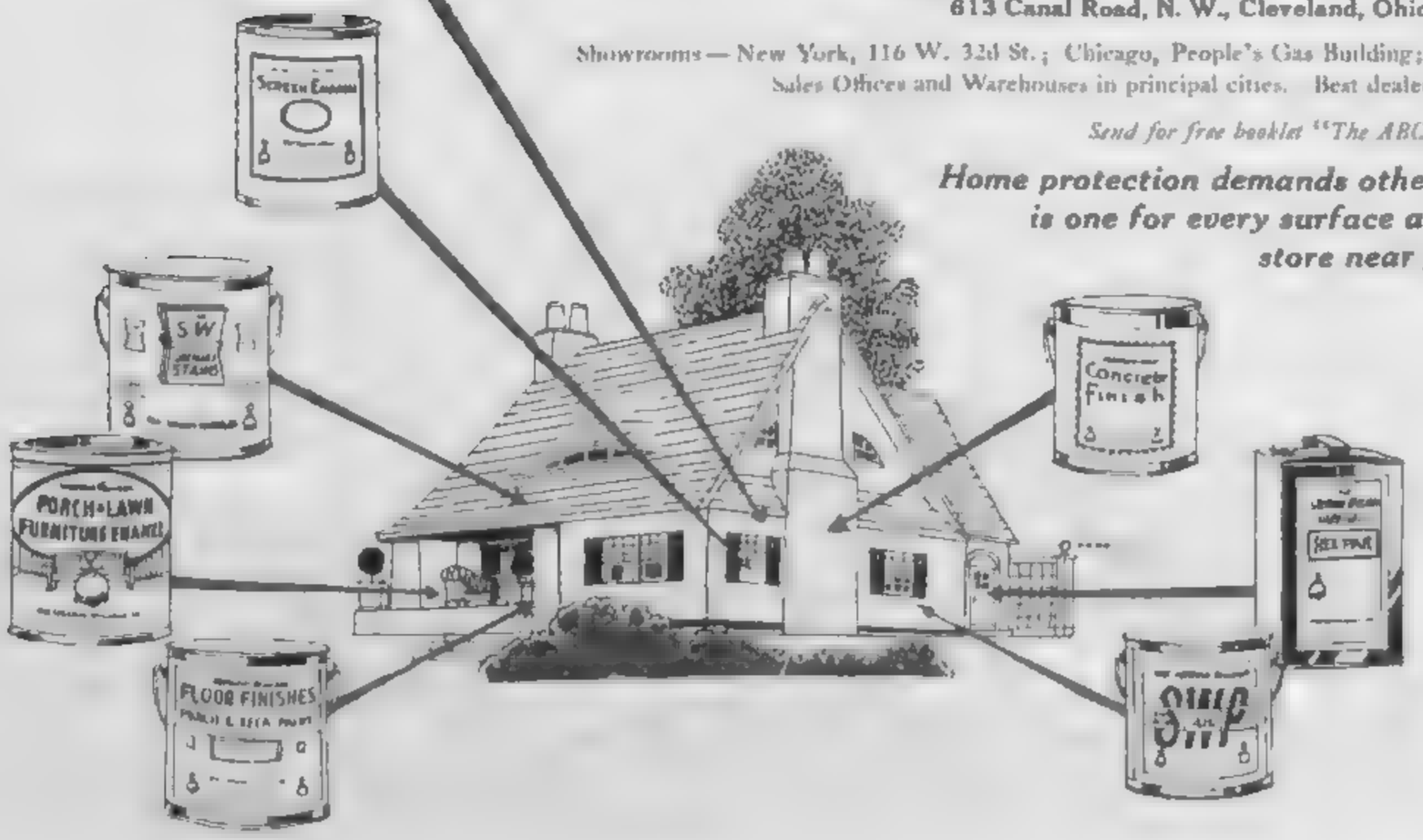
Its great spreading and covering power, its immunity from cracking or peeling and its remarkable endurance make its use a wise economy.

Address all inquiries to THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO
613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

Showrooms — New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 523 Market St.
Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere

Send for free booklet "The ABC of Home Painting."

Home protection demands other S-W products. There is one for every surface at some merchant's store near you



(Continued from Page 74)

cracked ice and carbonic, and threw himself at full length on a chaise longue.

Here was a nice mess, no matter how you looked at it! He had been caught with the goods! To-morrow Wingate would probably smash his face. But why hadn't he done so then and there? Because of Lulie probably. By George, it really was hard on her. She wasn't to blame at all, but she never would be able to make her husband believe it. In fact it had not occurred to Tom to attempt to put in a defense for her. But then, nothing had occurred to him! He was a slob—that was just what he was! He lit cigarette after cigarette, and gradually his thoughts straightened out. Of course to-morrow he'd have to go and exonerate Lulie and apologize to Wingate. Then he'd have to apologize to Lulie! Wingate had been rather decent, on the whole. Why had he tried to kiss Lulie anyway? He kicked his heels together disgustedly, lying on the couch!

Just at that moment the door was opened cautiously and Parradym appeared. Tom felt rather glad to see him. The Little Brother of the Rich had evidently been for a stroll before going to bed.

"Well," he remarked, "as my friend Monty Flagg says: 'Nothing exceeds like sexcess!'"

"I suppose you think that's funny!" retorted Tom gloomily from the couch. "If you only knew the mess I'm in you'd think it was tragic! 'Sexcess!' O Lord!"

Parradym squirted himself out half a glass of carbonic without ice.

"Oh, I know—I met Wingate in the hall. Says he caught you kissing his wife—or vice versa. He doesn't quite seem to know which."

"He needn't worry," answered Tom. "I'm the criminal."

"There's a—excuse me!—a rather humorous side to it," continued Parry. "The fact is that our young friends had just had a sort of reconciliation at the Welfleets' garden party, the final result of which was that Lulie promised to be very, very good and Jim swore never, never to be naughty again, and thereupon Madam invited son-in-law over here to stay for a while. He came this afternoon and has the Gold and Black Room next to mine. Lulie, of course, remains in her own suite in the main part of the house."

Tom writhed internally with chagrin. He'd put his foot in it now, all right! No wonder Lulie was mad. Just patched up with hubby and caught—apparently—*flagrante delicto* at two in the morning! And what would Wingate do about it? But Lulie would never forgive him—never! Well, what difference would that make if she was going back to her husband? However, suppose her husband wouldn't take her back after what had happened? What would be his position in the matter? A jolly ass he had made of himself! "Sexcess!" Bah! He uttered the word contemptuously under his breath so that Parradym heard it.

"Exactly," nodded the philosopher, lighting a small claro cigar. "A jolly mess and a jolly ass! But frankly I regard this as a rather lucky incident—for you. Suppose, for example, Lulie and Jim hadn't just made up and, when you met her in the hall, she hadn't been scared to death that someone would see you both, eh?"

Tom flushed crimson. He didn't mind that sort of thing about other people—but it was very different when you were the subject of it. Moreover, for some unknown reason, he wanted Parry's good opinion. He felt abashed and humiliated, for he had certainly done Lulie a great wrong—as it had turned out. He had not only insulted the daughter of his hostess, but he had compromised her in the eyes of her husband.

"You know there's an awful lot of rot written and talked about this sex business!" said Parradym, taking a sip of carbonic. "Don't mind my mentioning it, do you? But, you see, I've drifted round now for a good many years—for more than twice as many as you've existed—and I've used my eyes, besides talking with all kinds of people. Take my word for it, the emphasis on sex is the grossest exaggeration in human affairs. Use your common sense. It isn't mating time all the year round!"

"Seems to be—here!" answered Tom.

"A sort of artificial spring induced by champagne, French novels and risqué conversation."

"A sort of hothouse?" suggested Tom, reviving.

Parradym eyed him sharply.

"You're feeling better!" he announced. "But let me take this chance to speak seriously. The sex impulse—like the impulse to eat—is a real one, of course, but that it occupies the thoughts of most men or women the greater part of the time is rank fiction. It doesn't begin to be so influential in our lives as the loyalty of a man to his wife, or his affection for his parents, or his love of country. But the way they talk here and in the cities you'd be led to suppose that people thought of nothing else. It isn't so. It's largely a literary fiction—which unfortunately is accepted as true by playgoers and novel readers. The real France isn't the France of the Folies Bergère.

"But mob psychology is such that self-respecting people will go into a theater and, for the time being, at any rate, accept an entirely fictitious standard of morality as their own. You can go to a musical show any night in the week and find straight-laced old maids snickering at jokes that by daylight would chill their blood. Staid old papas temporarily harbor the mad idea that the only proper way to treat a chambermaid is to chuck her under the chin—until they try it. And so it goes. It is the thing here, for example, to pretend to be jaded and worldly-wise. You may be a confirmed teetotaler, but you must talk vintage champagnes. You may be a bred-in-the-bone Puritan, but you must ape the amativeness of the comic-opera tenor and hint at imaginary conquests.

"You hear all kinds of stories about the people in society, but my experience is that very few of 'em are true. In a word, my son, don't base your conduct on an artificial theory—an imaginary idea that everybody is really on the loose. They're not! Moreover, the majority of 'em wouldn't want to be, even if they could have the chance. This by way of caution in case you might attempt an osculatory adventure with—shall we say—Mrs. Welfleet?"

"God forbid!" groaned Tom.

"That's a good youth!" smiled Parry. "Now to-morrow make your peace—if you can—with Mrs. Wingate."

"How about Mr. Wingate?"

"He'll not bother you. Indeed, I fancy that he almost regards himself as being under obligation to you."

"To me! How?"

"Well, you see, Jim has never been able to get anything very definite on Lulie up to this time, and now you have come forward to supply, as it were, a long-felt want."

Tom did not understand ——

"How would you like to play the rôle of corespondent in the divorce court?" asked Parry, chuckling. "Good night! Pleasant dreams!"

Tom gazed somewhat aghast at Parry's retreating coattails. Could the old fellow really have spoken seriously? Corespondent in a divorce suit? It wasn't by any means impossible. His eyes reverted to the statuesque form of the Grecian beauty upon the wall. And what had he got out of it? Nothing at all. He had forcibly kissed a lady who had just left her husband after a friendly call. He had incurred her permanent enmity probably; and in all likelihood would have a fight on his hands besides, with her stronger if not better half. A good evening's work! "Wingate versus Wingate." He could see his name featured in the paper at the head of a column. What would his mother say?

His mother! He had not thought of her for a month! What had made him think of her? Had anything made him think of her? He had an uneasy sort of feeling that something had? He remembered now—there was a letter from her lying unopened on the side table.

Rather carelessly Tom with the gold-enameled paper cutter slit the familiar envelope. It was small and square, of cheap paper. On that polished table amid the heavy silver it looked almost like a letter from a servant. Tom had always objected to having his mother use such cheap stationery, but she had refused persistently to buy any other. The paper was particularly offensive to him; yet the hand in which the common envelope was addressed was fine and well formed—almost like steel engraving. Tom admitted as he looked at the envelope that his mother's handwriting was certainly very nice.

Her penmanship was, in fact, the sole surviving remnant of her polite education as a young lady of refined antecedents in Chelsea. It was not without a stab of remorse that Tom opened the letter. He was too honest not to admit that he had grossly

Remember to buy it—You'll forget you have it on
Springtex
UNDERWEAR
Making of the Springtex Garment
SPRINGTEX is the underwear with a million springs in its fabric.
These minute springs "give and take" with your every movement, with your every breath.
They give Springtex its glove-like fit and its skin-like freedom.
They absorb strain and make Springtex wonderfully durable.
There is no other underwear like Springtex—none so warm, so agreeable to the skin, so altogether comfortable and economical.
Your dealer will show you the superior making of the garment.
Write us for the Springtex Test
It will prove that Springtex is the underwear for you—the best by test. Springtex is made in men's union and separate garments retailing at popular prices.
Utica Knitting Co., Sales Rooms, 350 Broadway, New York
"Stretch it and watch it spring back."

The most convenient easy-to-carry package ever devised for pipe tobacco—

Harmony's new "KIT" package

Of course, many men will always prefer Harmony Pipe Blend in its 15c tins. But for men who are out o' doors a good deal—we recommend the slightly smaller, more compact 10c "KIT" package.

Made of extra heavy foil lined with waxed paper and *every corner sealed.*

No more dry tobacco—it keeps Harmony in perfect condition to the last load.

No clumsy bulk—it "flattens" into the smallest possible space in your pocket.

No waste—it "pours" better than any other form of packing and that means *more smokes.*

Harmony is the one pipe smoke which has succeeded in producing *richness without the loss of mildness.* Its five choice imported and domestic tobaccos are blended in proportions which make Harmony a mild smoke, and more important—rich and full flavored at the same time.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

HARMONY

neglected her. But his mother's very self-effacement—her extraordinary ability, even at her somewhat advanced age, to take care of herself without assistance—had blinded him and was still blinding him to the truth of the situation, which was that she was an old lady who ought never to have been permitted to go off alone and who should have had the most constant and tender care. But she had always managed to get along, and Tom took it for granted that she would continue to do so indefinitely. However, he felt a little bad, as he unfolded her letter, that he had not written to her.

"MacNaughten Cottages,
"Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

"*My dear Son:* It is a long time since I have heard from you, but I suppose you are working very hard getting ready for the tennis tournament." [He made a wry mouth.] "I came up here over a month ago with Bridget, who went back next day to her sister's at Nantasket. I have a very nice room here with good board for twelve dollars a week. But it seems very expensive to me. Usually I have got very good accommodations for ten dollars, and at the Mountain Home House we only paid seven dollars. So I shall probably go home somewhat earlier than I expected, especially on account of having to pay Bridget's fare. I have not been feeling quite as well as last summer, and there is nobody staying here that I know, so I shall not mind going home so much. I take walks and look at the mountains, and sometimes in the evenings there is a lecture or concert. There is a gentleman and lady with their little daughter who sit at my table and who seem quite nice. I think their name is Smith. Now, Tom, do write to me, for I am very lonely when I do not hear from you. I miss you very much. The older I grow the more I miss you when you are away from me. But I do not worry, because I know you are a good boy and take Christ for your example. I hope you do not forget to read a chapter every day and to ask for his guidance. God bless you, Tom.

"Your loving mother,
"Caroline Maria Kelly."

Tom closed his eyes and bit his lips. The letter had been lying there two days unopened. Poor mother! She was asleep now, probably, in a little wooden bed in a tiny hotel bedroom, with a straw carpet and rickety washstand, with servants tramping round over her head. She oughtn't to go traveling alone like that. Supposing she got sick? As soon as the tournament was over he would go up and stay with her. But even as he made the resolve the vision of the flyspecked ceiling of a hotel dining room swam before his eyes. "Beefsteak—codfish and cream—rare or well-done!" His eye wandered round the luxurious appointments of the room in which he was reclining—at the cigars and cigarettes, the aërated waters, the magazines, the silken bed, the Grecian beauty! Once more he thought of Lulie. Perhaps she hadn't minded so much, after all! Her struggles had not been very violent. What a tantalizing girl she was! Already he had forgotten all about his mother in the thought of the other woman.

He undressed slowly and tumbled into bed, where he lay wide-eyed in the graying light. Suppose there was a scandal; where would that leave him with Pauline? The old Selbys were nothing if not respectable—were sticklers for respectability. He realized suddenly and with great distinctness that a liaison with a married woman, however pretty, would be a poor substitute for a marriage with a charming millionairess like Pauline. At any rate he should have made sure of Pauline first! He writhed at the consciousness of the fool he had made of himself. He must patch the thing up somehow with Wingate—eat crow! He mustn't lose Pauline! And yet it was not of her but of Lulie that he dreamed when he finally fell asleep.

It was nearly noon when he awoke, and the ceiling above his head was bathed in ripples of sunlight, so resembling the dancing catoptric globules which he had watched from his crib as a child that unconsciously his eyes sought as well for the steel engraving of the Madonna and child and the worsted motto of "Look unto me and be ye saved" that had hung upon the walls of his mother's bedroom in Newbury Street. Had he dreamed that he had grown up and gone to college and visited at a place called Newport? Was he still only a little boy, eating out of a paper bag Aunt Eliza's pumpkin seeds? The mist of the years clouded his mental vision. There was a moment or two of actual uncertainty and then the Grecian lady swam into his ken and usurped the place of the Madonna, while the invocation to be saved dissolved entirely, like the Cheshire cat in Alice in Wonderland. Yes, this was Newport! Nobody wanted to be saved in Newport! He rubbed his eyes and yawned.

From without came the song of robins, the cool touch of the ocean. He stalked to the window, stretching himself luxuriously. The rest of the world was awake and about its piffling business. It was pretty comfortable to be a guest. Old Parry had a long head after all. No responsibility—no expense—no anxiety. It was good to be young! To be liked—to like! To hold a beautiful girl in your arms! There was the very spot he had first seen her less than a month ago—there on the bench in the rose garden. Something on the bench caught his eye—a closed book placed there with ostentatious neglect. A delicious wave of excitement engulfed him. This might be her method of communicating with him. He hurried into his clothes, thrusting headlong from his mind every cautionary consideration. His remorse, his humiliation, his resolutions for the future—all vanished like the motto on the wall.

A few moments and his feet were sinking deliciously into the soft turf of the rose garden as he sauntered, a cigarette between his lips, carelessly toward the bench, and with an eye roving for peepers seated himself upon it. Then he dropped his hand over the book and twisted it round so that he could read the title—The Greatest Thing in the World! His heart thumped. He knew what that was—Love! What a little devil she was—to think of anything like that! He turned back the cover. Her initials were there in pencil—L. S. W.—nothing else; yes, what was that scrawl at the bottom—"page 137"? Smiling, Tom turned expectantly to the designated page. A single phrase in a conversation had been lightly underlined—"to-night at twelve." Clever! There in the rose garden of course—a place convenient for him. Then she hadn't minded. She was in love with him! She herself was seeking a rendezvous! Could he wait twelve hours before again holding her in his arms?

He impatiently recalled the fact that he had accepted an invitation to join the Selbys on their yacht that afternoon. What a bore! What was the prosaic Pauline compared to this dark-eyed daughter of the night? As bread to caviare; as milk to spiced wine! Away with dull respectability—away with Mrs. Grundy—let youth and love have their fling! Yet at the very height of his spasm of exaltation Tom carefully scrutinized the fly leaf to determine whether or not it had probably ever before been used for the same purpose, and satisfied himself sufficiently that it had not.

That Tom should see neither his host nor hostess for an entire day or even for several days was nothing unusual. And on this particular day had he not already made engagements for lunch and dinner, he would undoubtedly have done so rather than face an embarrassing situation consequent upon a disclosure of his escapade with Lulie. He had thought seriously of terminating his visit, yet he could not bring himself to surrender the comforts of his present accommodations without strong reason.

Accordingly, he determined to find out from Lulie how the land lay before doing anything. He had an irritatingly peaceful afternoon on the yacht, during which Pauline made it more evident than ever that she regarded herself as having a lien upon him and gave him several opportunities for making love to her, which he embraced but half-heartedly. How different she was from Lulie—or even Evelyn! Why the girl was all ready to throw herself at his head after an acquaintance of only three weeks. Pa Selby, too, had shown a rising interest in Tom's future and seemed disappointed that his plans seemed so unformulated.

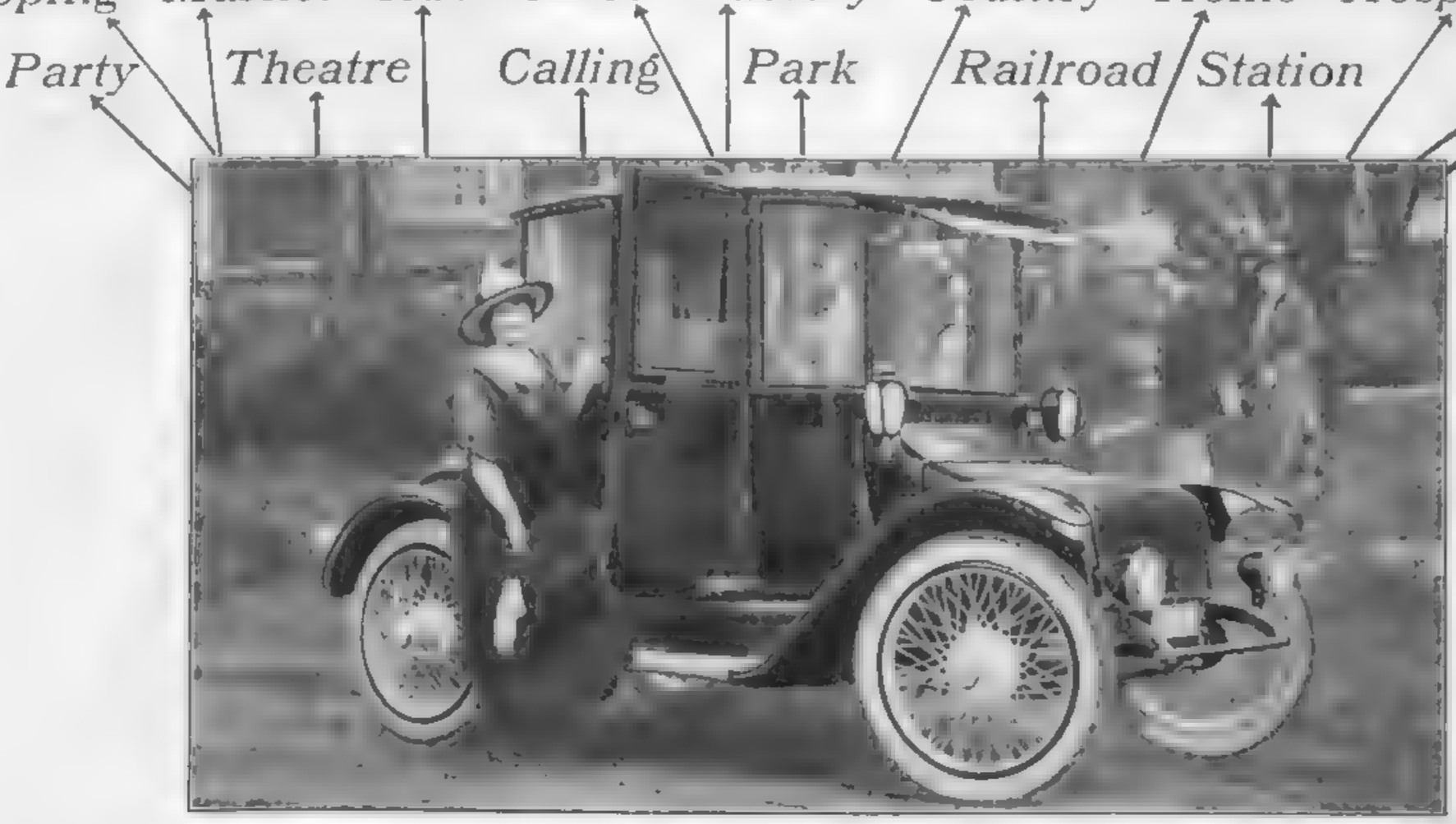
"What you want to do, my young feller," he told him confidentially over the taffrail, "is to get close to money. Get as close as you can to it, and stick there! Money makes money. Stands to reason! One feller buys and sells cucumbers. Well, he makes a cucumber profit—thirty per cent, maybe, on a thousand crates of 'em. What does it amount to?—a few dollars—and it takes him just as long and as much hard work as if he was buying and selling gold. Now if you deal in money you make

(Continued on Page 81)

To-day's Car of Utility and Economy.

Detroit Electric

Visit All In One Day On a Single Battery Charge



Do You Really Need 200 Miles On One Charge of the Battery?

If the electric-powered motor car could run 200 miles on a single charge of the battery we know that practically all enclosed car buyers would purchase the electric automobile.

But we believe that the 80 to 100 miles the Detroit Electric does give on a single battery charge is more than you really want or have need for in any one day's use.

Are we right or are you? What are the facts?

Just take the last four months the finest days of the year for motoring.

How many days did you actually drive your car more than 60 miles? Be fair to yourself. Don't guess, but take the speedometer readings.

We venture that you will be surprised to find that most of the days you did not drive even 40 miles.

Yet you may be depriving yourself of all the advantages of a Detroit Electric simply because of this opinion that you need 200 miles on a battery charge.

Whereas the facts of the case are that you actually need from 40 to 60 miles and the Detroit Electric gives 80 to 100.

Now look at this angle of the matter—what you get in return for what you pay.

If a big share of the cost of building a gasoline car is devoted to developing excess speed, and great touring ability, we are reasonable in assuming that quality must be sacrificed to keep within the set selling price.

Will you spend your money for such features of performance, that you do not use? Or will you buy a Detroit Electric, in which the dominant thought has been to develop quality, usable utility, and economy of service combined with simplicity of operation.

Because it is that kind of a car unusually economical and wonderfully useful, we contend it is the best motor car investment for you.

In proof of that we point to the list of Detroit Electric owners. No other car will satisfy them once they have enjoyed its advantages.

You can verify that among your own acquaintances. How many have ever given up their Detroit Electrics?

Now look for a moment, if you will, at the trend of all automobile building. It has been toward smoother power, quieter operation, economy in gasoline and oil, and simplicity in operation.

Isn't that fact the biggest tribute that could be paid the Detroit Electric and likewise the biggest endorsement?

For what other car has such smooth power, such quiet power, such economy and such driving simplicity?

All the family—even the younger girls—can drive a Detroit Electric easily and safely. It does not require father, son, or a chauffeur.

That means that the money you invest in a Detroit Electric returns you greater dividends in service.

Furthermore, the Detroit Electric is an all-year car.

We call it the perfect all-year car because it has open-car coolness when the windows are lowered, and closed-car comfort when the windows are up.

And its motor is reliable and efficient in performance every day of the entire 365.

Every sound argument favors the Detroit Electric for you and your family.

Why don't you let your nearest Detroit Electric dealer show this car?

The prices of the various models range from $2125 to $2775, f. o. b. Detroit. (76?)

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
Detroit *Michigan*

Gasoline Has Advanced 72% in Cost in Last 2 Years. Electric Power Has Decreased in Cost

MORRIS
TESTED FOODS

The Energy Foods
For School Lads and Lassies

START Billy and Betty out for school—keen and in fine fettle. Mother—if she's truly wise—satisfies their appetites with energy foods—the kind that builds sturdy muscles and quick, active "thinkers."

Morris Tested Foods are real energy-givers for every meal. They mean something always ready for hungry children that's *good for them.*

MORRIS TESTED FOODS

Morris Supreme Bacon—flavory, fine-grained and digestible—always appetizing—always satisfying—is just the food for growing youngsters.

All Morris meat products bear the O. K. of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They are inspected and re-inspected.

Keep well supplied with Morris Supreme Ham—choicest selection. Morris Canned Meats and Soups—a tempting variety, ready to heat and serve. Keep them on the "emergency shelf" for sudden guests. Be sure to use Supreme Eggs, Whiteleaf Brand Lard, Marigold Oleomargarine—all are Morris Tested Foods.

The best of grocers sell these best of foods.

The Morris Supreme Test

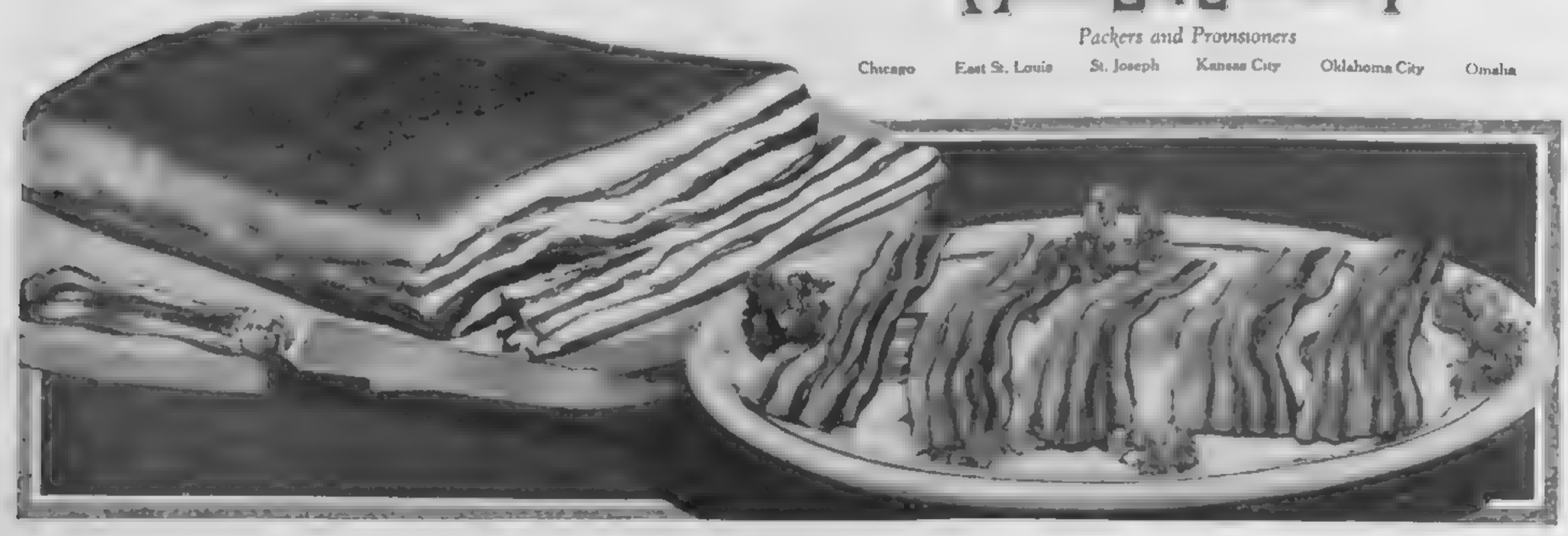
held once a week in every Morris plant, insures that every Morris product is fresh and fine—realizes the quality ideals laid down by Nelson Morris, founder of this business, half a century ago.

Let us send you Morris & Company's cook book, "The Supreme Test." Gives scores of practical and economical recipes for everyday and emergency use.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Chicago East St. Louis St. Joseph Kansas City Oklahoma City Omaha



(Continued from Page 78)

a money profit. You get me? Suppose instead of a crate of cucumbers, worth three dollars, you trade in a block of bonds worth a million dollars? Very likely you don't make as big a per cent profit, but you make a quick turnover and you figure that profit on a million dollars instead of a few thousand."

"But where do I get the money to buy the bonds?" inquired Tom, sincerely interested.

"Stand in with the big fellows," answered Selby. "Go in on their deals. It's as easy for a good-lookin' young chap to get next to millionaires as it is to farmers or dry-goods men. But the great thing is to keep close to money, and folks that have it, all the time. Seize your opportunities and never let go. It's as easy to make twenty-five thousand a year as twenty-five hundred."

"Well, just show me how, will you?" pleaded Tom with a laugh.

"Sure, I will!" retorted his host. "Now, if you ain't got any other plan, why don't you start in as a stockbroker? I trade a good deal and I'll give you my business and speak a good word for you to my friends. Every hundred shares you sell you get twelve dollars and a half. That makes a hundred and twenty-five dollars on every thousand, don't it? Well, sometimes I trade as high as ten thousand shares a day."

Tom mentally calculated that if his genial friend not only bought, but also sold, ten thousand shares of stock in one day he could make two thousand five hundred dollars by doing nothing save execute the order.

"Well," he answered, "I should think that would be a very pleasant business. I'll talk to you again about it."

"My business alone would be worth twenty-five thousand a year to you," Selby assured him. "And it's yours—if you want it. Just say the word! I've taken a great fancy to you, my lad. You're the kind of young feller I like. I'm not the only one either!" he added with a saurian wink.

The moon had risen high over the trees about Beausejour when Tom left the dance which had followed his dinner party, and stole cautiously to the silver-flooded rose garden. The night breeze was so light that hardly a leaf stirred and the flowers stood motionless upon their stalks.

Out of the shadow of the high hedge the white marble of the garden seat peered like a sheeted ghost. The night was so still that he could plainly hear the distant waves upon the rocks, and the muted strains of the waltz from the mansion he had just left. Each individual grass blade at his feet was clearly visible. The night was somehow subdued, toned down, and yet the constituent elements in the scene had a sharper quality even than by day. His hand, for instance, as he lit his cigarette, was a brilliant marble hand. It was the flame of the match that seemed pale—glowing like the ghost of the Royal Dane. He sat down on the warm stone. What would Lulie say to him? What did this meeting portend? He had dreamed of yachting amid the Ionian Isles with Pauline—why not with Lulie? How much more attractive the idea! Lulie had infinitely more beauty, more cleverness, more *chic*, more money. If a fellow was going to cut loose from conventionality, why not get something for it? The Scott money was as good as the Selbys'. That she was a married woman—a fact that had at first somewhat disturbed him—could be easily remedied at Reno or somewhere. They could steal aboard a steamer that very night, free to voyage to distant, palm-fringed lands; to loiter in foreign cities; to wander hand in hand over the wide world; to be wafted in a—what was it?—a dahabeah up the Nile, he playing Mark Antony to her Cleopatra on moonlit nights such as this, gazing from the deck over silver sands that lost themselves in the stars.

There was a faint rustle along the hedges and his heart leaped in tumult as Lulie, a filmy wrap thrown across her sloping shoulders, glided silently into the enchanted circle of the rose garden.

"Lulie!" he whispered, rising to his feet and tossing away his cigarette.

She did not answer him, but glanced swiftly about the garden and then motioned with her hand toward the seat. He could not distinguish the expression on her face, but she seemed quite self-possessed in spite of her evident caution. Clearly she was not agitated, and yet he did not fear her wrath. Why had she come to him? He was trembling and she sank down beside him upon the marble bench.

"Oh, Tom!" she said quickly, turning a sad, reproachful face toward his. "Oh, you foolish, reckless boy!"

"I was crazy!" he answered. "I don't know how I came to do it. But you were—you are so lovely!"

She gave a low laugh.

"What possessed you to do such a thing before him—then—there?" she asked.

She had let her head fall slightly forward and the moonlight, stealing through the hedge, fell upon the delicate curve of her white neck just below her flat little ear. He had stopped trembling. A new and fateful courage had come over him. She had sought him voluntarily; she was not angry with him; she only quarreled with the time and place of his caress.

Putting his arm round her without opposition, he bent over and kissed her where the moonlight fell.

"It's done now!" he said. "Oh, Lulie! I do love you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ALBERT W. ATWOOD

(Concluded from Page 25)

the Press being a staunch believer in economy and concentration. Five or six years of that leisurely, dilettante occupation, with the grueling days of the panic of 1907 as an incident thrown in by way of diversion, proved quite enough. Anyone who thinks that a newspaper financial writer works from noon to three P. M. should learn better.

Since 1911 Atwood has been trying to recover his breath, and incidentally has written articles on finance, besides a few books on the same subject. More than twenty years ago schoolmates gave him the title of Colonel, purely as a matter of derision and sarcasm for his obviously unmilitary achievements, but the title has stuck.

A New Drink

A DARKY who had been out of work for some time got a job as waiter in a restaurant.

He was ignorant of a good many things connected with restaurants and, therefore, perhaps all the more anxious to keep his place.

A patron seated himself at a table. The new hand hovered over him, solicitously waiting for the order. Said the customer:

"Bring me a small sirloin steak, a baked potato, and after that a cup of coffee and a slice of apple pie."

"Yas, suh," said the darky; "right away, suh!"

"Wait a minute," stated the white gentleman. "Along with the steak and the potato bring me some paprika."

"Suh?"

"Paprika."

"Oh, yas, suh; now I gits you," said the waiter; but he lied.

He hovered in the background a minute, scratching his puzzled head. Then he approached.

"A pint or a quart, boss?" he inquired softly.

Sectional View, Ferrule Type
Economy Renewable Fuse

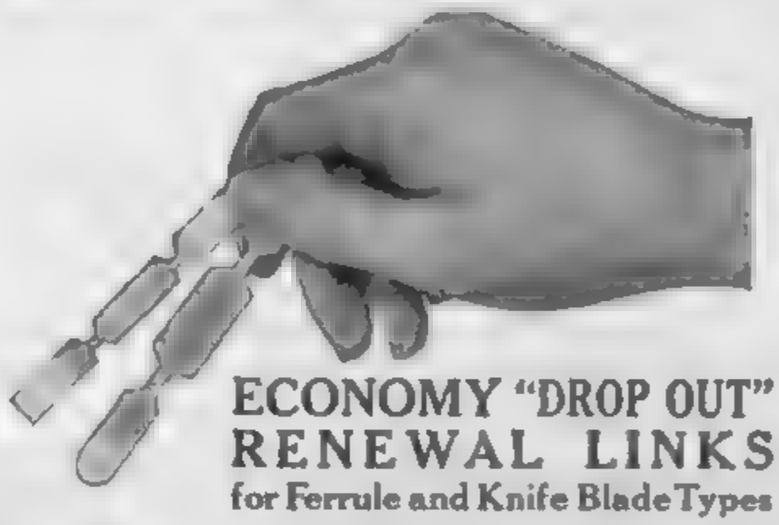
ECONOMY
renewable
FUSES

protecting the electrical circuits in your plant and in your home, give you the security of an automatic safeguard against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits at a

Saving of 80%

over the cost of fusing circuits with "One Time" fuses which are useless after operation.

The reason why Economy renewable fuses cut annual fuse maintenance cost 80%.



ECONOMY "DROP OUT"
RENEWAL LINKS
for Ferrule and Knife Blade Types

After an Economy Fuse has done its duty in opening an electrical circuit, it is instantly restored to its original efficiency by the replacement of one of these inexpensive renewal links. A stock on hand represents a small investment. They permit Economy Fuses to be used over and over again.

The U. S. Government, the great steel mills, most arms and ammunition plants, establishments representing every branch of industry, small factories, shops and homes use Economy Fuses in large and small quantities. The yearly expense of obtaining positive electrical protection is cut 80% because only a *part* instead of the *whole fuse* is renewed after operation.

Buy Economy Fuses. Most electrical dealers and jobbers sell them. But buy by name, refusing less accurately operating, cheaper and often dangerous substitutes. You cannot afford to take chances in these days of high-speed production, but in addition to the safety and saving offered by Economy Fuses, their use means smoother machine operation because anyone instantly may renew a blown Economy Fuse.

Write at once for Booklet S and details of our liberal sample offer. Do this whether you use one or thousands of fuses a year.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts. CHICAGO

Also made in Canada at Montreal.

A Complete Course In

SALESMANSHIP

Without Expense

NO MAN with selling ability is ever out of a job. He need never lack money. Salesmanship is the key to modern business success, and the man who can sell can unlock the door to anything he wants.

Earn While You Learn

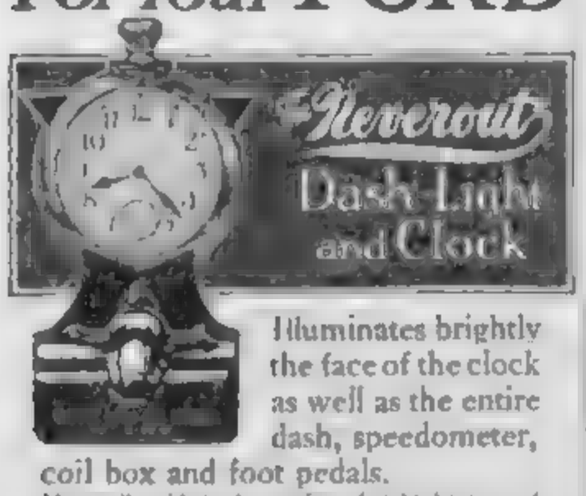
We will teach you salesmanship and *pay you money at the same time.* In your spare hours during the next few months, you can get actual practice in selling by representing The Curtis Publishing Company in your own neighborhood. Meanwhile we will send you, step by step, the letters and booklets comprising our complete course in Curtis salesmanship and, in addition, pay you liberally for all the business you get for us.

The booklets in our Salesman's course should increase your selling effectiveness many times over, for they describe the plans used by our most successful Curtis salesmen—men and women who are making $3000.00 to $5000.00 a year. You can learn their methods and earn while you're doing it.

For complete details of this unusual offer, without assuming any obligation, you should address—today—

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
911 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

For Your FORD



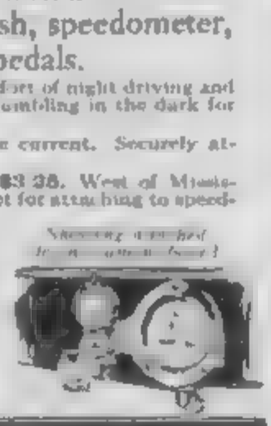
Illuminates brightly the face of the clock as well as the entire dash, speedometer, coil box and foot pedals.

Materially adds to the comfort of night driving and eliminates the dangers of fumbling in the dark for foot pedals and [illegible]

[illegible] supplies the current. Securely attached [illegible] wire $3.35. West of Mississippi [illegible] bracket for attaching to speedometer [illegible] can be set to dash of any make car.

See it at your dealer's or [illegible]

Rose Mfg. Company
910 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



Callous, Tenderness or Pain There?
These are symptoms of a weakened transverse arch. One or more of the little bones across the ball of the foot have become displaced, causing unnatural pressure [illegible]
Dr. Scholl's
Anterior Metatarsal Support
gives immediate relief and assists Nature in permanent correction.
There is a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble
T M Reg.
[illegible] drug and department stores everywhere carry Dr. Scholl's Appliances and Remedies. Expert Dem'rs to adjust and use them. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Dr. Scholl for free advice, describing your foot trouble.
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer "Eases the Feet"
[illegible]
Send for FREE Booklet "The Feet and Their Care", by Dr. Scholl
THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.
211 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.
WATCH YOUR FEET

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Own Patents. Send [illegible] for list of inventions wanted and [illegible] tell you market your invention without [illegible]
RICHARD B. OWEN, 31 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FLAVIUS BEST, PINXIT

(Continued from Page 13)

the middle. You have such a nice forehead and this way it doesn't show a bit."

"Why—I'm awfully sorry—I never dreamed you didn't like it—I'll change it to-morrow," he stammered.

They sat down on a bench in the square, and the young man passed his hand ruefully over his hair. It was reddish brown and young and tingling with life, and it went well with the light hazel eyes. The girl looked at him appreciatively, but again he felt that troublesome quality in her gaze—that approval not so much for himself as for the way he fitted into something else.

"Flavius"—once more that flurry of golden harp strings—"I've been thinking about you lately." She allowed him just a moment for tasting of this joyous draught and then went on rapidly: "Do you know, I think you are making a mistake about Beadle. I'm afraid Roger is a bad influence for you. You know he thinks everything fashionable is unworthy—a pretty democrat he is, I tell him—and he has this perfectly insane notion about Beadle. Now if you want to make a go of portrait painting you've got to follow Beadle."

"Well," said the young man, "perhaps you are right. Of course I've got to make my living out of painting."

"Indeed you have," she interrupted eagerly; "and that's why I think you are making a mistake fooling about with Tompkins. Why don't you drop his criticism altogether?"

Flavius took her advice. As a result his work won for him a scholarship at Beadle's summer school in the Catskills. Flavius endured this good fortune as stoically as he could in view of the fact that the morning star went to the Maine coast. He solaced himself, however, with her letters; and there was one headlong golden week with her in August.

The trip to Maine was one that he could ill afford, and when they both came back to town that fall he launched on a reckless course of concerts and teas and dinners. Under this strain his fifteen hundred dollars dwindled rapidly, and by the time the Christmas of his second year came round he was left with only a few hundred dollars. This did not trouble him—he could borrow so easily from the store in Kittstown! And then one night came the letter from home that dashed all his hopes.

The letter was from his eldest sister and informed him that Roy had lost everything in a mythical silver mine. The loss threw the care of their parents upon the children, and as all of the older ones had substantial families of their own they looked to Flavius for the major contribution. "Haven't you enough learning by all this time to start in painting?" Gladys asked. "All this time!" Amid the dust of his perished hopes—Ethel, the Prix de Paris, mastership—he could not help giving a sickly smile at the phrase.

The next afternoon in the cozy little flat on Stuyvesant Square he unfolded his dilemma.

"You see," he concluded ruefully. "I'm up against it!"

"Why don't you make frames?" suggested Roger. "That's the way Levitzky makes his way through school. It's simple to learn how to do them, and you can make forty or fifty dollars on each one."

"Yes, but you see—there are my parents. Besides, I've got to have a free mind when I paint. No, I must get to work. I'm going to try posters and illustrations. I've never done any work in pen and ink or wash, but I'm a good draftsman and I can easily pick it up. Already I think I've got a start with the posters. A man I know with the Dulcimer Plow Company has made an appointment with me to meet their advertising man at half past three this afternoon. He's sure I can do a poster for them. This way, you see, I think I'll be able to make enough in a few years to get back to art school."

When a few moments afterward Roger left Ethel and him alone Flavius stood miserably silent there by the white mantelpiece. Ethel was sitting on the chintz-covered couch by the window, and by and by she picked up a book from the table. He watched her as she leafed over the pages, hungrily conscious of that moist rose of her cheek, of those eyelashes that rayed backward on the white lids. Heavens, how far yesterday night's news had put him from these treasures!

Suddenly she looked up at him. "Do come over and look at these Chinese paintings—it's the loveliest collection!"

He walked over stiffly and sat down beside her. He fixed his eyes on the drift of plum blossoms there on the open page. But eyes sent back no message to the brain. Suddenly he reached out and imprisoned one of her hands.

"Ethel," he cried fiercely; "oh, Ethel, don't you feel them?"

"Feel what?" She turned to him with her cool blue eyes.

"Why, those bands that keep pulling my cheek to yours! I have to pull my head to keep from touching yours. Oh, Ethel!"

Very simply and quietly she took his other hand. And in another moment she was close in his arms. Ten minutes afterward she raised her head from his shoulder.

"Gracious!" said she, giving a startled little glance at the clock on the mantelpiece. "It's ten minutes past three. Didn't you say you had an appointment at half past?"

Even in that moment of sealed rapture the young man wondered. For his part he had forgotten all about the appointment.

"Do I have to go?" asked he wistfully.

"Oh, of course!" she replied promptly. "It's a bad thing to put off appointments with these important people. And we can't afford to miss any chances."

That "we" trembled through his veins as he stumbled out into the bright winter sunshine. He didn't care in the least what happened to him now. What could an old Dulcimer Plow manager do to him? Such a mood is always productive, and he walked away from the office with an order for a hundred-and-fifty-dollar poster.

One year from that time he was doing work for a number of business houses. Several book publishers were also trying him out, and his income had vaulted enormously. Under these circumstances he married Ethel Tennant the following December. From that time forth he had no more chance against rising in the world than a stone with a near-by derrick.

Though he did not realize it Flavius had, in fact, married a morning alarm clock rather than the morning star. During the very first days of their marriage she made herself familiar with the prices of various art materials and shopped round for them. Furthermore she saw to it that he never used more expensive paints than the size of the order justified. Last of all, she commenced a drive upon his various patrons.

"Flavius," said she one morning as, attired in a dimity apron, she squeezed out on the fresh palette that she was setting for him a discreet amount of cadmium, "why don't we have old Drawlick round here for dinner some evening?"

"Why should we?" asked Flavius. "He'd only think we were trying to work him."

"Well, it's a good thing to be friendly with these publishers. I want Drawlick to give you a lot of work this year. Remember, Flav, we've got to save money. You must get back to school in two years at the most."

"Confound it!" complained Flavius, standing back from the canvas to survey that breezy figure illustrating the care-free mind of those who used a Dulcimer Plow; "I kind of hate to work people like that."

"Silly!" She grudged a little Chinese white to the palette. "That isn't working him. It's just being friendly."

"Oh, well, I don't care. I'll ask him for next week." He was still squinting at the poster. In a moment he turned to her. "How do you like it by this time?" he asked anxiously. "Don't you think I've got some good action in it?"

"Oh, it's great! But do you know, Flav, you've used up two dollars and eighteen cents' worth of cadmium already! I told you chrome yellow would be plenty good enough for those people."

The next week they entertained Mr. Hiram Drawlick, the great publisher. Mr. Drawlick was sixty and a chronic sufferer from theater seats. He weighed two hundred and eighty and was laid out in ranges. To call this national park by its first name would have seemed flippant in anyone. Yet in a few weeks after that first dinner Ethel was addressing him as "Hi."

"Why, Ethel," remonstrated her husband the first time after she attempted this

(Continued on Page 85)

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Behind the Power that Turns the Wheels of Your Life.

YOUR food, your clothing, your equipment for life's work, come from the collective efforts of thousands of manufacturing plants, which in the struggle to meet your demands, compete in quality, in price, and in service.

To do this, these manufacturers must operate their establishments at highest efficiency—must protect their plants against countless costly leaks such as waste heat, friction, wear and tear, and breakdowns.

Many American manufacturers rely on Johns-Manville maintenance materials to check these losses. For example, they improve the efficiency of pumps and engines by packing them with Johns-Manville Sea Rings, the packing that reduces friction to a minimum. The brick arches over the blazing boiler fires are protected from the flame's white heat by Johns-Manville Refractory Cements. Again, the valuable heat transferred through pipes, ducts and flues is conserved by Insulations made from Johns-Manville Asbestos and Magnesia. And in hundreds of other instances, Johns-Manville materials are employed to reach you with a better product at the lowest cost.

So that of all the ways—some direct, some devious—by which Johns-Manville serves the public, none is more important than this function of maintenance, this power economy at the very heart-center of industry.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 54 Large Cities

A Johns-Manville Sea Ring

JOHNS-MANVILLE
POWER PLANT MATERIALS

A variety of specially developed insulations, including: Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation, 85% Magnesia Insulation, Asbestocel Insulation

Packing and other Power Plant specialties, such as:

Underground Insulation System for Pipes
The Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher
The Johns-Manville Steam Trap
Asbesto-Metallic Brake Blocks
High Temperature Cements
The Johns-Manville Sea Ring
Universal Piston Packing
Mogul Valve Stem Packing
Kearsarge Boiler Gaskets
Service Sheet Packing
Seigelite Sheet Packing
Duplex Packing

Cramp Uses Star Hack Saw Blades

OF all the American Shipyards now building our enormous tonnage at top speed to defeat the German U-Boats, none is more famous for efficiency than Wm. Cramp and Sons of Philadelphia.

In giving Star Hack Saws the endorsement implied by use, Cramp has paid Star Blades the highest compliment because a great shipyard has probably a greater variety of difficult metal sawing than any other plant and is constantly driven at topmost speed to get the boats built on time.

You too can put Star Blades to as drastic tests as you like. They will do your most difficult cutting in minimum time and at minimum cost. Star Blades are made for every purpose—machine and hand—flexible and all hard. And always they will give you maximum output at the lowest price per cut—which is the one real test of hack saw blade efficiency.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

Machine and Hand *Flexible and All Hard*

Star Blades were the first modern hack saw blades and the Star supremacy has been maintained by thirty years of constant metal-cutting research.

Our knowledge of the best steel composition and tempering—the best length, width and thickness—and the best shape and setting of teeth for all conditions has been gained at the cost of hundreds of thousands of tests. The uniformity with which Star Blades are made has come from years of machine development which has produced our special automatic machinery with gauges of such fine limits that the least variance is mechanically impossible.

It is a fact of vital importance to every user that the standard practice now used by other hack saw makers was abandoned by us more than twenty years ago for our present more efficient methods.

Put your metal-cutting problems up to us and we will give you the benefit of our thirty years of research and help you get the greatest output at the smallest cutting cost.
Address Engineering Department, Millers Falls Co., 200 Rivers St., Millers Falls, Mass.

$500.00 Contest for Saw Users

Our position as authorities on metal sawing has made us a clearing house of information on hack saw testing.

To encourage this interchange of ideas we offer $500.00 in gold for the most practical hack saw testing method submitted before November 30th.

Don't try to make it a literary production. Write us in your own way—What you look for in hack saw blades and why—How you decide which blade to buy—How you determine the most efficient way to use the blades on different kinds of material.

The methods that are simplest and practical in the judges' opinion will win the prizes.

The names of winners and some of the best replies will be published in our advertising. Write for any further information desired.

Get your answer in at once. Contest closes in Millers Falls November 30th.

1st Prize	$250.00	3rd Prize	$50.00	5th Prize	$15.00
2nd Prize	100.00	4th Prize	25.00	6th to 11th Prizes each	10.00

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

(Continued from Page 82)

lubricant, "whatever made you call old Drawlick by his first name?"

She gave his forelock a little pull. "Why not? Poor old soul; anybody can see he's just sitting round aching for somebody to be impudent to him."

"That's all right," retorted Flavius sulkily, pulling off his tie; "but it sounds cheap."

"Well," she said gayly, "I am cheap—but it's from conviction, not nature. There's only one thing quite as tactful as calling an old man by his first name, and that's calling a young man by his last name."

She gave a gay little laugh and adjusted her hair in the looking-glass. When Ethel came back from a party she looked as fresh as most women long to look when they are just setting out.

Her husband looked at her moodily, bitterly. Then with a violent gesture he caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel, Ethel!" The cry and the embrace were for holding something precious against some new blinding, parting vision. When, however, she emerged, cool and unruffled, from his arms there was no sign of any such realization in her face.

"Really, Flavius," said she, lightly patting his cheek, "you must get yourself new evening clothes this very week. They're cutting the coats up at the waist line so much more nowadays."

It was a month after this, and the Bests were the guests of Mr. Hiram Drawlick at a little dinner in a big hotel. During these friendly contacts business had heretofore played no part in the conversation. Tonight, however, Ethel suddenly bent along the gleaming damask of the cloth and looked into Drawlick's eyes.

"Tell me, Hi," said she; "what kind of illustrations are you going to have Flav do for your new novel?"

Her husband shot a pleading look at her. But what chance have the personal prejudices of the engine when the engineer is about?

"Well," replied Drawlick, "I suppose just the same as he has been doing."

"But you say you think it's going to be a great success. Now don't you really think, Hi, that this ought to have more expensive treatment?"

Perhaps some place far back in that hinterland of the two hundred and eighty-odd pounds glimmered the suspicion that a good reliable steel trap was placed behind those lovely blue eyes. Yet with the scenery so pleasant, the walks so shady, how could one bother about where one stepped? Mr. Drawlick grunted attention.

"It's this way," continued Ethel persuasively: "Up to this time you've been having the American materials for your illustrations. The American paper with the French paints costs you fifty dollars more, and the illustrations with both French paper and paint will be twenty-five dollars more than that. I really do think, though, that if this book is as big as you say it is, it would be worth your while to take the very best you can get."

Needless to say, Mr. Drawlick was converted. As time went on his conversions, too, became increasingly profitable. Meantime Flavius' other work bounded proportionately, and in two years' time he was again back at the Prometheus League—this time with all the security of garnered thousands behind him.

"Now, Flavius, we have a little ahead," remarked Ethel; "but of course you must win the Prix de Paris. Nothing else gives you such a send-off."

Flavius did win it too. But meantime his wife's industry never abated. Frequently, indeed, she accompanied him to the league to set fresh palettes for him.

"You know, Flavius, it does save time," she replied to his protest; "and every minute is precious."

"All right!" he said. "Go ahead, but just remember that the boys all call you the stoker."

During the second period of his training Flavius met many of the men who had worked with him before. Among these, however, Levitzky was missing. Immediately Flavius asked what had become of him.

"Oh," said one of the students with a laugh, "Levitzky's now a portrait painter."

Some time after this Flavius met the little Russian on the street. He was wearing an impresario overcoat with huge fur collar, and as he walked he was almost tearing up the cobblestones with a handsome stick.

"Why, hello there, Pobbles!" said Flavius, addressing him by the old Prometheus name. "How are you? I hear you're painting."

"Sure I am—I'm doing the dead ones."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that's the way you always start in," explained Levitzky. "I just painted Mrs. Streichheimer's daughter—those rich Streichheimers on Riverside Drive. The daughter died last year. And believe me, man, when Mrs. Streichheimer comes into my studio and sees the picture she jumps back and screams. It was so like her Dorothy. And now her friend, Mrs. Hanstein, is going to get me to do her husband, who died of blood poisoning ten years ago. She even wants me, that Mrs. Hanstein, to put in the green parrot that went off with the croup. I told her I didn't think the parrot and her husband would make a good composition, but she will have it, and so I charge her a hundred dollars extra for that bird."

Flavius looked down into the beaming little brown face. "Well, well; I'm glad to hear you're doing so well, Pobbles."

"Yes," bubbled the little man; "and that is not all. I've got the promise of six bank presidents."

"Dead ones?"

"No, sir! Live ones!" replied Levitzky. "You know banks are not so particular about how their presidents look; all they want is a bargain in a frame. So I do these for two hundred dollars each."

That evening Flavius repeated this conversation to his wife.

"That's all very well for Levitzky," said she, coming over and sitting on the arm of his chair; "but it won't do for our Flavius Josephus Rembrandt."

Flavius looked up at her. "And what will little F. J. Rembrandt do—start out by painting a fashionable woman or a fashionable actress?"

"Heavens, no! They were doing that in the period when dear old ladies thought it wasn't nice for girls to ride bicycles. No, indeed; I've thought up something much better for you."

"What?"

"Just you wait and see! I'll make you yet, Flavius."

He looked up at her curiously as she sat there. Then quite suddenly he asked: "Ethel, were you ever really in love with me?"

"Why, you silly, of course I was—am. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Well, sometimes, you know, I wonder. I have the feeling that I inspired you with the same highly speculative sentiment that Napoleon had for a new recruit. You looked at my bangs and my front teeth and wondered how far you could make me go."

She gave a gay little laugh. "Then you don't need ever to be troubled about your future, Flavius dear. People never get tired of a game."

It was just two years after his second entrance at the Prometheus that Flavius was awarded that coveted Prix de Paris. This honor provides a year's residence in Paris, but couples with it the injunction against study under a foreign master. The flow of pure native talent must be representative and untainted. Flavius willingly limited himself in this way, and that June he and Ethel arrived in the French capital.

They came in by the Gare du Nord, and as the cab shook them over the cobbles Flavius took an awed glance about him. He expected that the charm of Paris would jump out like the balls of a Roman candle, and at this first glimpse of the bare buildings and the flopping torn posters his heart sank.

Meantime the fat villain of a *cocher* was cracking his whip and swinging about each corner so abruptly that the victoria almost reared. Finally, at the accomplishment of one corner, Flavius' new patent-leather trunk toppled over and rolled into the dusty street. Stopping his ancient horse the fat *cocher* stood up in his seat and denounced the wayward piece of baggage. Then when he was through with that he turned to Flavius and Ethel and with the unerring precision of his kind placed the blame where it properly belonged—on the other person. At this Ethel looked him quietly in the eye and spoke to him in French. To her husband's surprise the *cocher* collapsed like a toy balloon, and in another instant he was placing the trunk in its former position.

"Old reptile!" remarked Ethel with her smile of triumph. "They always make it hard for you if you don't know French."

The Cleanest Towels You Can Use

ScotTissue Towels are more than individual. Every ScotTissue Towel is an *original* towel—it has never been used before and will never be used again.

But in addition to this satisfaction of *knowing* that ScotTissue Towels are absolutely clean they give perfect towel service in every way.

ScotTissue Towels are made from a specially manufactured, pure-white paper texture with wonderfully absorbent qualities and a pleasant softness that take up the moisture in a jiffy, and leave the skin dry and comfortable.

Prove these facts by testing ScotTissue Towels for yourself, but be sure they are *genuine* ScotTissue Towels.

You can always distinguish them from the ordinary kind by the name "ScotTissue" embossed on every towel.

Heads of stores, office buildings, hotels, boat lines, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

113 E. Austin Avenue CHICAGO — 356 Market Street SAN FRANCISCO — 30 Church Street NEW YORK

Address nearest office

ScotTissue Towels

Lawson
Odorless Gas Heater
Saves Fuel Waste

JACK FROST can't nip the tiny toes, where there's a *Lawson* Odorless. And your purchase of this compact, little gas heater means—saving in first cost, saving in room space, saving in fuel every hour; for it gives more heat than ordinary gas heaters twice to three times greater in size and price.

The *Lawson* Odorless is different from any other heater. The patented cast-iron core, or "heart," forms a combustion chamber which becomes red hot—completely consuming all the gas without waste or odor. The ODORLESS has been tested and approved by The Good Housekeeping Institute of New York City.

Your Gas Company or Dealer can supply you. Or, write us and we will tell you how to get it quickly.

Privilege Ten Days' Trial

Money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied. Write us for descriptive folder.

Lawson Mfg. Co. of Pittsburgh

Also makers of Lawson Water Heaters

$50.00 for Your Spare Time

IF you can find a few spare minutes every day from now until Christmas, you can easily pick up $50.00 extra money.

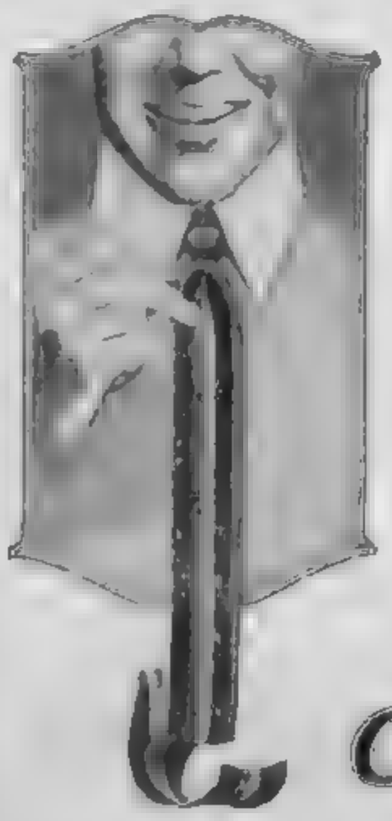
Scores of spare-time Curtis Representatives will earn $50.00 in October alone.

They secure the local renewals and new subscriptions for the ever-popular periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, and receive liberal payment both in commission and salary. Christmas gift subscriptions alone brought our workers $75,000 in profit last year.

If you could use some extra cash right now, our way is a pleasant, easy, certain way to earn it. You are not required to invest a single penny, and previous experience is not necessary. For details of the offer, address (a postal card will do)

Agency Division,

The Curtis Publishing Company, 904 Independence Square, Philadelphia



Smart—Economy

A CHENEY Tubular Cravat is seamless—a woven tube of silk that holds its shape and continues to knot pertly.

It will not fuzz or show pin-holes. It has no wide ends—a waste of silk, unseen beneath your vest. It wears longer and costs less than a more common cravat with broad ends.

Be sure to look for "Cheney Silk" in the neckband.

CHENEY BROTHERS, Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St. New York

Cheney Cravats

"Wonderful Ethel," said Flavius, patting her hand. "What should I be without you?" Yet he smiled a little wistfully. Somehow he was not coming to Paris at all. He was merely being brought.

"This is a horrid part of the city we've been going through," remarked Ethel. "Suppose I tell him to drive us along the river before we go home."

He nodded assent and presently the Seine, spanned by all its bridges, lay before them. The haze was dusky gold—the glory of the sky stepping down amid the whirling dust of earth.

Later on, the ancient buildings would be cut black against the sunset clouds. Still later, lights would quiver along the velvet dark banks and plunge long arms into the river. But nothing could be like this scene of the late afternoon. Flavius held his breath.

"Oh, Ethel," said he, catching his wife's hand and squeezing it hard, "don't let me ever look at another thing!"

She turned to him with the gaze of an expert dietitian feeding her charge the proper number of calories. "I thought you would like it," said she.

They crossed over the Pont Neuf by the statue of Henri Quatre and a little later were spinning over the Boule Miche. Presently they turned into a cobbled street lined with dandified little provision shops and thronged with schoolboys in black aprons.

"Ah, this must be it," said Ethel as they stopped before a big bare-looking building. "We go in through this court, you see."

The court was filled with discarded bits of sculpture and led straight to the *concierge*, sitting in her room filled with souvenirs of departed tenants—*chaises longues*, bird cages, fencing foils and teapots. The *concierge* had the traditional tortoise-shell cat and annoyed manner, but in spite of her they finally landed in their rooms.

"Well," said Flavius, standing in the midst of his baggage and looking about him at the high bleak walls, at the great north window and that other slit of glass which, reaching from floor to ceiling, was intended for the accommodation of those big canvases of the Salon which are seen but never heard from; "so this is Paris!"

"Don't say it like that," laughed Ethel, passing her arm through his; "we're going to have the time of our lives. We're going to cafés and balls and we're going to meet all the sad, bad, lavender people. You know, Flav, going to school in Paris is exactly like going to see the elephant without a bag of peanuts. You miss seeing the thing in action. And now I'm going to do all the things I always wanted to. Tonight let's try the Café du Panthéon for dinner."

At half past six they set out and as, arm in arm, they walked down the Boule Miche it occurred to him that the great city was a sleeping beauty who waited daily for the salute of Prince Night. He had thought the place rather sleepy, and now suddenly people came pouring in every direction. Roistering art students in their velvet jackets and wide trousers walked together in rows of six. Little cocottes, gay as parrakeets, twittered at the tables of the outdoor cafés, and every here and there a soldier in bright red trousers or a grave, blue-eyed curé brushed their elbows.

"Ah," said Flavius happily, "this is the way I thought it would be!"

They came presently to the Café du Panthéon, and just as they sat down at one of the little sidewalk tables Flavius uttered an exclamation.

"Look!" he cried. "Isn't that fellow over there Darnley—the one with the two girls and the other man?"

Ethel followed his eyes. "Of course it is," said she, and her face fell. Darnley had been a fellow student at the Prometheus League and was Flavius' only serious competitor for the Prix de Paris. "I just wonder how he got here," she added rather sourly.

"Wait; I'm going over to speak to him," said Flavius.

At the touch of Best's arm Darnley jumped to his feet. "Why, Flavius Josephus!" cried he, wringing his hand. "I just got through writing you that I was here. This is a friend of mine, Mr. Hopewell; and these ladies are both famous models—Celestine and Margot. No, no English, but they're both right there with the eye alphabet."

Flavius bowed to the rest, and then took Darnley's arm. "Can't you come over and see us for a moment? Ethel's here and wants to speak to you."

A moment later Ethel was looking up into Darnley's eyes. "Well," said she, "of all surprises! This is simply great—but how in the world did you get here?"

"Simple!" said he, sitting down and lighting a cigarette. "I am now one of Mrs. Theodore Cutler Skibbens' little white mice."

"Oh, well, of course!" Ethel raised her eyebrows and looked pointedly at the young man's face. With his blue-black eyes and the purple-black hair that stood out in ropes all over his head, Darnley was scandalously handsome.

"No, Mrs. Flavius, it wasn't my beauty, appealing as that is. Want to know what I did? I praised her worst picture—instinct told me she thought it her best—and criticized the others. The usual system is to laud them all and she has got suspicious of it. Result—she sent me to Paris right on the spot."

"But how about little Geraldine Connor—I thought Beadle was trying to get Mrs. Skibbens to send her?"

"Now I ask you, Flavius, when did you ever hear of the Skibbenses sending a girl over here? In her heart of hearts Mrs. Skibbens regards other ladies' heads as good for only one emergency—carrying a load of timber."

"And where are you going to study?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, I suppose at the new Spanish man's! It really doesn't make much difference. The main thing is to tell Mrs. Fifth-Avenue-and-Newport that you've studied abroad. That's the reason, Flavius. I don't think much of your Prix de Paris. The very idea of your not being allowed to study over here! The confounded arrogance of it! It's always going to stand in the way of a big American success."

"Oh, I don't know!" retorted Ethel. "The directors all help to get big commissions. That stands to reason. They want to boost the Prometheus."

"Directors—pooh! What do they count against the superstition of foreign training and—the Skibbenses? I bet Mrs. Skibbens can get more orders than any school. Think of the following the woman has among her own rich set!"

The lights had come out on the street and over there in the Luxembourg. Pale blue and misty lavender, they seemed to flutter faintly against the glossy foliage. A fresh little breeze came in upon them and from the café inside the strains of violin and cello washed over the sounds of the street and the snapping, crackling French sentences. Flavius looked at the double-decked tram crawling up the Boule Miche like some big clumsy beetle, at the lively fiacres darting here and there, at the constant stream of art students and their models.

Up there at the top of the Rue Soufflot the dome of the Panthéon rounded, half-guessed, against the electric-blue sky. Were they secretly conscious of that great silent dome—these gay, chattering folk? Was it because they were afraid of something in life—something that the Panthéon typified—that they laughed and drank and flirted so madly? As the white-aproned garçons flew hither and thither, as the military man near by hunched his great shoulders to the Russian beauty in the red-spangled gown, Flavius wondered. Yes, thought he at last, it's gayety, not real merriment—this Paris.

Meantime Darnley was lighting another cigarette. "Of course," said he, "there's no politics like the politics of portrait painting. Even an alderman doesn't know anything like it. And the game starts right here in Paris. Do a few big people over here, and you can paint five miles of American society. And take it from me—I'm going to rustle! The Skibbens has given me all sorts of introductions and I mean to follow every one of them up."

"Heavens!" cried Flavius fiercely. "You people both make me sick! I want to feel Paris, and you talk of getting on in the world."

"All very well for you, old man," said Darnley, rising to leave them; "you don't have to bother about these sordid details. But just remember—I have no Mrs. Flavius."

"I should say he didn't," remarked Ethel when, after he had gone, they applied themselves to onion soup. "You mark my words, Flav, Darnley is going to be a strong competitor of ours. He paints well, but he schemes better, and he's handsome and

(Continued on Page 89)

You can't go wrong with any 'Feist' Song

The Four Big Song Hits!

You'll want them for your piano, talking machine, or player piano—why not get them now? They are sweeping the country. Everybody wants to hear them, to sing them, and to dance them. They've caught on *strong*.

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

CHORUS

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

When you play and sing this song, you'll know [illegible] positively the biggest song hit of the year. A wonderful fox-trot or one-step. By Reisner, Davis and Baskette.

Just try over the choruses printed below and then you'll know why song experts consider these four songs in a class by themselves.

You've simply got to have them if you want to play and sing the latest and most popular tunes—the four really *big* hits of the year.

Vaudeville performers are singing them in hundreds of cities to thousands and thousands of people who applaud vigorously, thus showing *their* approval.

If you haven't heard them in your city as yet be sure to tell your Theatre Manager you would like to hear them sung. He will be glad to accommodate you. And get all four of them for yourself, today.

On Sale Today

At all music and department stores, or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft, Grant or Metropolitan store.

Where Do We Go from Here?

CHORUS

Where Do We Go From Here?

Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everybody else too. [illegible] the soldiers. When some one says, "Where do we go from here?" you'll get his meaning. By Johnson and Wenrich.

Mother, Dixie and You

CHORUS

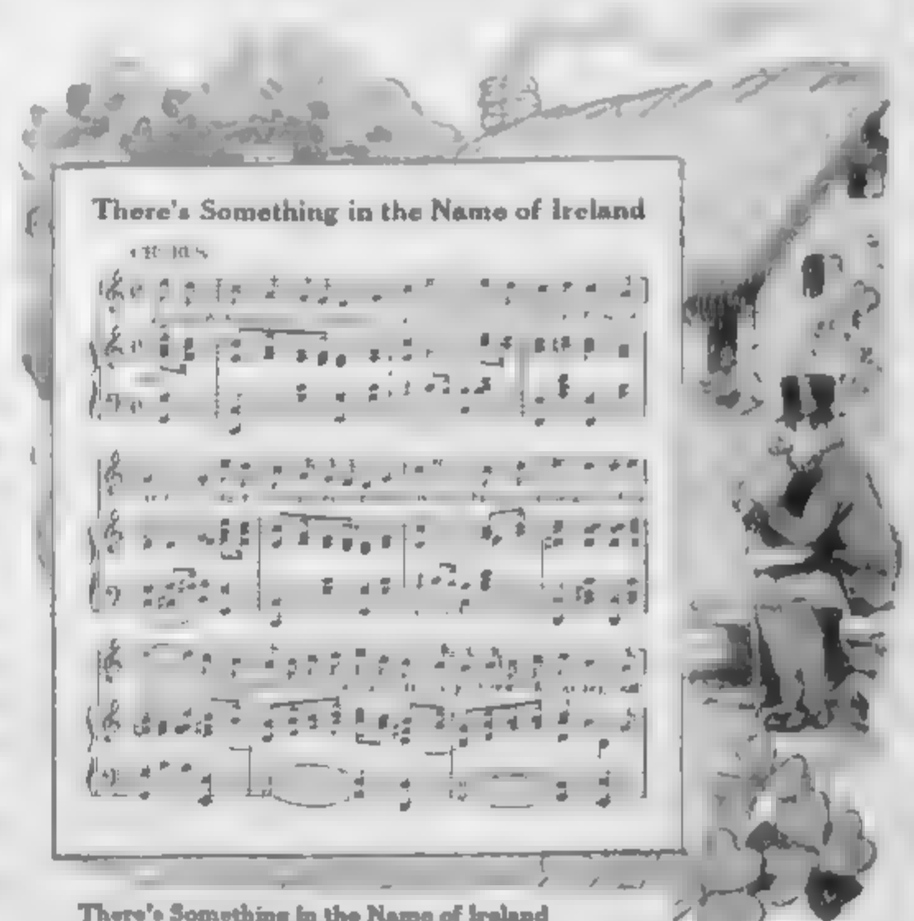
Mother, Dixie and You

A song of Dixieland. A beautiful melody wedded to words that are sure to take you back home. And [illegible] has life and spirit. Played quickly, it is an irresistible fox-trot. By Johnson and Santly.

Other Popular "Feist" Songs

These songs are printed in the new "Feist" easy-to-read style. Complete song at a glance. No leaves to turn.

Hawaiian Butterfly
At the Yankee Military Ball
China, We Owe a Lot to You. A [illegible] novelty song.
Hong Kong. The Oriental [illegible]
Our Own Beloved Land. A [illegible] that stirs the blood. See Victor Record [illegible]
If I Had a Son for Each Star in Old Glory
Stingy Baby
Sally Simmets [illegible]
Father Was Right [illegible]
Rockaway. Sophie Tucker's great [illegible]
The Garden of Allah [illegible]
Mammy Blossom's Possum Party
Throw No Stones in the Well That Gives You Water [illegible]
I Called You 'My Sweetheart.' The ballad supreme
I Know I Got More Than My Share.
Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love.
Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There.
Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You. Better than ever.



There's Something in the Name of Ireland

CHORUS

There's Something in the Name of Ireland That the Whole World Seems to Love

To some Ireland means home, to others it means love, to others it means a race of fighting [illegible] Ireland. A more beautiful melody hasn't been written in years. By Howard Johnson and Milton Ager.

Practically every music dealer in the United States and Canada will display these songs and reproductions of this advertisement in his window, so that you will know just where you can buy copies.

If you have any difficulty locating a dealer, however, you may order direct from us at 15c. each, or any seven for one dollar. Sent postpaid to any address in the world. A set of 5 attractive post cards FREE with all mail orders of $1.00 or over. Band or orchestra, 25c. each. Male quartette, 10c. each.

Your regular dealer can supply you with these songs for your talking machine or player-piano and any orchestra or band leader will be glad to play any of them for you if requested.

Be sure to hear them and don't miss the pleasure of dancing to these tuneful, fascinating melodies.

LEO. FEIST Inc. 240 W 40th St. [Feist Bldg.] NEW YORK

The Franklin Car

Three Times As Many People Are Buying Franklin Cars

"AMERICANS," said a foreign critic, "know the *price* of everything and the *value* of nothing."

That was before our entry into the War. Today it is a different story.

The past few months have developed a remarkable understanding of the National duty to curb needless waste and extravagance.

A typical illustration is the change in standards of judging and buying a motor car.

Only a short time back a car had to be everything but practical to attract the average motorist.

He wasn't interested in upkeep because his eye was on ponderous mechanism.

Gasoline didn't worry him because he was comparing wheel-bases.

Tire economy was not in his mind because he was judging freezing-mixtures for an unnecessary water-cooling-system.

And getting rid of his old car at a fire-sale price for a new model of another make he figured was part of the game.

▼

Today economy—both in gasoline and tires—is being forced on the attention of the motorist. By rising costs, by Government officials, by newspapers and magazines the problem is before the motorist daily.

What is he to do?

He is looking for a way out—some way to *cut his cost in half* and maintain his mileage.

He must get down to *facts* and *figures*. Know what the car he intends buying will *actually* do on a gallon of gasoline and a set of tires. Take into consideration the *depreciation* each year. And turn his back on pleasing phrases and tempting "claims."

There's less mystery than one thinks about this economy problem. A car *has* thrift or it *hasn't*. Something "in between" is like the proverbial "something just as good."

▼

An unfailing gauge of the worth of any *fine* car today is the way it is selling *today*.

Now what are the sales facts about the Franklin?

The present and next building schedule of Franklin Cars will not catch up with orders on hand. Franklin Cars are being built at a rate of *three times as many as a year ago* and the public demand still continues to *exceed production*.

The Franklin Car was bound to become more popular each year, even in normal times. The War, forcing utility and economy before everything else, quickened this movement.

Today, as for fifteen years, the Franklin Car stands as *the most practical, efficient and economical fine car in America*.

▼

Just consider the significance of the National Efficiency Test of 179 Franklin Cars of July 13th, 1917. Over all sorts of roads, in weather partly fair and partly rainy, these cars recorded at 179 different points in the United States the remarkable average of 40.3 miles to the single gallon of gasoline.

This record shows what the Franklin does under *standard efficiency test rules*. The practical motorist might ask himself what any other make of car can do along the same lines. Such a comparative test offers a standard which owner operation can modify in the same respect against one car and another.

High gasoline mileage means economy all along the line. It takes no expert to know that if a car is overburdened with heavy weight and undergoing constant wear and tear *the gasoline tank* will tell it by low mileage.

Take tires. For five years Franklin owners have been reporting their individual tire mileage. The average for this five year period is 10,203 miles.

Now compare the annual depreciation of the average fine car with the Franklin. Look over the daily used-car advertisements and visit the places selling used-cars. It's a rare case when you find the Franklin. If you do—why is it quoted so high?

There is something here for every motorist to think about—and these are days when a motorist *has* to think if he wants to *ride*.

Touring Car	2280 *lbs.*	$2050.00	*Runabout*	2160 *lbs.*	$2000.00	*Four-pass. Roadster*	2280 *lbs.*	$2050.00
Cabriolet	2485 *lbs.*	2850.00	*Sedan*	2610 *lbs.*	2950.00	*Brougham*	2575 *lbs.*	2900.00
Town Car	2610 *lbs.*	3200.00	*Limousine*	2620 *lbs.*	3200.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*		

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 86)

impudent. But he won't beat me—I have my campaign all laid out."

"What is this wonderful plan of yours, Ethel?"

Her eyes flashed at him over the glass of *vin ordinaire*. "Just you wait and see!" she replied gayly.

Flavius looked at her a little sickly. In these four years of marriage his attitude toward her had undergone various modifications. The Hiram Drawlick affair had been his first eye opener. In that piece of calculation the morning star had gone out forever, and in its place he had found a cold little electric light, turning on and off at the first hint of expediency. Excellent business man as he himself was, far as that alert brain of his removed him from the blundering impracticality of the usual artist, he scorned the efficiency built on other people's poor little deficiencies.

In this first reaction against her meanness, he had hated Ethel as gustily as—in between times—he loved her. Gradually this almost savage division of emotion gave way to a calmer regard. He would take her for what she was and make the best of it. But more and more as months went by he found himself dependent on this wife of his. Her vitality; her energy; the overcoming quality of her beauty; above all, that zest for fitting people and events into her own triumphant schedule—he could not imagine getting on without these. And there were moments such as this to-night when he felt himself terribly in her power.

The street on which Flavius and Ethel had taken their rooms was one of countless such thoroughfares that intersect the Latin Quarter. The morning program of such streets is invariably the same. At six o'clock the fisherwomen clatter over the cobbles with their sabots and their cries of "*Voilà des beaux maquereaux!*" Later come the goat boy and his flock, carts of brilliant fruits and vegetables pushed by bearded ladies, and perhaps a plaintive little hand-organ. After that, at perhaps eight or nine, the students scramble out of their various lodgings for a breakfast at the little tobacco shop and café round the corner, where for the sum of perhaps fifteen sous one may have a cup of steaming coffee and several flaky crescent rolls.

It was about nine the morning after their arrival that Flavius and Ethel, coming down the waxed stairway to the second landing, were startled by the sight of a head poked from the door on the left.

"Excuse me, sir," spoke up a voice with unmistakable flavor of the Corn Belt, "but do you mind asking old Chambord for my suit?"

"Certainly not," replied Flavius courteously.

When addressed on the subject the *concierge* took from a peg an unkempt suit of blue serge and indicated that her responsibility went no further. Leaving Ethel in the courtyard below, Flavius mounted the stairs and delivered his bundle. This time the door opened wide and there stood revealed a small figure tastefully draped in a sheet fastened with safety pins and topped by a Mexican sombrero.

"Awfully sorry to trouble you, sir. Come in, come in! My name's Ronald Postetter, of Indianapolis. I was a student at the Philadelphia Academy. You see," he explained, "I had to get old Chambord to hide my clothes last night so I couldn't go out and spend my money. She hates to do it, but there's really no other way. I do try hiding them myself sometimes, but unless I'm awfully drunk I can always find them again. And if I spend that much money getting drunk to hide my clothes so as not to spend money, there really doesn't seem much sense in it, now does there?"

He looked up with such an angelic smile of his big blue eyes and such a wry smile of the wide mouth with its gnawed little mustache that Flavius broke out laughing.

Gradually Postetter's smile lapsed into a careful appraisal of the other's physique. Finally he shook his head. "Too bad, too bad!" he muttered. "You must be five feet eleven anyway. Yours wouldn't do."

"What wouldn't do?" asked Flavius.

"Why, your evening clothes. I was thinking if you had only been my size you wouldn't have minded lending them to me now and then."

"My evening clothes!" echoed Flavius in bewilderment.

"Yes—that's why I don't dare trust myself with my day clothes. I'm always afraid I'll spend the price of next night's evening clothes—I rent them for two francs. You see," he explained, looking up from under the absurd sombrero with that odd mixture of boyishness and age in his smile, "I'm working the dress-suit racket here."

"What's that?"

"Well, you've got to know the big people here in Paris or your career in America is absolutely blasted. I arrived not knowing a soul and with nobody to introduce me, so I just watched the society news of the American colony, and whenever there was a big crush I hires me a dress suit and butts in—uninvited. By and by I get to know people—the others never find out that the first ones never asked me. Everybody says: 'Let's have that young Postetter! The So-and-Sos had him, and I guess he's all right.' Now, my boy, I'm hand and glove with the Ambassador's wife; and the Duchesse de Gambeaux—she was the daughter of Noodles, the oil king—says I'm *très drôle. Très drôle!*" he repeated with a fandango fling of the draped knees; "gee, I wish she could see me now!"

"But what good is it going to do you to know all these people?" asked Flavius curiously.

"Good? Why, you poor fish, the Duchesse de Gambeaux is going to let me paint her son Noodles and herself. How'll that sound in America, eh? And the joke of it is that I can't paint green apples or deliver a speaking likeness of the barn door. But poof!—what does that matter? These society people don't know the difference between good and bad painting. The main thing is to get orders. By the way, sir, what's your name anyway?"

"Flavius Josephus Best."

"Fla-vi-us Jo-se-phus Best!" chanted the little man, and then under his breath he repeated it again. "My friend," said he solemnly at last, "I congratulate you on that name. It's the kind that won't melt in your mouth. Nothing could dissolve it. Nobody would ever forget it. My dear Flavius Josephus, it's the clearest case of premeditated greatness I ever heard of. Your father was a genius. He should have begot a breakfast food. And do you paint well?"

"A little," replied Flavius. "I'm the *Prix-de-Paris* guy at Prometheus this year."

"The *Prix de Paris* and Flavius Josephus too! Oh, it's too much—too much!" And the little figure rocked in a colic of mock envy. "One portrait of a great woman over here and you're made forever. Say"— looking up cunningly—"I suppose you've got all kinds of letters to people over here, too, haven't you?"

"Mr. Beadle has given me some, and of course I can get more."

Postetter scratched at an accessible lock of red hair. "That's too bad for me," said he; "I was just thinking we might arrange a little deal. Of course what I need is ready money—got to have it if I want to pursue my highly profitable acquaintance with the Duchesse de Gambeaux—and what you might need is an introduction to the duchess and her set ——"

"Thank you, sir," said Flavius haughtily, starting for the door, "but your offer strikes me as somewhat grotesque."

The figure in the white sheet put his bare heels together and made a stiff little military bow. "I beg a thousand pardons, Monsieur Flavius Josephus, but my wretched financial estate frequently obscures my judgment. I shall see you again, I hope."

When Flavius again came into the little courtyard with its yellowed waifs of sculpture, Ethel was waiting for him beside the *concierge's* tortoise-shell cat. As they walked out into the little street the gutters flashed with their rivulets of cleansing water; thrifty housewives were bargaining with the great pomaded butcher down the street, and pushcarts piled with cherries and red gooseberries lined the curb. This clean, bright, gossipy Paris of the early morning was very different from last night's vivacity, yet Flavius looked about him rather dully. Darnley, and now this absurd little Postetter! Was gay, romantic Paris to be choked forever by these fumes of painter politics? He related to Ethel the incident of the second landing as they walked on to the little tobacco shop and café.

She wrinkled her eyebrows. "Well," said she thoughtfully, "I don't really see why you were so angry about it, Flav. After all, what he made you was a straight business proposition. All he asked was a little return on goose flesh—just fancy how he must have felt going round to those parties uninvited!"

Flavius shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

"I'M leaving on the 'Twentieth Century' this afternoon. I want an extra suit. Send out a blue serge, same style as the grey worsted I bought last month."

The man who wants an unusual suit will like the NESTOR
Its shapely lines, patch pockets and smart belt make it particularly suitable for sport wear, though it is correct for all informal occasions.

BUSY, prosperous men buy Michaels-Stern Clothes regularly. They appreciate always getting a well-fitting garment and the time saved by avoiding "trying on" and "alterations." There is no question as to correct style.

THERE is a leading clothier in your town who can supply you with a Michaels-Stern Suit in ten minutes, so skilfully hand-tailored that it will fit when you first put it on, and keep fitting until you want a new suit.

There is true economy in paying from $20 to $40 for Michaels-Stern Clothes. Tested fabrics and thorough tailoring give all the wear you want.

Send for Style Booklet.

Michaels-Stern Clothes

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing

Why this ham needs no parboiling

Many women soak ham overnight or parboil it, to remove its excessive saltiness before using.

Ham that is too salty has not been properly cured. Neither soaking nor parboiling overcomes the saltiness, and either one detracts from the flavor of the ham.

Every "Swift's Premium" ham perfectly prepared

The special "Swift's Premium" cure leaves no excessive saltiness. The cure is so perfect that *this* ham needs no soaking or parboiling.

One woman says—"A big advantage 'Swift's Premium' Hams have over other hams is that they need not be soaked in water before using, to draw out surplus salt. They are seasoned just right and have a delicious, sweet flavor."

Every ham is weighed to determine just how much cure is required to perfect its flavor. The process is scientifically regulated so that each ham "comes out of cure" and "goes into smoke" at exactly the correct time. This means uniform cure and a flavor that never varies.

You will find that every "Swift's Premium" Ham has the same savory flavor. Serve it for dinner tonight.

"Swift's Premium" Ham

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

ROAST HAM WITH CURRANT SAUCE

Spread the ham thickly with a paste of [illegible] When cooked, take off [illegible] and water crust, peel off the skin, cover the [illegible] with [illegible] Serve with a sauce made from a cupful of brown gravy strained and mixed with a cupful of melted currant jelly.

"New York—
The Greatest Shopping Center"

NO matter WHERE you are or WHAT you want, we will buy it for you. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THIS SERVICE. Our experts can fill your every requirement.

We Act As Your Purchasing Agent and Guide

[illegible] for [illegible] buy it for you. [illegible] R[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

THE FAMOUS OLIVER TYPEWRITER

Now $49—Was $100

Latest Model Known Now

FREE TRIAL

Save $51

Over 600,000 Sold

The Sales Policy Alone is Changed—NOT the Machine

A $2,000,000 GUARANTEE

That This $49 Typewriter Was $100

ON March 1st the Oliver Typewriter Company announced its revolutionary selling plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. We gave up costly offices in 50 cities. Other wasteful methods were discarded.

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49.

This means that you save $51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There was nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

The Latest Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success With its huge financial resources it was determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine

Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon.

We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $3.00 per month. If you decide to return it, we will even refund the transportation charges

Or if you wish additional information, mail the coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately send you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would formerly obtain from a typewriter salesman

10 Cents a Day

Our terms are $3.00 a month (Canadian price $3.50), or 10 cents a Day Every machine is a new typewriter for 50 per cent less than the usual factory price

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter whether new second hand or rebuilt, however excellent a machine that may be until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver

Don't Pay $100

Why now pay the extra tax of $51 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for $49

Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from the Oliver Typewriter Company

Or send for our remarkable book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation

(Canadian Price, $62.65)

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 have been sold.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

101-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
101-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for

My shipping point is

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days

☐ Do not send a machine at present. Mail me your book The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy your de luxe catalogs and further information.

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

City *State*

RUUD

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

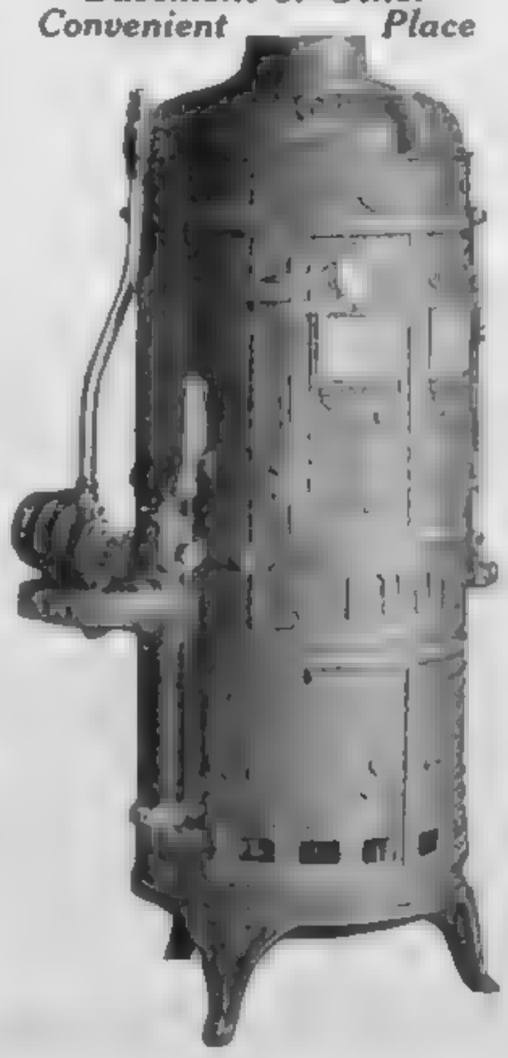
Don't Wait on Hot Water

Here is a way by which you can give your house the comfort of an abundance of hot water—easily and economically. Simply have a Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater connected to your gas- and water-pipes. Then turn on any hot water faucet in the house—at any time—and unlimited hot water is yours.

The Ruud is so constructed that the moment you turn on a hot water faucet, the flow of water automatically turns on the gas in the heater. A tiny pilot light ignites the gas and the water heats instantly as it flows, coming to you steaming hot, ready for your bath or shave, for the dishes, for the family washing.

This ingenious method is economical, for with the exception of a tiny amount in the pilot light, the Ruud Heater burns gas only when you are drawing water, and a patented temperature regulator keeps the gas supply down to just what is needed.

The Ruud goes in the Basement or Other Convenient Place



Let Hot Water Wait on You

Over 125,000 homes have put in Ruud Hot Water Service. Plenty of hot water is a convenience no modern home can do without. A Ruud solves the problem once and for all. It is efficient and economical—a device which will appeal to you now that coal is scarce and deliveries are uncertain. Go to your gas company or to any plumber or gas appliance store and learn all about the Ruud. But a word of caution—

Get a Ruud—Not an Imitation

There are other water heating devices on the market which operate by the turn-the-faucet method. You may be offered one for a little less than the Ruud costs. But the Ruud is purposely made of a sturdy, durable construction that insures long service and the greatest possible fuel saving. Many Ruud Heaters have been in use 20 years. The Ruud, in greater economy of gas alone, makes up the small difference in price. It is worth while to see that the heater you buy bears the name Ruud.

The Ruud Booklet and descriptive matter telling all about the Ruud Heater and Instant Hot Water Service mailed free on request. Address home office or branch nearest you.

Ruud Manufacturing Company, Dept. A, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ruud Manufacturing Company of Canada: 371 Adelaide St., W., Toronto

SEE THE RUUD AT ANY OF THESE BRANCH OFFICES

[illegible]	16 Grant Bldg.	Cleveland, Ohio	1850 Euclid Ave
Baltimore, Md	116 Lexington St.	Columbus, Ohio	61 West Long St
Boston, Mass	66 High St.	Dallas, Texas	150 Commerce St
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago, Ill.	122 So. Michigan Ave.	Duluth, Minn	319 W First St
[illegible]	[illegible]	Indianapolis, Ind	207 Home-Mansur Bldg
Cincinnati, Ohio	705 Elm St.	Kansas City, Mo	1304 Main St
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	145 So Broadway

SEE THE RUUD AT ANY OF THESE BRANCH OFFICES

Louisville, Ky	09 Third St	St Louis, Mo	1019 Locust St
Milwaukee, Wis	[illegible]	[illegible]	144 East Sixth St
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rochester, N Y	[illegible]	Washington, D C	506 Twelfth St, N W.

PLAIN GERMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

The captain stood over him while he did it, directing him with orders curt as oaths and wounding as blows, looking down upon his sweating, unremonstrant obedience as from a very mountain top of superiority. The clay was dry as flour and puffed into dust under the spade; the slanting sun had yet a vigor of heat, and Herr Haase, in his tail coat and his cloth boots, floundered among the little craters and earth heaps and dug and perspired submissively.

As he completed each hole to Von Wetten's satisfaction, that demigod dropped one or more of his small packages into it and arranged them snugly with the iron rod. While he did so Herr Haase eased himself upright, wiped the sweat from his brow and gazed across at the other two. He saw the young man dipping a brush into a bottle, which he had taken from the black bag, and painting with it upon the metal plates, intent and careful, while beside him the old baron, with his hands clasped behind his back, watched him with just that air of blended patronage and admiration with which a connoisseur, when visiting a studio, watches an artist at work. Von Wetten spoke at his elbow.

"Fill this in!" he said in those tones of his that would have roused rebellion in a beast of burden. "And tread the earth down on it firmly."

"*Zu Befehl,*" answered Herr Haase hastily.

But he was slow enough in obeying to see the young man, his painting finished, take the bottle in his hand and toss it over the parapet into the lake, and turn, the great jagged scar suddenly red and vivid on the pallor of his thin face, to challenge the baron with his angry eyes. The baron met them with his small indomitable smile.

"The machine is ready now?" he inquired smoothly.

"Ready when you are," snapped the other.

Herr Haase had to return to his labors then and lose the rest of that battle of purposes, of offense offered and refused, which went on over the head of the waiting machine.

Von Wetten left him for a while and was busy throwing things that looked like glass jars into the lake.

When at last the fifth and final hole was filled and trodden down under the sore heels in the cloth boots, the others were standing round the apparatus. They looked up at him as he cast down the spade and clapped a hand to the main stiffness in the small of his back.

"All finished?" called the baron. "Then come over here, my good friend, or you will be blown up. Eh, Herr Bettermann?"

Herr Bettermann shrugged those sharp shoulders of his; he was shifting the tripod legs of his machine.

"Blow him up if you like," he said. "He's your man."

Von Wetten and the baron laughed at that—the baron civilly and perfunctorily, as one laughs at the minor jests of one's host, and Von Wetten as though the joke were a good one. Herr Haase smiled deferentially and eased himself into the background by the parapet.

"And now," said the baron, "to our fireworks!"

Herr Bettermann answered with the scowl-like contraction of the brow that he used in place of a nod.

"All right!" he said. "Stand away from the front of the thing, will you! You know yourselves the kind of stuff you've buried yes? *Also, los!*"

The old baron had stepped back to Herr Haase's side; as the young man put his hands to the apparatus he crisped himself for the explosion with a sharp intake of breath. A switch clicked under the young man's thumb, and he began to move the machine upon its pivot mounting, traversing it like a telescope on a stand. It came round toward the fresh yellow mounds of earth which marked Herr Haase's excavations. They had an instant in which to note, faint as the whirring of a fly upon a pane, the buzz of some small mechanism within the thing.

Then, not louder than a heavy stroke upon a drum, came the detonation of the buried cartridges in the first hole; and the earth above them suddenly ballooned and burst like an overinflated paper bag and let through a spit of brief fire and a jet of smoke.

"*Ach, du heber* ——" began the baron, and had the words chopped off short by the second explosion. A stone the size of a tennis ball soared slowly over them and plopped into the water, a score of yards away. The baron raised an arm as if to guard his face, and kept it raised; Von Wetten let his eyeglass fall, lifted it in his hand and held it there. Only Herr Haase, preserving his formal attitude of obedient waiting, his large bland face inert, stood unmoved, passively watching this incident of his trade.

The rest of the holes blew up nobly; the last was applauded by a crash of glass as one of the upper windows of the house broke and came raining down in splinters. The lean young man swore tersely.

"Another window!" he snarled.

The baron lowered his arm and let his breath go in a sigh of relief.

"That is all, is it not?" he demanded. "*Gott sei Dank!* I hate things that explode. But I am glad that I saw it, now that it is over—very glad indeed!"

There was a touch of added color in the even pink of his face, and something of restlessness, a shine of excitement, in his eyes. Even his voice had a new tone of unfamiliar urgency. He glanced back and forth from Von Wetten to Herr Haase, as though seeking someone to share his emotion. Bettermann's thin voice broke in curtly.

"It isn't over," he said. "There's the stuff he"—with a glance like a stab at Von Wetten—"threw into the lake. Ready?"

"*Ach!*" The Baron stepped hastily aside. "Yes; I had forgotten that. Quite ready, my dear sir—quite ready. Haase, my good friend, I think I'll stand behind you this time."

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz,*" acquiesced Herr Haase, and made of his solidity and stolidity a screen and a shield for the master mind in its master body.

Herr Bettermann, bending behind his machine, took in the grouping with an eye that sneered and exulted, jerked his angular, blue-clad shoulders contemptuously, and turned again to his business.

The eye of the machine roamed over the shining face of the water, seeming to peer searchingly into the depths of shining blue. The small interior whir started again upon the click of the switch—and forthwith three explosions, following each other rapidly, tore that tranquil water mirror, spouting three geyser jets into the sun-soaked evening air. The waves they raised slapped loudly at the wall below the parapet, and there were suddenly dead fish floating pale-bellied on the surface.

"Mines!" It was a whisper behind Herr Haase's large shoulder. "English mines!"

Herr Bettermann straightened himself upright behind the tripod.

"There's a fine for killing fish like that," he remarked bitterly. "And the window besides—curse it!"

The baron looked round at him absently.

"Too bad," he agreed. "Too bad!"

He moved Herr Haase out of his way with a touch of his hand and walked to the parapet. He stood there, seeming for some moments to be absorbed in watching the dead fish as they rocked in the diminishing eddies. Herr Bettermann picked up the black cloth and draped it again over his apparatus.

There was a space of silence.

Presently, with a shrug, as though he withdrew himself unwillingly from some train of thought, the baron turned.

"Yes," he said slowly, half to himself. "Ye-es!" He lifted his eyes to the inventor. "Well, we have only three things to do," he said. "They should not take us long. But—it is pleasant here in your garden, Herr Bettermann, and we might sit down while we do them."

He sat as he spoke, letting himself down upon the low parapet with elderly deliberation. At his gesture, Von Wetten sat, likewise, a few yards away. Herr Haase moved a pace, hesitated, and remained standing.

"I'll stand," said Bettermann shortly. "And what are the three things you've got to do?"

"Why," replied the baron evenly, "the obvious three surely—to pay for your broken window—*nicht wahr?*—to pay the fine for killing the fish, and to pay your price for the machine. There is nothing else to pay for, is there?"

"Oh!" The young man stared at him.

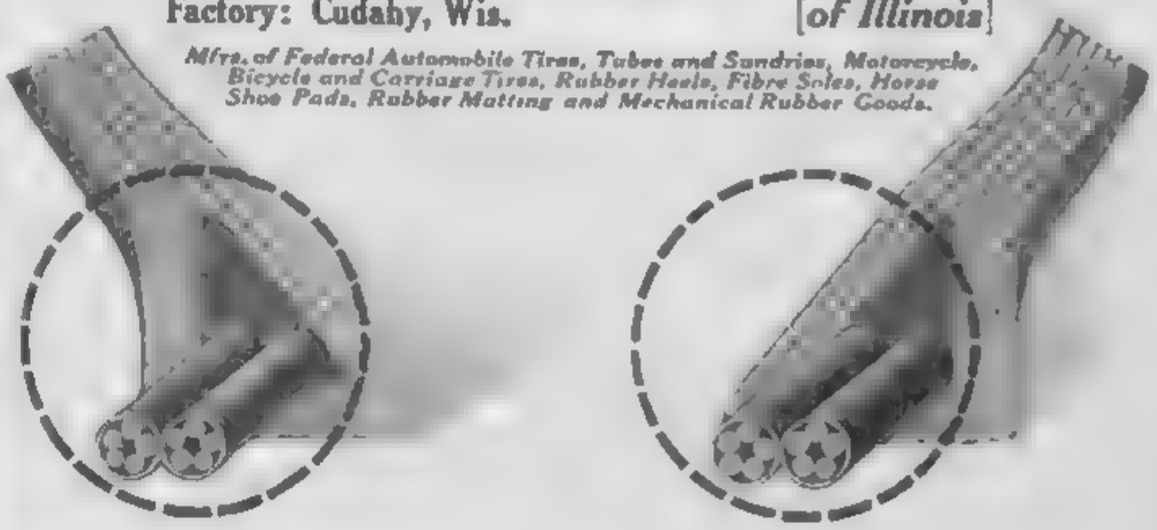
STABILITY is the keynote of Federal Tire construction. The exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction (four heavy, twisted steel cables built into the base of each tire) holds the tire firmly to the rim against severest service strains. It is an additional strength and safety feature which removes the causes of most tire trouble.

Federal Tires in white Rugged and black Traffik non-skid treads are recommended and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

The Federal Rubber Company

Factory: Cudahy, Wis. [*of Illinois*]

Mfrs. of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods.



Frontier town of Black Hawk, Colo., where W. L. Douglas located and continued his chosen vocation of shoemaking.

CAUTION—Be sure the price stamped on the bottom has not been erased or raised

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3 $3.50 $4 $4.50 $5 $6 $7 & $8

You can Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

BOYS' SHOES
Best in the World
$3 $2.50 $2

W. L. Douglas' name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas' product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. None genuine unless W. L. Douglas' name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores in the large cities. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, take no other make.

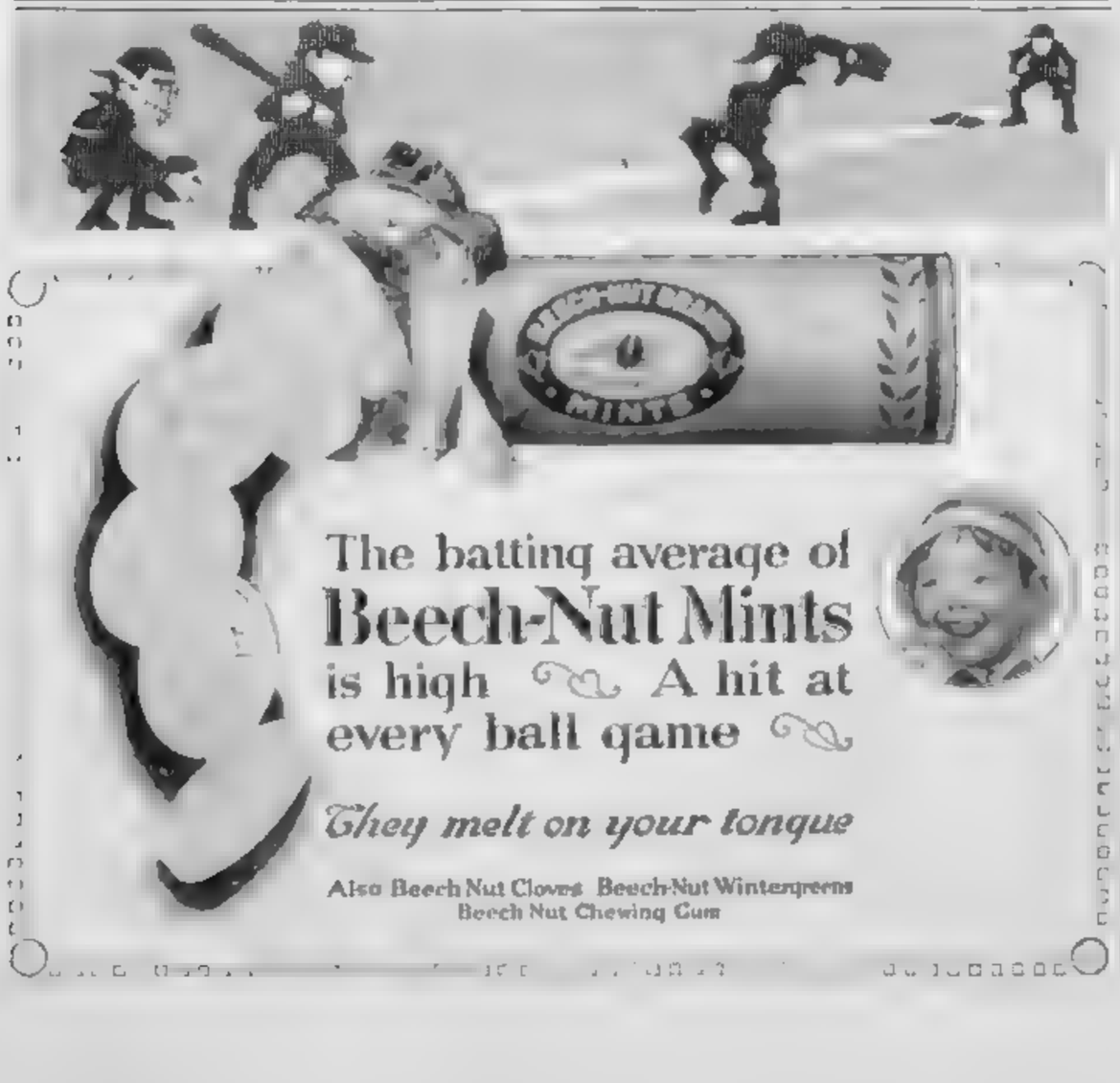
Write for booklet showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

YOU'RE *the* MAN!

We want your spare time! Will you sell it?

All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You can earn $20 a week renewing expiring subscriptions and taking new orders. For particulars, address The Curtis Publishing Company, 906 Independence Square, Philadelphia.



The batting average of **Beech-Nut Mints** is high A hit at every ball game

They melt on your tongue

Also Beech Nut Cloves Beech-Nut Wintergreens
Beech Nut Chewing Gum

"So, if you will tell us the figure that will content you, we can dispatch the matter," continued the baron. "That is your part to name a figure. Supposing always"—his voice slowed; the words dropped one by one—"supposing always that there is a figure"

The other continued to stare, gaunt as a naked tree in the evening flush, his face white under his tumbled hair, the jagged scar showing upon it like a new wound.

"You don't suppose you'll get the thing for nothing, do you?" he broke out suddenly.

The baron shook his head.

"No," he said; "I don't think that. But it has struck me I may not need my check book. You see, for all I can tell, Herr Bettermann, the window may be insured; and the police may not hear of the fish; and as for the machine—well, the machine may be for sale. But you have less the manner of a salesman, Herr Bettermann, than any man I have ever seen."

The gaunt youth glowered uncertainly.

"I'm not a salesman," he retorted resentfully.

The baron nodded.

"I was sure of it," he said. "Well, if you'll let me, I'll be your salesman for you. I have sold things in my time; and for great prices too. Now I can see that you are in difficulty. You are a patriotic Swiss citizen and you have scruples about letting your invention go out of your own country—is that it? Because, if so, it can be arranged ——"

He stopped; the lean youth had uttered a spurt of laughter, bitter and contemptuous.

"Swiss!" he cried. "No more Swiss than yourself, Herr Baron!"

"Eh?"

To Herr Haase, watching through his mask of respectful aloofness, it was as though the baron's mind and countenance together snapped almost audibly into a narrowed and intensified alertness. The deep white-fringed brows gathered over the shrewd pale eyes.

"Not a Swiss?" he queried. "What are you then?"

"Huh!" The other jeered openly. "I knew you the moment I saw you. Old Herr Steinlach, eh? Why, man, I've been expecting you and getting ready for you ever since your blundering, swaggering spy there"—with a jerk of a rigid thumb toward Von Wetten—"and this fat slave"—Herr Haase was indicated here—"first came sniffing round my premises. I knew they'd be sending you along, with your blank checks and your tongue. And here you are!"

He mouthed his words in an extravagance of offense and ridicule.

His gaunt body and his thin arms jerked in a violence of gesticulation; and the jagged scar that striped his face pulsed from red to white. The old baron, solid and unmoving on his seat, watched him with still attention.

"Not a Swiss?" he persisted when the young man had ceased to shout and shrug.

For answer, suddenly as an attacker, the young man strode across to him and bent forward, thrusting his feverish and passion-eaten face close to the older man's. His forefinger, long, large-knuckled, jerked up; he traced with it upon his face the course of the great disfiguring scar that flamed diagonally from the inner corner of the right eye to the rim of the sharp jaw.

"Did you ever see a Swiss who carried a mark like that?" he cried, his voice breaking to a screech. "Or an Englishman? Or a Frenchman? Or anybody but—but ——" He choked breathlessly on his words. "Or anybody but a German? Man, it's my passport!"

He remained yet an instant bent forward, rigid finger to face; then rose and stepped back, breathing hard. The three of them stood staring at him. Von Wetten broke the silence.

"German?" he said in that infuriating tone of peremptory incredulity which his kind—in all countries—commands. "You a German!"

The lean youth turned on him with a movement like a swoop.

"Yes, me!" he spat. "And a deserter from my military service too! Make the best of that, you Prussian *Schweinhund!*"

"*Was!*"

Von Wetten started as though under a blow; his monocle fell; he made a curious gesture, bringing his right hand across to his left hip as though in search of something, and gathered himself as though about to spring to his feet. The baron lifted a quiet hand and subdued him.

"Yes," he said in his even, compelling tone. "Make the best of that, Von Wetten."

Von Wetten stared, arrested in the very act of rising. "*Zu Befehl*, Herr Baron," he said in a strained voice, and continued staring.

The baron watched him frowningly an instant to make sure of his submission, and then turned to Herr Bettermann, who stood, lean and glowering, before them.

"Now," he said, "I am beginning to see my way—dimly, dimly. A deserter—a German—and that scar is your passport! Ye-es! Well, will you tell me, Herr Bettermann, in plain German, how you came by that scar?"

"Yes," said Bettermann fiercely, "I will."

Behind him, where the house windows shone rosy in the sunset, Herr Haase could see, upon the lower balcony, the shimmer of a white frock and a face that peeped and drew back. The little wife was listening.

"It was the captain of my company," said Bettermann, with a glare at Von Wetten. "Another Prussian swine-dog, like this brute here" He waited. Von Wetten regarded him with stony calm and did not move. Bettermann flushed. "He sent me for his whip; and when I brought it he called me to attention and cut me over the face with it."

"Eh?" The old baron sat up. "*Aber* ——"

"Just one cut across the face; me with my heels glued together and my hands nailed to my sides," went on Bettermann. "Then—'Dismiss!' he ordered; and I saluted and turned about and marched away, with my smashed face. And then you ask me if I am a Swiss!" He laughed again.

"But," demanded the baron, "what had you done? Why did he do that to you?"

"Didn't I tell you he was a Prussian swine?" cried Bettermann. "Isn't that reason enough? But, if you will know, he'd seen me speak to a lady in the street. Afterward—me standing to attention, of course—he made a foul comment on her and asked me for her name and address."

"And—you wouldn't tell him?"

"Tell him!" cried Bettermann. "No!"

Herr Haase saw the girl on the balcony lean forward as though to hear the word, its pride and its bitterness, and draw back again—as though to hear it had been all she desired.

"Von Wetten!" The baron spoke briskly. "You hear what Herr Bettermann tells me? Such things happen in the army—do they?"

Von Wetten shrugged.

"They are strictly illegal, sir," he replied formally. "There are severe penalties prescribed for such actions. But, in the army, in the daily give-and-take of the life of a regiment, of course they do happen. Herr Bettermann"—very stiffly—"was unfortunate."

Bettermann was staring at him, but said nothing. The baron glanced from Von Wetten to the lean young man and shook his head.

"I am beginning—I think I am beginning to see," he said. "And it seems to me I shall not need that check book, Herr Bettermann, I am very sure you have not forgotten the name of that officer."

"Forgotten!" said the other. "No, I've not forgotten. And, so that you shan't forget, I've got it written down for you."

He fished a card from the breast pocket of his blue shirt. The baron received it and held it up to the light.

"Captain Graf von Specht——th *Kaiserjäger*," he read aloud. "Ever hear of him, Von Wetten?"

Von Wetten nodded. "Neighbor of mine in the country, *Excellenz*" he replied. "We were at the cadet school together. Colonel now; promoted during the war. He would regret, I am sure ——"

"He will regret, I am sure," interrupted the baron, pocketing the card. "And he will have good cause. Well, Herr Bettermann, I think I know your terms now. You want to see Graf von Specht again—here? I am right, am I not?"

Betterman's eyes narrowed at him.

"Yes," he said. "You're right. Only—this time it is he who must bring the whip!"

Herr Haase's intelligence, following like a shorthand writer's pencil, ten words behind the speaker, gave a leap at this. Till now the matter had been for him a play without a plot; suddenly understanding, he cast a startled glance at Von Wetten.

The captain sat up, alert.

(Continued on Page 97)

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping,
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

THE MUSIC of CHILDHOOD

What the Music of the Aeolian-Vocalion Means in the Life of a Child

THE Lullabies of all time, sung, if you will, in the velvet richness of a deep contralto voice. Tender, soothing dream melodies that breathe the very soul of mother love. The swinging slumber songs of Schumann, Mozart, Brahms. These tenderest conceptions of the master minds played with a fidelity that is possible with this Aeolian-made phonograph alone.

The Vocalion, with its fine, pure tone quality, its absence of stridency, with all its subtle refinement, gives your little one from babyhood the music that is best and greatest.

THE GARDENS OF VERSE AND SONG

We enter the world of the imagination of little children with a sense of reverence.

The sights and sounds of nature have meanings for them too airy, too fragile for us to grasp. And over all their dreams is shed the sparkling gold-dust of their belief in Fairies.

But gifted poets have written verses of enduring charm to reach and enrich the minds of little ones. And master musicians have touched these verses with the magic wand of Music.

If you would enrich your child's whole life—if you would begin early with a vital element of his education and happiness—let him wander freely through the gardens of song. The verses of such poets as Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson, with the lovely musical fancies of Nevin, Chadwick, De Koven and scores of others have filled the children's paths in these fascinating gardens with fragrant and lasting charm.

Why not establish for your little one a daily "Bedtime Hour" with the Vocalion? Then as a special treat, or reward for some task well done, allow him to play his favorite song with the Graduola, and with it cause the music to come nearer and nearer, or fade away to a whisper, as his fancy dictates!

You will not be able to see the beautiful picture of your child's imagination; but the rapt, joyous look on the little face will make you doubly sure that the Aeolian-Vocalion has brought a great added happiness to his child-life. And after a few of these "Bedtime Hours" he will go to bed singing the song, words and music—all unconscious of the fact that he is learning verses of real merit, and developing one of life's greatest accomplishments—a true sense of rhythm.

▼ ▼ ▼

When you hear the Vocalion you will be impressed at once with the remarkable richness and purity of its tone.

When you see the graceful lines of this new phonograph you will appreciate the unrivalled beauty and tastefulness of its exterior.

When you play the Graduola you will realize that this delightful invention lends to the Vocalion a unique charm which no other phonograph possesses

Vocalion Prices Are—Conventional Models—Without Graduola, $35 to $75
With Graduola, $100 to $350. Beautiful Art and Period Styles to $2000
Interesting catalogue upon request. Address New York Office, Dept. B-94

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

LONDON 29 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK PARIS

Brooklyn, 11 Flatbush Ave.
Cincinnati, 25 W. Fourth St.
St. Louis, 1004 Olive Street
Dayton, 114 N. Main Street

Agencies in all principal cities

Newark, 897 Broad Street
Chicago, 116 So. Mich. Blvd.
Indianapolis, 237 N. Penna. St.

Canadian Representatives:
Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Ltd.
Toronto

Regal Service Shoe—U. S. Government Last

UNCLE SAM points the way to many a big right idea these days. It won't hurt any of us to eat less, exercise more and wear sensible shoes. In fact, the war has made practical things fashionable.

Among other things, Uncle Sam has been studying feet. Down on the Mexican border hundreds of men dropped by the wayside because of foot trouble.

The Army has developed a new last. It takes care of the pressure and foot-expansion of a man who marches twenty miles a day with a 40 pound pack on his back. It is a bit drastic for the civilian—too much slack across the ball of the foot, baggy and loose in the waist and instep.

To the man going into service, there is a period of necessary adjustment that the Government recognizes. Hence the suggestion to the enlisted or drafted man to buy a pair of good broad-toed russet shoes from a shoe store, have them fitted loose and break them in before he arrives in camp.

Now from here on you see the development of a most remarkable shoe—a *modified army last* for both soldier and civilian wear. An in-between shoe, that gives a man the kind of fit he wants, and still leaves room for his foot to expand.

Practically it is the U. S. Government "Munson" last, slightly modified in three of its measurements. It has every scientific merit and comfort feature developed by the exhaustive tests of the War Department.

In every point of quality it is fully up to the Government specifications—or better. Perhaps the most startling and noticeable difference to you is the fact that we are making this shoe of genuine full-grain calf-skin, purchased and built into this shoe at prices in effect more than a year ago.

When this supply is exhausted, prices will have to advance.

We ask you to compare the specifications:

U. S. GOVERNMENT SPECIFICATIONS	REGAL SPECIFICATIONS
Upper—Chrome tanned "side" (Cowhide).	Upper—Full-grain Calf-skin.
Sole—Oak or Union, 10 iron gauge.	Sole—Genuine Oak, 12 iron gauge, viscolized.
Innersole—Oak or Union.	Innersole—Genuine full grain Oak, reinforced.
Lining—Cotton drill.	Lining—Double and twist U. S. Army Duck.

Another feature is the vamp running to the toe—a soft toe with calf-skin tip, reinforced with canvas toe doubler.

You know the Regal reputation for fitting shoes right. Every man who goes into a Regal Store for a pair of these shoes will get the size that is right for *him*.

We offer this shoe to the men going to camp—to men of the Home Guard—to all men who are much on their feet, as an example of Regal service and value. The sort of thing that is possible when you have a great institution back of your shoes.

The price is $7.

If you can't get Regal Shoes in your town, write for our Style Book and measurement blank. We can serve you direct.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

REGAL SHOES

(Continued from Page 94)

"Certainly!" The old baron was replying to young Bettermann. "And stand to attention! And salute! I told you that I would agree to your terms, and I agree accordingly. Captain—that is, Colonel von Specht shall be here, with the whip, as soon as the telegraph and the train can bring him. And then, I assume, the machine ——"

"Pardon!" Captain von Wetten had risen. "I have not understood." He came forward between the two, very erect and military, and rather splendid with his high-held head and drilled comeliness of body. "There has been much elegance of talk, and I am stupid, no doubt; but, in plain German, what is it that Colonel von Specht is to do?"

Bettermann swooped at him again, choking with words. The captain stood like a monument, callous to Bettermann's white and stammering rage, the personification and symbol of his caste and its privilege.

It was the baron who answered, from his seat on the parapet, not varying his tone and measured delivery.

"Colonel von Specht," he said, "is to bring a whip here and stand to attention while Herr Bettermann cuts him over the face with it. That is all. Now sit down and be silent."

Captain von Wetten did not move.

"This is impossible," he said. "There are limits. As a German officer I resent the mere suggestion of this insult to the corps of officers. Your Excellency ——"

The baron lifted that quiet hand of his.

"I order you to sit down and be silent," he said.

Captain von Wetten hesitated. It seemed to Herr Haase, for a flattering instant, that the captain's eyes sought his own, as though in recognition of a familiar and favorable spirit. He tried to look respectfully sympathetic.

"Very good, Your Excellency," said Von Wetten at length. "The Emperor, of course, shall be informed."

He turned and stalked away to his former place. The baron, watching him, smiled briefly.

"Well, Herr Bettermann," said the baron, rising stiffly, "it will not help us to have this arrangement of ours in writing. I think we'll have to trust each other. Our chemists, then, can come to you for the formula as soon as you have finished with Colonel von Specht? That is agreed—yes? Good! And, you see, I was right from the beginning; I did not need my check book after all."

He began to move toward the house, beckoning Captain von Wetten and Herr Haase to follow him. Herr Haase picked up the empty suitcase, stood aside to let Von Wetten pass, and brought up the rear of the procession.

At the foot of the wooden steps that led up to the veranda the baron halted and turned to Bettermann.

"One thing makes me curious," he said. "Suppose we had not accepted your terms; what would you have done? Sold your machine to our enemies?"

Bettermann was upon the second step, gauntly silhouetted against the yellow wood of the house. He looked down into the elder man's strong and subtle face.

"No," he answered. "I meant to, at first; but I haven't purged the German out of me yet—and I couldn't. But I'd let your army of slaves and slave drivers be beaten by its own slavery—as it would be; and you know it! I wouldn't take a hand in it—only, if anything happened to me—if, for instance, I disappeared some night—well, you'd find the machine and the formula in the hands of the English—that's all!"

He turned and led the way up the wooden steps. It seemed to tired Herr Haase, lugging the suitcase, that Captain von Wetten was swearing under his breath.

He was not imaginative, our Herr Haase; facts were his livelihood and the nurture of his mind. But in the starved wastes of his fancy something had struck a root; and as he rode Thun-ward in the front seat of the car, with the suitcase in his lap and the setting sun in his eyes, he brooded upon it. It was the glimpse of the little wife on the balcony—the girl who had lived with the scar upon her husband's face and in his soul, and had leaned forward to eavesdrop upon his cruel triumph.

Behind him the two demigods talked together. Snatches of their conversation tempted him to listen; but Herr Haase was engrossed with another matter. When the Prussian colonel, one living agony of crucified pride, stood for the blow, and the whip whistled through the air to thud on the flesh of his upturned face—would she be watching then?

He was still thinking of it when the car drew up at the hotel door.

"Upstairs at once," directed the baron as he stepped hastily to the sidewalk. "You, too, my good Haase; we shall want you."

In the baron's upper room, where that morning he had suffered the torture of the boot, Herr Haase was given a seat at the little writing table.

The baron himself cleared it for him, wiping its piles of papers to the floor with a single sweep of his hand.

"Get ready to write the telegrams we shall dictate," he commanded. "But first—will you be able to get them through in code?"

"Code is forbidden, Your Excellency," replied Herr Haase in his parade voice. "But we have also a phrase code—a short phrase for every word of the message—which passes. It makes the telegram very long."

"*Also, gut!*" approved the baron. "Now, Von Wetten, first we shall wire the Staff. You know how to talk to them, so dictate a clear message to Haase here."

Von Wetten was standing by the door, hat and cane in hand. His face, with its vacant comeliness, wore a formality that was almost austere.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz,*" he replied. "But—has Your Excellency considered that, after all, there may be other means? I beg Your Excellency's pardon, but it occurs to me that we have not tried alternative offers. For instance, we are not limited as to money."

The baron made a little gesture of impatience, indulgent and paternal. He leaned a hand on the table and looked over Herr Haase's head at the tall young officer.

"We are not limited as to colonels either," he answered. "We must think ourselves lucky, I suppose, that he went no higher than a colonel. There was a moment when I thought he was going very much higher—to the very top, Von Wetten. For, make no mistake, that young man knows his value."

Captain Von Wetten frowned undecidedly.

"The top!" he repeated. "There is only one top. You can't mean ——"

The baron took the word from his mouth.

"Yes," he said; "the Emperor. I thought for a while he was going to demand that. And do you know what I should have answered?"

Von Wetten threw up his head, and his face cleared.

"Of course I know," he said. "You'd have cut the dirty traitor down where he stood!"

The baron did not move.

"No," he said. "I should have accepted those terms also, Von Wetten."

The baron's hand rested on the edge of the table in front of Herr Haase; he sat staring at it, a piece of human furniture on the stage of a tragedy. The other two confronted each other above his patient and useful head. He would have liked to look from one to the other, to watch their faces; but he was too deeply drilled for that. He heard Von Wetten's voice, with a quaver in it:

"Then—things are going as badly as all that?"

"Yes," answered the baron. "Badly! It is not just this battle that is going on now in France; it strikes deeper than that. The plan that was to give us victory has failed us; we find ourselves, with a strength that must diminish, fighting an enemy whose strength increases. We must not stop at anything now; what is at stake is too tremendous"

"But ——"

The baron hushed him.

"Listen, Von Wetten," he said. "I will be patient with you. I do not speak to you of—of the Idea, of which Germany and Prussia are the body and the weapon. No; but have you ever realized that you—yes, you!—belong to the most ridiculed, most despised nation on earth? That a German almost anywhere is a waiter, or a sausage manufacturer, or a beer seller—the butt of comic papers in a score of languages?

"All that has not occurred to you, eh? Well, think of it; and think, too, of what this machine may do for us. Think of a Germany armed in a weaponless world; and, if empire and mastery convey nothing to you, think of comic English waiters in

Concrete on the Cambria-Wright Corner Road, Niagara County, N. Y. One of the many stretches of fine concrete highway in western New York. Built under the engineering supervision of W. M. Atkinson, Division Engineer, New York State Highway Commission.

Concrete Roads Develop Rural Trade for the Town Merchant

When the farmer drives to town now and then he buys only the necessities. When he comes in often and brings his wife along, they go shopping, just as town folks do. They see and buy many things they might otherwise do without. That is the secret of the big business done by the city merchants; their stores are right at hand and people shop.

Farm folks will do likewise when they have concrete roads. The worse the weather, as in winter, the more time they have for shopping. Here is a big opportunity for the small town merchant to get more business by doing his share towards securing concrete highways leading into town.

The farmer needs them; the motorist wants them; let the merchant join hands with both these classes, and roads will be quickly built which are good the year round and extend far enough into the country to gather up a big volume of trade. Good roads make the farmer prosperous—give him more money to spend.

Concrete Roads Are Always Passable

They are unaffected by frost, rain, snow or heat. They have the hard, unyielding surface which can stand heavy motor travel and requires but light repairing to keep in perfect form. Every merchant is interested in the road tax—to keep it from being constantly wasted in renewing highways which cannot stand the traffic.

CONCRETE ROADS:
THEIR ADVANTAGES
No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

Be sure you know what a concrete road is. Concrete is made of portland cement, sand and pebbles or crushed stone. It is hard, rigid, unyielding and durable. Concrete for roads is the same as the material used in building concrete dams, factories, bridges and big engineering works like the Panama Canal requiring great solidity and strength.

Get your Good Roads Association or Commercial Club to boost for a system of concrete roads. Our Bulletin No. 136 will give you helpful information. Or if you are more interested in city paving, ask for a copy of "Your Streets." They are both free.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK, PITTSBURGH, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

The Thrill of the Bugle Call

inspires men to do and die, for in its shrill notes, they hear the voice of a nation urging them onward. So it is with all music worthy of the name—it must have in it the *feeling* of the performer, whether a country or a child, before it can make the heart-strings vibrate in unison. It is this *human* quality in everything played by

The Manualo

The Player-Piano that is All but Human
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

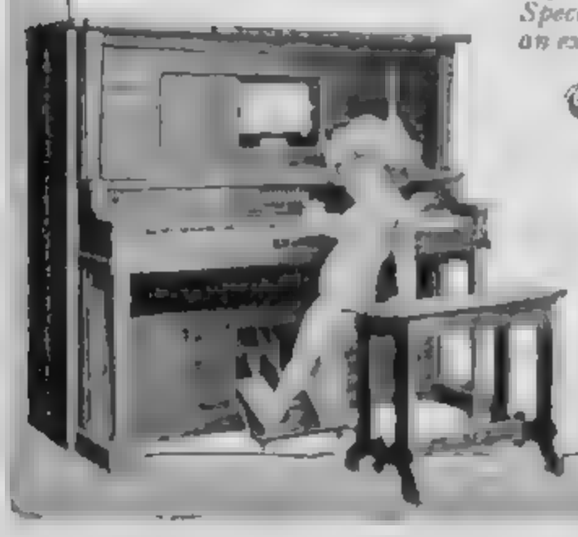
that makes its music interest and entrance as player-piano music seldom has done before.

No matter who plays it, the music reflects the *individuality* of the performer because the *instinctive* expression of his *feeling* in the pedaling is carried to the piano hammers, making them strike the strings with the *same feeling* and just as if the performer were playing upon the keys.

No matter what the roll may be—ragtime, classical music, opera or song, and whether ordinary cutting or a hand-played reproduction,—the Manualo gets out of the roll all the effects that are cut into it but instead of these effects having the monotonous sameness and limitation of machine production, they are *colored* by the *interpretation* of the performer.

You will never tire of Manualo music because it has as many moods as the people who play it. It will fascinate your entire family because it is *human*.

The Manualo is built into four standard pianos, the Baldwin, the Ellington, the Hamilton and the Howard, and may be had in a wide range of prices. Wherever you live we will arrange for you to try it without obligation to buy. Send today to nearest address for name of dealer in your territory and copy of the interesting book "The A B C of the Manualo".



Before you buy a player-piano investigate Special Hamilton Manualo No. 279. It is an extraordinary value.

The Baldwin Piano Co.

Cincinnati	142 W. Fourth St.
Chicago	323 S. Wabash Ave.
St. Louis	1111 Olive St.
New York	665 Fifth Ave.
Denver	1636 California St.
San Francisco	310 Sutter St.
Indianapolis	18 N. Penn'a St.
Louisville	521 S. Fourth Ave.
Dallas	1911 Elm St.

German cafés; slavish French laborers in German sweatshops! And all this boxed into a machine on a tripod by a monomaniac whose price we can pay!"

He paused and walked toward the window.

"Dictate the telegram to the Staff, Von Wetten," he said over his shoulder.

Von Wetten laid his hat and cane on a chair and crossed the room.

"I feel as if I were stabbing a fellow officer in the back," he said drearily. Then, to Herr Haase: "Take this—you!"

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Hauptmann*," said Herr Haase, and picked up his pen.

There were twelve long telegrams in all, of which several had to be amended, pruned, subedited and rewritten. Each was directed to a plain private address in Berlin, and each was to be answered to the address of Herr Haase. One, which gave more trouble than any of the others, was to Siegfried Mayer, Number One, Unter den Linden. It was long before the baron and Von Wetten could smooth its phrases to a suavity and deference that satisfied them. Coffee was brought them to lubricate their labors, but none to Herr Haase; his part was to write down, scratch out, rewrite, while beyond the windows the night marched up from the east and the lake grew bleak and vague.

"Now, my good Haase," said the baron when the last word fabric was decided upon and confirmed, "you will take those home with you, put them into code, and dispatch them.

"You should have the last of them off by midnight. And to-morrow, when the answers begin to come, you will report here as quickly as possible."

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz*," said Herr Haase, his hands full of papers.

"Then good night, my good Haase," said the baron.

"Good night to Your Excellency," returned Herr Haase from the doorway. "Good night, Herr Hauptmann!"—to Von Wetten's back.

"Shut the door!" replied Von Wetten.

There was a moon at midnight, a great dull disk of soft light, touching the antique gables and cloistered streets of the little city to glamour, blackening the shadows under the arches, and streaking the many channels of the swift river with long reflections.

Herr Haase, returning from the telegraph office, walked, noiseless as a ghost, through those ancient streets; for he had soft bedroom slippers on his feet. His work was done for the day; he had put off business as one lays aside a garment. From his lips ascended the mild incense of one of those moist yellow cigars they make at Vevey. He paused upon the first bridge to gaze down upon the smooth hurrying water; and his soul, that soul which served the general purposes of a monkey wrench in adjusting the machine of history, spoke aloud.

"A rum punch," it confided to the night and the moon. "Yes, two glasses; and a *belegtes Brötchen*; and a warm footbath. And then, bed!"

Not for him, at any rate, were the doubts and hopes that tangled in the Baron von Steinlach's massive head. A man with sore feet is prone to feel that the ground he stands on is at least solid. On his pleasant veranda next morning, with his coffee fragrant before him on the checkered tablecloth, he read, in the Bund, the British communiqué of the Battle of the Somme—new villages taken, fortified woods stormed, prisoners multiplying—the whole monstrous structure of the German war machine cracking and failing. While he read he ate and drank tranquilly; no thoughts of yesterday's business intruded upon his breakfast peace. He finished the communiqué; then ——

"Liars," he commented comfortably, reaching for his cup. "Those English are always liars!"

It was a good and easy day that thus opened. The answers to his telegrams did not begin to arrive till noon, and then they were only formulæ acknowledging receipt, which he did not need his code book to decipher. With his black umbrella opened against the drive of the sun, he carried them at his leisure to the baron, where he sat alone in his cool upper chamber, working deliberately among his papers, received the customary ghost of a smile and the murmur "*Der gute Haase!*"—and got away.

The slovenly porter, always with his look of having slept in his clothes, tried to engage him in talk upon the day's news. "You," said Herr Haase, stepping round him, "are one of those who believe anything. *Schämen sie sich!*" And so back to the comfortable villa on the hillside, with its flaming geraniums and its atmosphere of that comfort and enduring respectability which stood to Herr Haase for the very inwardness of Germany. Yes; a good day!

It lasted as long as the daylight. The end of it found Herr Haase, his lamp alight, his back turned to the Alpine glow on the mountains, largely at ease in his chair, awaiting the arrival of his *dienstmädchen* with the culminating coffee of the day. His yellow cigar was alight; he was fed and torpid; digestion and civilization were doing their best for him. As from an ambush there arrived the fat yellow telegraph envelope.

"*Ach, was!*" protested Herr Haase. "And I thought it was the coffee you were bringing!"

"'*S Kaffee kommt gleich*," the stout tow-haired girl assured him; but already he had torn open the envelope and was surveying its half dozen sheets of code. Two hours of work with the key, at least, he groaned, and hoisted himself from his chair.

"Bring the coffee to the office," he bade, and went to telephone a warning to the baron.

The code was a cumbersome one; its single good quality was that it passed unsuspected at a time when nervous telegraph departments were refusing all ciphers. It consisted of brief phrases and single words alternately. The single words—the code book offered a selection of a couple of hundred of them—were meaningless and employed solely to separate the phrases; and for half an hour Herr Haase's task was to separate this ballast from the cargo of the message and jettison it. There lay before him then a string of honest-looking mercantile phrases—"market unsettled," "collections difficult," and the like, each of which signified a particular word. He sat back in his chair and took a preliminary glance at the thing.

It was a code he himself used frequently; and there were phrases in the message, two or three, which he knew by heart. As he scanned it, it struck him that all of these were of the same character; they were words of deprecation or demur. "Existing rate of exchange" meant "regret"; "active selling" meant "impossible"; and "usual discount" was the code form of "unfortunate." Herr Haase frowned and reached for his key.

Midnight was close at hand when he reached the baron's room with the telegram and his neatly written interpretation in an envelope. He had changed his coat and shoes for the visit; it was the usual Herr Haase, softish of substance, solemn of attire, official of demeanor, who clicked and bowed to the baron and Von Wetten in turn.

"Our good Haase!" said the baron. "At last!"

He wore a brown cloth dressing gown with a cord about the middle; and somehow the garment, with its long skirts and its tied-in waist, looked like a woman's frock. With the white hair and the contained benevolence and power of his face, it gave him the aspect of a distorted femininity, a womanhood unnatural and dire. Even Herr Haase perceived it; for he stared a moment open-mouthed before he recovered himself. Von Wetten, smoking by the window, was in evening dress.

Herr Haase, with clockworklike military motions, produced his envelope and held it forth.

"The code telegram of which I telephoned Your Excellency, and a transcription of it," he announced.

Von Wetten took his cigar from his lips and held it between his fingers. The baron waved the proffered envelope from him.

"Read it to us, my good Haase," he said.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*"

Herr Haase produced from the envelope the crackling sheet of thin paper, held it up to the light, standing the while with heels together and chest outthrust, and read in the high barrack-square voice:

"'Herr Sigismund Haase, Friedrichsruhe, Thun am See, Switzerland. From Secret-Service Administration, Berlin. July 21, 1916: In reply to your code message previously acknowledged, regret to report that officer you require was recently severely wounded. Hospital authorities report that it is impossible to move him. Trust this

(Continued on Page 101)

Every Red-Blooded American

wants to be the owner of a U. S. Government war bond. In future years it will be a reminder that in the time of your country's need you did "your bit."

By Owning a U. S. Bond

1— You will be helping the Government whose flag protects you.

2— You will be the owner of the safest kind of interest-bearing security in the world—the direct obligation of your Government to you.

3— You will have the satisfaction of clipping coupons and of knowing that your money works, even while you sleep.

You Can Own a Bond Without Expense

A United States Government war bond of the latest issue can be yours without expense under the plan we offer you.

If for a few weeks, or even a few days, you will give some of your leisure hours to introducing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN to your friends and neighbors, The Curtis Publishing Company will *give* you one of the new United States Government war bonds. It won't cost you a cent.

This is an offer that you cannot afford to overlook. It gives you *your opportunity* to combine patriotism with sound business sense. You assume no obligation whatever by asking for details. We will welcome your inquiry and give you our best coöperation to help you acquire your bond quickly.

Just fill in the coupon opposite, and mail it this evening.

The Curtis Publishing Company
902 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way, please tell me how I can obtain a U. S. Government war bond without expense.

My name is_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

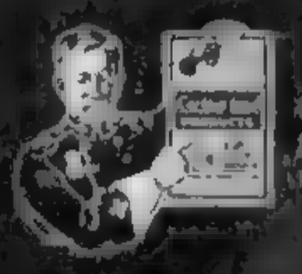
Certain-teed Roofing

A general view of roofs

nearly everywhere, will show a greater and greater number of buildings, of all kinds, covered with Certain-teed—because the whole building world now recognizes Certain-teed as the best type of roofing for most purposes, and the best quality roofing of its type.

For [illegible] residence, garages, barns, out buildings, etc., Certain-teed offers the maximum roofing advantages with a minimum roofing investment.

Economical [illegible] Efficient beyond [illegible] proof, clean, fire-retardant [illegible] according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply). Sold everywhere.



Certain-teed Paints & Varnishes

are products whose unvarying [illegible] guaranteed by the reputation and resources of the largest [illegible] world. Made for all uses and in all colors. Any [illegible]

Certain-teed Products Corporation

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Indianapolis, Atlanta, Richmond, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Des Moines, Houston, Dubuque, London, Sydney, Havana

(Continued from Page 98)

unfortunate event does not stultify your arrangements. Your further instructions awaited.'"

Herr Haase refolded the paper and returned it to the envelope, and stood waiting for further orders

It was Von Wetten who spoke first.

"Thank God!" he said loudly.

The old baron, standing near him, hands joined behind his back, had listened to the reading with eyes on the floor. He shook his head now gently—dissenting rather than contradicting.

"Oh, no," he said slowly. "Don't be in a hurry to do that, Von Wetten"

"But, Excellency," Von Wetten protested, "I meant, of course —"

"I know!" said the baron. "I know what you thanked God for; and I tell you don't be in too great a hurry"

He began to walk to and fro in the room. He let his hands fall to his sides; he was more than ever distortedly womanlike, almost visibly possessed and driven by his single purpose. Von Wetten, the extinct cigar still poised in his hand, watched him frowningly.

"Sometimes"—the baron seemed to speak as a man deep in thought will often hum a tune—"sometimes I have felt before what I feel now—a current in the universe that sets against me—against us. Something pulls the other way. It has all but daunted me once or twice."

He continued to pace to and fro, staring at the varnished floor.

"But, Excellency," urged Von Wetten, "there are still ways and means. If we can decoy this inventor fellow across the frontier —— And then, there is his wife! Pressure could be brought to bear through the woman. If we got hold of her, now!"

The baron paused in his walk to hear him.

"And find an English army blasting its way through Belgium with that machine to come to her rescue? No!" he said; and then, starting from his moody quiet to a sudden loudness: "No! We know his price—to lash this Von Specht across the face with a whip—and we have agreed to it. Let him lash him as he lies on a stretcher if he likes! I know that type of scorched brain, simmering on the brink of madness. He'll do it, and he'll keep faith; and it'll be cheap at the price. Haase!"

He wheeled on Herr Haase suddenly.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz,*" replied Herr Haase.

The baron stared at him for some moments—at the solid, capable, biddable creature he was, stable and passive in the jar of the overturned world. He pointed to the table.

"Sit there, my good Haase," he ordered. "I will dictate you a telegram; not code this time—plain German."

He resumed his to-and-fro walk while Herr Haase established himself.

"Direct it to our private address in the Wilhelmstrasse," he ordered. "Then write: 'You are to carry out orders previously communicated. Send Von Specht forthwith, avoiding all delay. Telegraph hour of his departure and keep me informed of his progress. No objections to this order are to be entertained.'"

"Entertained," murmured Herr Haase as he wrote the last word.

"Sign it as before," directed the baron. "You see, Von Wetten, it was too soon!"

Von Wetten had not moved; he sat staring at the baron. His hand twitched and the dead cigar fell to the floor.

"I don't care!" he burst out. "It's wrong! It's not worth it—nothing could be. I'd be willing to go a long way—but a Prussian officer! It's—it's sacrilege. And a wounded man at that!"

The baron did not smile; but mirth was in his face.

"That was an afterthought, Von Wetten," he said—"the wounded-man part of it"

He turned to Herr Haase impatiently.

"Off with you!" he commanded. "Away, man, and get that message sent! Let me have the replies as they arrive. No, don't wait to bow and say good night. Run, will you!"

His long arm, in the wide sleeve of the gown, leaped up, pointing to the door. Herr Haase ran.

Obediently as a machine, trotting flat-footed over the cobbles of the midnight streets, he ran, pulling up at moments to take his breath, then running on again. Panting, sweating, he lumbered up the steps of the telegraph office and thrust the message through the grille to the sleepy clerk

"What is Von Specht?" grumbled the clerk. "Is this a cipher message?"

"No!" gasped Herr Haase "Can't you read? This is plain German!"

Herr Haase, one has gathered, was not afflicted with that weakness of the sense that is called imagination. Not his to dream dreams and see visions; or, while he tenderly undressed himself and put himself into his bed, to dwell in profitless fancy over the message he had sent, bursting like a shell among the departments and administrations which are the body of Germany's official soul.

Nor later, either, when the spate of replies kept him busy uncoding and carrying them down to the baron, did he read into them more than the bare import of their wording.

"Von Specht transferred to hospital coach attached special train; accompanied military doctor and orderlies in civil clothes. Left Base Hospital Number 64 at 3.22 P. M. Condition weak; feverish," said the first of them.

It did not suggest to him the hush of the white ward, broken by the tread of the stalwart stretcher bearers; the feeble groaning as they shifted the swathed and bandaged form from the bed to the stretcher; the face, thin and haggard, with the remains of sunburn yet on its bloodlessness; the progress to the railroad; the grunt and heave of the men as they hoisted their burden to the waiting hospital carriage. None of all that for Herr Haase!

Later came another message: "Patient very feverish. Continually inquires whither going and why. Please telegraph some answer to meet train at Bingen, with which may quiet him." To that Herr Haase was ordered to reply: "Tell Colonel von Specht that he is serving his Fatherland." And that elicited another message from the train at Colmar: "Gave patient your message, to which he replied: 'That is good enough for me!' Is now less feverish, but very weak."

And finally, from Basel, came the news that the train and its passengers had crossed the frontier; Colonel von Specht was in Switzerland.

"You, my good Haase, will meet the train," said the Baron von Steinlach. "The Embassy has arranged to have it shunted to a siding outside the station. You will, of course, tell them nothing of what is in contemplation. Just inform whoever is in charge that I will come later. And, Von Wetten, I think we will send the car, with a note, to bring Herr Bettermann here at the same time."

"Here, Excellency!"

"Yes," said the baron. "After all, we want to keep the thing as quiet as possible; and that fellow is capable of asking a party of friends to witness the ceremony!" There was malicious amusement in the eyes he turned on Von Wetten. "And we don't want that, do we?" he suggested.

Von Wetten shuddered.

The siding at which the special train finally came to rest was outside the station in the sense that it was a couple of miles short of it, to be reached by a trackside path complicated by piles of sleepers and cinder heaps. Herr Haase, for the purpose of his mission, had attired himself sympathetically rather than conveniently; he was going to visit a colonel, and, in addition to other splendors, he had even risked the patent-leather boots. He was nearly an hour behind time when at length he reached the two sleeping cars standing by themselves in a wilderness of tracks.

Limping, perspiring, purple in the face, he came alongside of them, peering up at their windows. A face showed at one of them, spectacled and bearded, gazing motionlessly through the panes with the effect of a sea creature in an aquarium. It vanished and reappeared at the end door of the car

"Hi! You—what do you want here?" called the owner of the face to Herr Haase.

Herr Haase went shuffling toward the steps.

"*Ich stelle mich vor*—I introduce myself," he said ceremoniously. "Haase sent by His Excellency the Herr Baron von Steinlach."

The other gazed down on him—a youngish man, golden-blond as to beard and hair, with wide friendly eyes, magnified by his glasses. He was coatless in the heat, and smoked a china-bowled German pipe like a man whose work is done and whose ease is earned; yet in his face and manner

The Right Rear Axle

The test of a motor truck the one point wherein it stands up and delivers or falls down hard, is the rear axle

The rear axle in the Bethlehem Truck is the key to its success Of internal gear type the Bethlehem rear axle carries its load on a double heat treated nickel steel solid axle The wheels, jack shafts, and differential run on extra large, especially designed roller bearings grind and strain proof

"Look to your rear axles" is old truck advice and the best buying advice in the market is "Look at the Bethlehem axle" it's right

Bethlehem reputation hangs on each of its parts they're all selling features and pulling features. The Bethlehem Truck, from its wide, solid tire tread to the top of its rigid cab co-ordinates perfectly.

Examine a Bethlehem.

$1245
1¼ Ton Chassis

$1775
2½ Ton Chassis

$1285
1¼ Ton Complete with body and top

$1840
2½ Ton Complete with body and top

F O B ALLENTOWN

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORP'N
ALLENTOWN, PA.

New York Showroom Broadway at 60th Street Circle Bldg

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Students

who want to earn money for expenses will be interested in the story of John W. Hood, a Tennessee boy. He was anxious to earn at least

$5.00 a Week Extra

and he found an easy way to do it. He became an authorized representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. In the spare time that he had

After School Hours

he soon established a pleasant, healthful and very profitable Curtis business that did not interfere with his studies in the least.

Wouldn't you like $5.00 a week extra? And haven't you a spare hour each day? Let us explain to you our liberal offer to students.

Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
607 Independence Square, Philadelphia

AUTOMATIC REPEATING RIFLE

FIRES 10 SHOTS IN ONE LOADING. Same size and shape as regular automatic revolver. Shoots B B shots obtainable anywhere, same as other rifles and guns. No caps or load necessary as it works with a spring and shoots with rapidity and accuracy. Nothing to explode. Absolutely harmless and safe. Well made and finished. Sent by mail complete with sample of shot for ONLY 25c postpaid.

Johnson Smith & Co. Dept 926 N W Lake St. Chicago

there was a trace of perturbation, an irritation of nervousness.

"Oh!" he said, and spoke his own name—Civil-doctor Fallwitz. "I've been expecting somebody. You'd better come inside, hadn't you?"

Outside was light and heat; inside was shadow and heat. Doctor Fallwitz led the way along the corridor of the car, with its gold-outlined scrollwork and many brass-gadgeted doors, to his own tiny compartment, smelling of hot upholstery and tobacco. Herr Haase removed his hat and sank, puffing, upon the green velvet cushions.

"You are hot—*nicht wahr?*" inquired Doctor Fallwitz politely.

"Yes," said Herr Haase. "But, Herr Doctor—since you are so good—it is not only that. If—it is gross of me to ask it—but if I might take off my boots for some moments —— You see, they are new."

"By all means!" cried the doctor.

The doctor stood watching him while he struggled with the buttons; and while he watched he frowned and gnawed at the amber mouthpiece of his pipe. He waited till Herr Haase, with a loud luxurious grunt, had drawn off the second boot.

"There'll be a row, of course," he remarked then. "These Excellencies and people are only good for making rows. But I told them he couldn't be moved!"

Herr Haase shifted his toes inside his socks.

"You mean Colonel von Specht? But—isn't he here, then?"

The young doctor nodded his head.

"We obeyed orders," he said. "We had to. Those people think that life and death are subject to orders. I kept him going till we got here; but about an hour ago he had a hæmorrhage."

He put his pipe back into his mouth, inhaled and exhaled a cloud of smoke, and spoke again.

"Died before we could do anything," he said. "You see, after all he'd been through, he hadn't much blood to spare. What did they want him here for? Do you know?"

"No," said Herr Haase; "but I know the Herr Baron was needing him particularly. *Was für eine Geschichte!*"

"Want to see him?" asked the young doctor.

It happened that Herr Haase never had seen a dead man before. Therefore, among the incidents of his career, he will not fail to remember that—the progress in his socks from the one car to the other; the atmosphere of the second car, where the presence of death was heavy on the stagnant air; and the manner in which the thin white sheet outlined the shape beneath.

A big young orderly in shabby civilian clothes was on guard; at the doctor's order he drew down the sheet and the dead man's face was bare.

He who had slashed a helpless conscript across the face with a whip, for whom yet any service of his Fatherland was "good enough," showed to the shrinking Herr Haase only a thin, still countenance, from whose features the eager passion and purpose had been wiped, leaving it resolute in peace alone.

"I—I didn't know they looked like that!" whispered Herr Haase.

The two homeward miles of cindery path were difficult; the sun was tyrannous; his boots were a torment. Yet Herr Haase went as in a dream.

He had seen reality; the veil of his daily preoccupations had been rent for him; and it needed the impertinence of the ticket collector at the door of the station, who was unwilling to let him out without a ticket, to restore him.

That battle won, he found himself a cab and rattled over the stones of Thun to the hotel door. He prepared no phrases in which to clothe his news; facts are facts, and are to be stated as facts. What he murmured to himself as he jolted over the cobbles was quite another matter.

"Ticket, indeed!" he breathed rancorously. "And I tipped him two marks only last Christmas!"

The baron's car was waiting at the hotel door; the cab drew up behind it. The cabman, of course, wanted more than his due—and didn't get it; but the debate helped to take Herr Haase's mind still farther off his feet. He entered the cool hall of the hotel triumphantly and made for the staircase.

"Oh, *mein Herr!*"

He turned; he had not seen the lady in the deep basket chair just within the door; but now, as she rose and came toward him, he recognized her. It was the wife of Bettermann, the inventor, the shape upon the balcony of the chalet who had overlooked their experiments and overheard the bargain they had made. Herr Haase bowed.

"*Gnädige Frau?*"

He remembered her as little and pleasantly pretty; her presence above them on the balcony had touched his German sentimentalism. She was pretty now, with her softness and blossomlike fragility; but with it was a tensity, a sort of frightened desperation.

She hesitated for words, facing him with lips that trembled and large painful eyes of nervousness.

"He—he is here," she said at last. "My husband—they sent a car to fetch him to them. He is up there now, with them!"

Herr Haase did not understand.

"But yes, gracious lady," he answered. "Why not? The Herr Baron wished to speak to him."

She put out a small gloved hand uncertainly and touched his sleeve.

"No," she said. "Tell me! I—I am so afraid. That other, the officer who cut Egon's face—my husband's, I mean—he has arrived? Tell me, *mein Herr!* Oh, I thought you would tell me; I saw you the other day, and those others never spoke to you, and you were the only one who looked kind and honest." She gulped and recovered. "He has arrived?"

"Well, now ——" began Herr Haase paternally. In all his official life he had never told anything. Her small face, German to its very coloring, pretty and pleading, tore at him. "Yes, he has arrived," he said shortly. "I have—I have just seen him."

"Oh!" It was almost a cry. "Then—then they will do it? *Mein Herr, mein Herr,* help me! Egon, he has been thinking only of this for years; and now, if he does it, he will think of nothing else all his life. And he mustn't; he mustn't! It's—it will be madness. I know him! *Mein Herr,* there is nobody else I can ask. Help me!"

The small gloved hand was holding him now—holding by the sleeve of his superlative black coat of ceremony, plucking at it, striving to stir him to sympathy and understanding. The face, hopeful and afraid, strained up at him.

Gently he detached the gloved hand from his sleeve, holding it a second in his own before letting it go.

"Listen!" he said. "That bargain is canceled. Colonel von Specht died to-day."

He turned forthwith and walked to the stairs.

He did not look back at her.

"*Herein!*" called somebody from within the white-painted door of the baron's room when he knocked.

Herr Haase, removing his hat, composing his face to a nullity of official expression, entered.

After the shadow of the hall and the staircase, the window blazed at him. The baron was at his little table, seated sidewise in his chair, toying with an ivory paper knife, large against the light. Von Wetten stood beside him, tall and very stiff, withdrawn into himself behind his mask of Prussian officer and aristocrat; and in a low chair, back to the door and facing the other two, Bettermann sat.

He screwed round awkwardly to see who entered, showing his thin face and its scar; then turned back again to the baron, large and calm and sufficient before him.

"I tell you," he said, resuming some talk that had been going on before Herr Haase's arrival—"I tell you—the letter of the bargain or nothing!"

The baron had given to Herr Haase his usual welcome of a half smile, satiric and not unkindly. He turned now to Bettermann.

"But certainly!" he answered. He slapped the ivory paper knife against his palm. "I was not withdrawing from the bargain. I was merely endeavoring to point out to you, at the instance of my friend here"—a jerk of the elbow toward Von Wetten—"the advantages of a million marks, or several million marks, plus the cashiering of Colonel von Specht from the army, over the personal satisfaction you have demanded for yourself. But, since you insist ——"

Bettermann, doubled up in his low chair, broke in abruptly:

"Yes, I insist!"

The baron smiled his elderly temperate smile.

"So be it!" he said. "Well, my good Haase, what have you to tell us?"

Herr Haase brought his heels together, dropped his thumbs to the seams of his best trousers, threw up his chin, and barked:

"Your Excellency, I have seen the Herr Colonel Graf von Specht. He died at ten minutes past eleven this morning."

His parade voice rang in the room; when it ceased, the silence, for a space of moments, was absolute. What broke it was the voice of Von Wetten.

"Thank God!" it said, loudly and triumphantly.

The baron swung round to him; but, before he could speak, Bettermann gathered up the slack of his long limbs and rose from his chair. He stood a moment, gaunt in his loose and worn clothes, impending over the seated baron.

"So—that was it! Well ——" He paused, surveying the pair of them—the old man, the initiate and communicant of the inmost heart of the machine through which his soul had gone like grain through a mill; and the tall Prussian officer, at once the motor and millstone of that machine.

And he smiled.

"Well," he repeated, "there's the end of that!"

The door closed behind him; his retreating footsteps echoed in the corridor. The baron spoke at last. He stared up at Von Wetten, his strong old face seamed with new lines.

"You thank God for that, do you?" he said.

Von Wetten returned his gaze.

"Yes, Excellency," he replied.

He had screwed his monocle into his eye; it gave to his unconscious arrogance the barb of impertinence.

"You!" The baron cried out at him. "You thank God, do you? Neither your thanks nor your God is worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier! Do you know what has happened, fool?"

Captain von Wetten bent toward him, smiling slightly.

"You are speaking to Haase, of course, Excellency?"

The baron caught himself. His face went a trifle pinker; but his mouth was hard under the clipped white mustache, and the heavy brows were level.

"I will tell you what has happened," he said deliberately. "I will try to make it intelligible to you."

He held up the ivory paper knife, its slender yellow blade strained in his two hands.

"That is Germany to-day," he said—"bending." His strong hands tightened; the paper knife broke with a snap. "And that is Germany to-morrow—broken. We have failed!"

He threw the two pieces from him to the floor and stared, under the pent of his brows, at Von Wetten. Their eyes engaged.

But one of the pieces slid across the floor to Herr Haase's feet. Orderly and serviceable always, Herr Haase bent and picked up the broken pieces and put them upon the table.

Who's Your Tailor?

—it costs no more to have your overcoat made to order - just as you want it

All you need do is to call upon our local dealer and select your own style and woolens-Today

G. F. Rice & Co

MERCHANT TAILORS CHICAGO U·S·A

We Manufacture No Ready Made Clothing

IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO OUR DEALER IS, WRITE US FOR HIS NAME AND ADDRESS

It's *P. A. quality* that chases that blight off your smokecareer!

Happiness just bangs gladness into your smokesystem when you're backed up flush against a jammed-brimful-jimmypipe-packed-with-Prince Albert! And, the deeper-you-delve into the delights of this regular man-tobacco the closer you pal-up to it. *Because, quality will tell its tale!* And, the quality flavor, fragrance, coolness that Prince Albert passes up and down the smokeline certainly gives you a chance to let out a few more links than you ever loosened up before!

Set it down, right in the midst of this chin-chin, that *quality tobacco* made by *our exclusive patented process*—cutting out bite and parch for the tenderest tongue—hands men a smoke that has all the tobacco-high-spots welded-into-one! We tell you Prince Albert will answer any smokedemand you or any other man can put up to it!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

didn't hit your little old corner of the U. S. A. until it had been proved what you and *what men all over the civilized world find it to be*—tobacco that meets all tastes and tastes better the longer you smoke it!

Your *big* sportday is due exactly when you listen to the say-so of your smokeappetite and do some P. A. puffing! For, then you'll feel like a cool-million-in-cash and you'll swing-a-smoke-song into the atmosphere fit to win you fame in the Prince Albert-glad-chorus!

You'll get enthusiastic, too! For, every time you set-to-going-some with P. A. you have such a swad of pleasure you'll want to take your pen in hand to tell a whole lot more men just what joy you've shifted into your system!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, in tidy red tins, in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that classy, practical crystal-glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright 1917 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

BONUSES FOR BRAINS

(Continued from Page 20)

seemed to show to a part of the public that the "right" man can be found for the place at a less wage. One of the big life-insurance companies reduced the salary of its president from one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to sixty thousand dollars, where it now stands; and two others dropped from one hundred thousand dollars each to seventy-five thousand and sixty thousand dollars. Yet all these companies appear to be better managed than before. About six years ago the United States Steel Corporation changed presidents and took the occasion to lower the salary of that personage from one hundred thousand dollars a year to fifty thousand. Whether it has since been raised is not known, but no one has ever questioned the ability of the new incumbent.

Dizzy Remuneration

Numerous incidents would incline the more pessimistic to believe that huge salaries are nothing more than a mushroom outgrowth of the consolidation craze of 1901, a part of the reckless mood of the time. When the four capitalists who had promoted the tin-plate trust, the match trust and other big combinations turned their attentions in 1901 to the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway and bought control of that property, one of their first acts was to search for the best railroad executive they could find, salary "no object." To the man whom they chose they offered a contract for something like seventy-five thousand dollars a year for five years and a bonus of about five hundred thousand dollars. Nothing like such a salary, except that of Charles M. Schwab, as president of the United States Steel Corporation, had ever been heard of.

Despite this dizzy remuneration the man selected did not stay with the Rock Island long. Yet the practice of paying huge salaries to high officers continued. It is said that a certain man on a rival road was wanted to head the traffic department. He was getting ten thousand dollars a year and the Rock Island offered him twenty thousand, which his employer met. Rock Island countered with twenty-five thousand, which was also met. The Rock Island then made an offer of thirty thousand, with a fat bonus besides if a contract was signed in five minutes. It was signed. And all this generosity in salaries did not keep the company out of receivership.

"A salary of ten thousand or twelve thousand dollars is enough for any man," was the reply made by one of the keenest students of modern affairs to my question whether the enormous rewards of the present day are necessary.

"These very large salaries are part of the machinery of superstition of big business. If the president of a company gets a whacking big salary it makes the stockholders think the company must be successful. It personifies success. It gives the impression of being able to command extraordinary ability, which is necessary to keep the stockholders in line.

"Of course there are cases where apparent extravagance may mean economy. Great size justifies doing unusual things, but there must be some form of actual saving to justify the unusual payment."

"High salaries are fixed by boards of directors who are anxious that their corporations be efficiently managed" is the way the president of a famous business college outlined the subject to a group of young men a short time ago. "Friendship, favoritism, nepotism, politics, graft—things of this sort play no part whatever in the fixing of high salaries."

This statement is in the main true, but is rather far as yet from being universally so. Indeed I fear this college president with his cheery views would have spoken with less assurance if he had attended a meeting of stockholders of a big manufacturing company several years ago. It appeared that the president had drawn a salary of thirty-five thousand dollars and four vice-presidents had received twenty-five thousand dollars each, an increase for the year of all five of sixty thousand dollars. But the deficit "applicable to dividends" on the preferred stock was just about seven hundred thousand dollars! Perhaps the fact that most of the preferred stock was held by investors in Holland and very little by the officers themselves threw some light on the curious relation between salaries and profits.

Then there was another stockholders' meeting of a still larger company. Seven officers and directors, most of them vice-presidents, drew salaries of thirty thousand dollars each. There had been years when the president received only thirty thousand dollars and others when his pay was forty thousand dollars. Despite a great volume of business the profits of this company had not been large, and out of nearly four hundred thousand shares of stock the president and vice-presidents and other directors were shown on the list to own less than ten thousand. The size of the salaries was not mere rumor. They had just been admitted by an officer of the company in reply to angry questions from stockholders.

"We have no objection to paying salaries of thirty or forty or even sixty thousand dollars, if profits are being reported," declared a stockholder who jumped to his feet at the first opportunity. "But your own statement that shows we are doing a losing business does not indicate that we have many men of thirty-thousand-dollar caliber on the board of directors."

Salary Paid in Flowers

Still another corporation whose profits continued discouragingly small for a long period of years had one officer who in addition to a salary of thirty-five thousand dollars enjoyed a so-called expense account that included generous items for cut flowers, phonograph records and silver. Owing to the vigilance of an aroused stockholder this particular gentleman was later forced to seek pastures new.

No greater mistake could be made than to suppose that big salaries are in the main a form of graft or an idiotic expression of megalomania. I have purposely emphasized the questionable features to bring out more clearly if possible the real justification for such rewards. The exceptions help to prove the rule. It is no more to be supposed that large salaries are commonly due to graft than that the majority of corporation directors abuse their trust.

The confidence imposed in directors has often been abused. Yet if it had everywhere and always been dishonored the whole system of corporation management would long ago have broken down. In the great majority of cases directors have been honest and sincere in promoting the interests of the stockholders. In just the same way the majority of highly paid corporation officers have been not only honest and sincere but zealous in trying to earn their munificent pay.

In the long run the tendency is to pay all workers according to their power of production; or, in plain English, men are paid according to their earnings. Widely advertised reductions in big salaries such as those following the life-insurance scandals of 1905 and the drop in the salary of the president of the United States Steel Corporation are not only infrequent—they are sporadic and spasmodic. Often advertised reductions are followed later by unadvertised increases. There have been hundreds of cases of increases in the biggest salaries that have never come to public attention.

When Big Salaries are Scandals

The unvarnished, unromantic truth is that no one objects to fabulous salaries provided the recipients "make good," which means to make profits for the stockholders. Has even the yellowest of yellow journals ever shown the slightest curiosity as to the size of John D. Rockefeller's salary? E. H. Harriman was severely criticized because he paid himself a big salary as chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors of a small railroad whose profits were slim, but no one ever asked what salary he received in the same position with the Union Pacific because his abilities made it possible for stockholders of the latter company to wallow in dividends. Big salaries are a scandal only when they fail to achieve results.

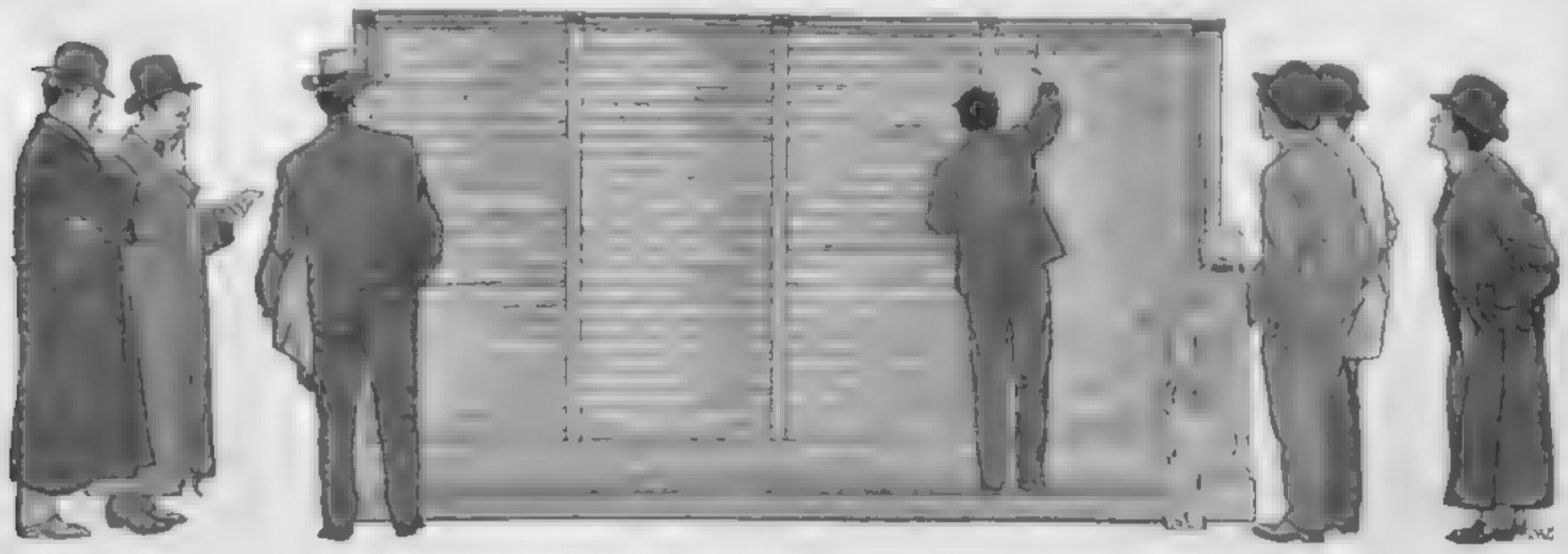
Few of the heads of great corporations owe their enormous pay to wealth or influence. All the presidents of the United States Steel Corporation were born poor. It is literally true that the greatest business prizes in this country are open to all. It is true of practically all the railroads, of most of the banks and of very large numbers of the giant industrial companies. Of course there are a number of "close" corporations whose presidents are sons or grandsons of the founders, but there are as many or more companies where blood has no influence and brains are the sole entrée.

Presidencies and vice-presidencies change too often to permit the general free play of graft, nepotism and favoritism in the fixing of salaries. In 1913 seventeen of the twenty largest railroads had changed presidents in ten years, and of the largest industrial companies only five had the same presidents in 1913 that they had in 1905.

Big salaries are often defended on the ground that men of the caliber needed to manage extensive enterprises could earn just as much or more in business for themselves. This idea has been advanced frequently by directors of banks, trust companies and manufacturing concerns hard put to it to find a president. The director of a number of companies who had almost despaired of filling several vacant positions said:

"The right men don't want the positions, and I don't blame them. Not only can they earn more in business for themselves but they have a natural disinclination to work for others who reap the rewards of their skill and industry."

With all due respect for the opinions of successful and wealthy men I think this explanation is an exploded idea. Many able men can't go into business for themselves because they haven't the necessary



The Florsheim Shoe

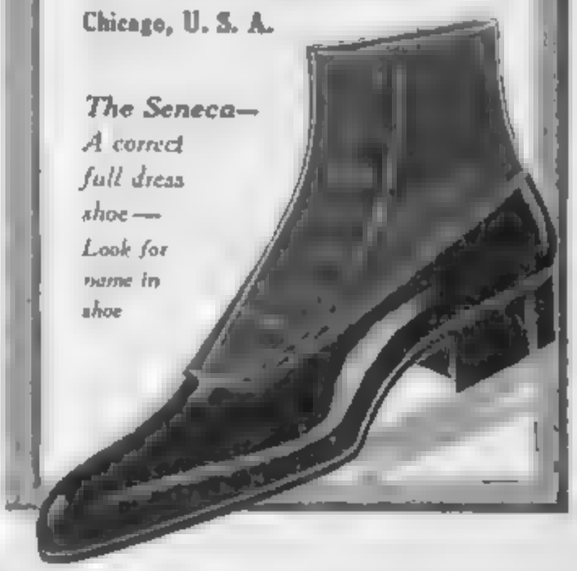
FLORSHEIM is the name that identifies shoes of superior quality; a mark that appears only on footwear of the highest standard of materials, fit and style.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Seneca—A correct full dress shoe—Look for name in shoe



Salt Mackerel
CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.**, by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY**, with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH**, choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT**, sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME**. We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters [illegible] are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS**. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a reliable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

We [illegible] and **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

Frank E. Davis Co.
272 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.
Name
Street
City

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
272 Central Wharf
Gloucester Mass.

Old John Graham

OLD John Graham, whose Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son are remembered and read wherever the English and half a dozen other languages are spoken, is still alive, sound and spry at seventy. The antics of various critters, including his favorite animal, the great American hog, now selling at twenty cents on the hoof, a figure beyond his wildest guess, have so stirred his imagination that he is taking pen in hand again.

He will write a new series, embodying his philosophy of men and other animals, that no farmer or business man can afford to miss. Along about hog-killing time the first of this series will appear exclusively in *The Country Gentleman*.

ZANE GREY
Author of WILDFIRE

has written another great serial for *The Country Gentleman*. The Forest Man is unlike any of the famous outdoor and frontier life stories that have come from Mr. Grey's pen. It is a story of action, love and unusual incident, of a man who dwelt alone in an inaccessible forest glade with a happy family of wild animals.

America is just beginning to understand that farming is its first interest and its first and greatest business—the one which touches every man, woman and child vitally. No other publication covers the farm field so broadly and so practically as *The Country Gentleman*. This winter it will be bigger in size, broader in scope, more intensely interesting and of more vital importance than ever before. Its special correspondents will cover Europe and the United States. Your fortunes and your well-being, the ups and downs of your business, whether it be banking, steel or retailing, are absolutely dependent on the farm. No matter what other publications and periodicals and magazines you may take at the office or at your home, *The Country Gentleman* is the one of first importance to you. It is the great staple, the wheat of the periodical world.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

5 cents the copy

$1.00 the year by subscription

capital. Besides, the attractiveness of merely salaried positions is increasing far too rapidly, not only in remuneration but in public standing and responsibility, for any man, no matter how great his ability and ambition, to sniff at it.

"Why is it necessary to pay big salaries?" repeated a railroad man to whom I put the question. "I can speak for the railroads only. They pay their presidents and vice-presidents not to come down to the office and work but to use judgment. The president of one company canceled an order for fifteen thousand freight cars in 1906. Soon afterward there were ninety thousand idle freight cars. Now if that man had not had good judgment there would have been one hundred and five thousand idle cars. Another railroad president bought cars at the beginning of the war, when the car-building companies were begging for orders at any price and the bottom appeared ready to drop out of everything. That order saved the company one million dollars. No salary is too huge if it prevents errors of judgment."

Attention is often riveted upon the fiascoes, failures and scandals of big business. But consider its everyday normal routine. It is a continual process of shaping and reshaping the business of each corporation to its particular policy. Shifting fashions and changing demands must be prepared for not too rashly or too cautiously. All the processes of business take time. Labor and materials once set at work cannot be recalled, and yet they must daily be set working. Then, too, the question is always rising whether operations should be restricted or enlarged.

Why He Wanted a Raise

As a business grows the factors to be grasped to make it successful become more and more complex and also more distant and hazy. They involve outside public opinion and ethical-legal-political considerations that do not bother the small concern. Thus the difference between loss and gain depends more heavily upon the judgment of the executive. Judgment must be passed upon expenses often running into the hundreds of millions, upon wages and labor conditions, upon new financing, upon the organization of various departments and the choice at least of the heads of departments. Finally the executive is held ultimately responsible for the success of the whole intricate undertaking. Is it any wonder that such a man becomes a personality who must be well paid? Indeed this necessity is commonly taken for granted as a mere matter of course. Listen to the defense made by a fire commissioner in one of our large cities of his request for an increase in salary from seven thousand five hundred dollars to fifteen thousand dollars:

"What would J. P. Morgan say," he explained, "of a man who presented a scheme to him for protecting the lives and property of a city with seven billion dollars' worth of real estate and offered to do it for seven thousand five hundred dollars a year? Likely he would say: 'Look with suspicion upon any man who offers to do it for less than fifty thousand dollars a year.'"

Indeed it is a serious question whether any salary is big enough to repay a man for the expenditure of strength and vitality involved in a high corporate position. The man who heads most of the street railways, all the elevated roads and most of the subways in New York City was on the witness stand. The fact had come out that he received a fancy salary, but he replied that no salary was too big in return for handling several million passengers a day.

"God has given me a wonderful frame and constitution," he added, "and a disposition to work like a horse."

Many of the largest salaries are paid to men only as a last resort. I mean that when a corporation is doing poorly or has proved a failure directors naturally seek the ablest man they can find and are willing to pay him "anything," simply because they have no other method of attracting him. Indeed good men can be commanded in a well-running organization at moderate salaries, but when a company falls into difficulties unusual rewards are needed to bring out the highest talent.

Numberless incidents can be related of new executives employed at higher salaries in an effort to restore lost prosperity, and there is no doubt that in many cases such tactics succeed. A large concern engaged in handling certain food products had not been especially successful, until a few years ago when it was reorganized under a new name and with a new president. Other officers of the company frankly admitted that this man, an expert in his line, would receive one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. That he had insisted upon having absolute sway over all the affairs of the company became apparent at once to the most casual observer. Within a few years earnings improved, the securities no longer hung among the lowly, but boomed on the stock exchange, and large dividends were paid. Who can say that this man did not earn his one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars?

Opponents of Big Salaries

Those who are opposed to big salaries point triumphantly to the fact that the largest salary paid in what is perhaps the most successful coöperative factory in the world, the Carl Zeiss glassworks in Germany, is five thousand dollars. Likewise, the manager of the most conspicuously successful farmers' coöperative enterprise in this country receives twelve thousand dollars a year. At least these were the figures before the war, and they were not far apart in purchasing power, considering the difference in standards of living in the two countries.

Another significant fact pointing in the same direction is the reduction in salaries that usually takes place when a man who has been president of a railroad becomes receiver for the same property. In one such case a reduction from forty thousand dollars to eighteen thousand dollars a year took place. When a concern is coöperative, when it is under the protection of a court or when it is a function of government, big salaries cease to be necessary.

A coöperative or governmental enterprise stands in a position wholly different from a private enterprise run for profit. The management is not on its own, so to speak. It has outside support and backing. No doubt a high order of ability is required to manage the Zeiss glassworks or the various associations in the Far West, but every employee or member is working just as hard for success as the manager himself. Everything they have is at stake. There is none of that indifference which characterizes far too many employees and even officers of the big corporations whose stock is owned by outsiders. The executive of the latter type of enterprise must protect its owners with a far more aggressive sort of alertness, and he must be paid more to do it.

Curiously enough the soundest and most constructive criticism of big salaries has come from the man who is reputed both to have received and paid the largest ones on record—Charles M. Schwab. Mr. Schwab recently stated that he did not believe any man should ever receive a salary of more than twelve thousand dollars, and he has said that the largest he ever received from Andrew Carnegie was twelve thousand dollars. What Schwab means is that when a man is worth more than twelve thousand dollars a year he should be a stockholder and receive a share in the profits, and a bonus besides if business is very good.

The Pay of Scientists

A man who is worth more than the figure Mr. Schwab names is a man who, for the sake of the business, should be made one of its proprietors. In practice this is often done, and it is a practice that should spread. Though Schwab received only twelve thousand dollars salary from Carnegie his share in the profits in his last year with the Carnegie Steel Company was nearly one million dollars, and when the United States Steel Corporation was formed J. P. Morgan offered Schwab a salary of one million dollars a year to be its president. But the young man preferred to accept a percentage of the profits, so that in reality he never received a million-dollar salary.

Now we see the real evil of big salaries. It is not in most cases the amount that is paid, for most of the great rewards are fully earned. It is the wrong method of payment, the misuse of the whole salary idea. Where exceptional scientific or technical ability is employed by corporations, unusual salaries, using that word in its strictest and proper sense, are justified. If Thomas A. Edison worked for a salary instead of for himself no one would question his right to any figure that might be named. John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, was employed by the Guggenheims at a figure reported all the way from one hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand a year, and no one questioned its fairness. The same would be true of the undoubtedly high salaries paid to an engineer like Yeatman, also of the Guggenheim staff, and to a scientist like Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company.

But as for the business man, the executive, manager, promoter, financier, organizer—for that type of worker, it might as well be frankly admitted that one of the ugliest features of our industrial life will not be done away with until highly paid business executives are compelled to become large shareholders in the companies from which they receive large salaries. If there is a more cynical and sordid spectacle than a railroad president receiving a salary of say sixty thousand dollars a year or a manufacturing-company president receiving forty thousand dollars a year and owning only enough stock to qualify him legally as a director, I have yet to see it.

It used to be said that really first-class men did not work for salaries, because they were the men who paid them. Those were the great founders of business enterprises, men who took their reward in the dividends and market appreciation that came from their great stock holdings.

James J. Hill did not bother much about salaries for himself, though he paid them, first and last, to a score of railroad presidents. But with the widespread ownership of corporations not many men can fill such a lordly rôle to-day.

Our high-salaried business men, however, should be willing to invest a large share of their pay in the stock of the companies they work for.

If they do not become more generally willing to do so it may be necessary to make such investment an obligatory business custom in order to do away with one of the worst abuses we have.

CAMOUFLAGE

(Concluded from Page 15)

and passed on from one set of occupants to another with each change of personnel, there is usually a water-color drawing of the opposing trenches and the landscape behind them, as they appear to the observers. These drawings resemble somewhat an architect's front elevation on an extended scale.

Now once it happened that the French wanted to make a rapid military movement, a shifting of guns, transports and troops along a road just behind the first-line trenches and in plain view of the Germans.

The camoufleurs went to work; then the French, having disposed of hostile aëroplanes for the day, moved their troops in peace. There was no use for this scenery elsewhere; so the camoufleurs left it. For weeks, this being a quiet sector, the French used the road in a manner carefree and exultant, until the shells of a chance German bombardment hit the scenery and revealed the trick. Both sides have employed variants on this device; I imagine that, with most of the theaters closed, Europe is painting more scenery than ever before.

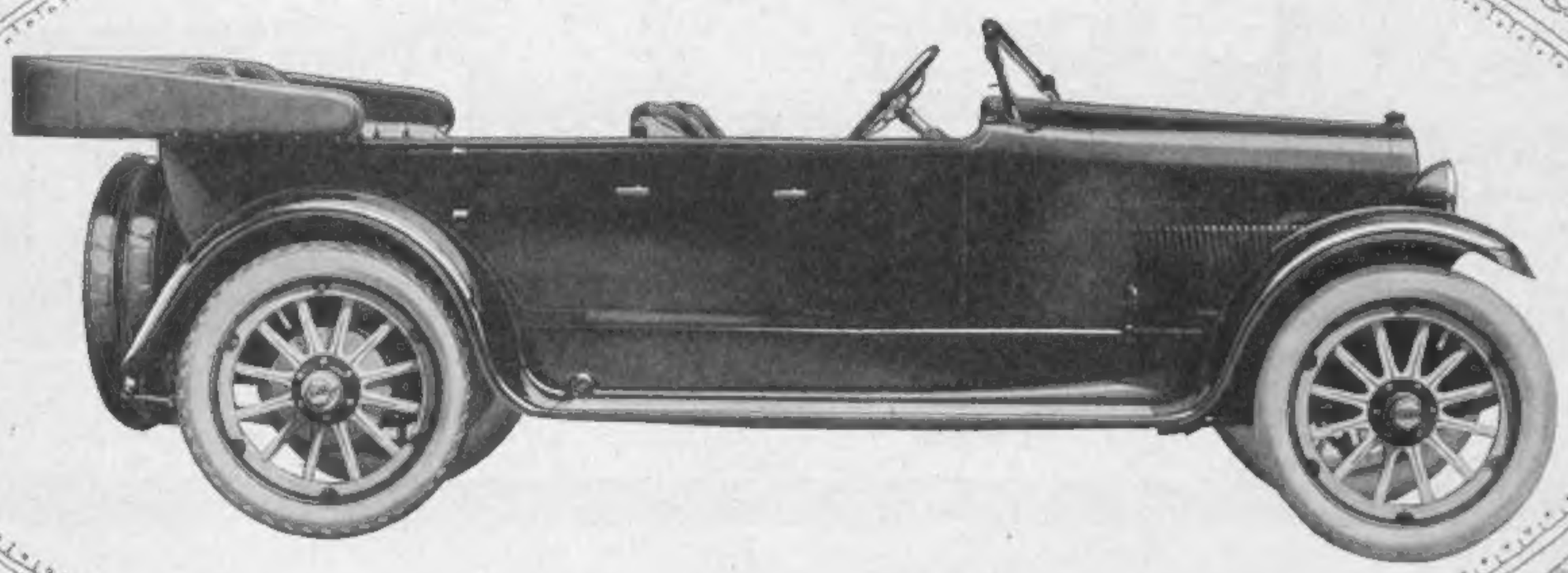
Finally the aëroplane, first cause of all this trickery, has borrowed defensive methods from its enemies and is itself taking to camouflage. Most aëroplanes are painted a silvery white, an excellent general color to render them invisible against the silvery blue of the upper atmosphere or the silvery gray of mists. But, viewed from above, this color shows up plainly against the strong brown, blue, yellow and green of the earth.

Early this summer, Allied airmen began to encounter German planes "painted like harlequins and spotted like circus ponies," said a French aviator. One would have a blue wing and a yellow wing, with a green body; one would be polka-dotted. But always the colors met in wavy uncertain lines, and always they were blended where they joined.

All this was on the upper surface; the lower was still silvery white, except the black Maltese cross, which marked their nationality. So, seen from above, they blended uncertainly with the landscape, and from below, with the sky.

The camoufleurs, first taking notes, from the air, on the prevailing colors of the country over which they must travel, had been at work.

CASE SIX



THE CAR *YOU'D* BUILD IS THIS NEW CASE SIX

WERE you an automobile engineer, you'd combine in one car the excellences of the many. You would pick and choose.

That is what Case engineers and designers have done in building the new 1918 Case Six, their latest and best model. They have searched all Motordom for those proven features which meet the exacting demands of Case standards. The picture above gives an idea of the beauty of the car. The specifications below itemize its superiorities.

Note how we have selected only the best to build into this car. Such an array is seldom seen in a single car. All are specially made to meet Case design and construction. For 76 years Case has stood foremost in the mechanical world.

Now twenty-four great companies unite with Case, contributing their experience and master products to this Case Six.

Were you building a car, you would want the fuel economy of the Case Six. You'd want its speed and beauty, its roominess and comfort, its many refinements. You'd want its responsive "pickup" and dependability.

And for all of this, you would have to pay much more than we ask. Only a great institution like this can build and distribute with a minimum profit.

No wordiness is needed to win appreciation for this Case Six. To know its features is convincing. To see it and ride in it is conclusive. An illustrated folder will be sent upon request, including directions as to where you may inspect the new Case Six.

DEALERS: A limited number of keen business men may obtain this Case Six for their patrons. Perhaps you may arrange to participate with us. If you will write we will gladly tell you.

COMPARE—THEN YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

MOTOR—Case Continental-Six—3¼"x5¼" Cylinders in block.
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT—Westinghouse. Separate Units. Starting Motor and Generator of abundant capacity. Willard 90-hour Storage Battery.
SWITCH—Combination—for Ignition and Lighting on Steering Column—Key locked.
WIRING—Protected by flexible conduit throughout.
CARBURETOR—Rayfield—Special.
FUEL FEED—Stewart Vacuum System—18-gal. tank in rear—Porcelain Dial Gas Gauge.
RADIATOR—Special Case made—Pump Circulation.
CLUTCH—Borg & Beck, with 10" Single Adjustable dry disc.
TRANSMISSION—Grant Lees with S. K. F. double row bearings.—Nickel Steel Gears and Shafts.—Controls are convenient for your right hand.
AXLE—FRONT—Columbia—two Bock bearings in each wheel. Ball Bearing Chrome Nickel Steering Knuckles.
AXLE—REAR—Columbia—¾ Floating—Ratio 4 5-11 to 1. Bock bearings throughout, two each in wheels, differential; and pinion shafts. Helical Gears and Pinion shaft are nickel steel—Drive shafts are 1⅜" Diam. Chrome Vanadium.
FRAME—6" channel extra deep section—Specially designed for Full Hotchkiss Drive.
BRAKES—Extra large Drums, 15"x2"—Service—External. Emergency—Internal.
UNIVERSAL JOINTS—Two—dust proof, with tubular propeller shaft.
SPRINGS—Semi-Elliptic, long and wide—Front 2"x40", Rear 2¼"x56½"—Alloy main plates with rebound top plates—anti-squeak bronze bushings in all spring eyes.
STEERING GEAR—Jacox. Easy action—with 18" corrugated wheel.
WHEELBASE—125".
WEIGHT—Under 3,200 pounds.
TIRES—35"x4½" Goodyear. SAE Carrying Capacity 4,400 pounds.
RIMS—Stanweld.
SPEEDOMETER—Stewart-Warner driven from Transmission—Drive Gears enclosed.
POWER TIRE PUMP—Kellogg—located on Transmission—Drive gears enclosed.
HORN—Klaxon.
BODY—Of superior quality—splendidly designed and comfortably proportioned. Mahogany panelling in cowl board and in rear of front seats. The dash and two tonneau lights are conveniently arranged. The Extra Seats disappear in the backs of the divided front seats, and are dust proof.
CUSHION SPRINGS—Cushion and back construction are Marshall type—soft, deep and upholstered over china cotton with genuine leather. The details of body finish are most carefully worked out.
WINDSHIELD—Set at a conservative rake—folding type—Ventilating—rain vision.
TOP—Courtland one man type. The deck is of double texture material. Whipcord lined. The curtains fold into the deck or open with the doors.
HEADLIGHTS—Double Bulb and vertically adjustable to eliminate glare.
TIRE CARRIERS—Provide for one or two spare tires or one wire wheel.

The FAMILY model—for five or seven people—color, Dark Blue. The FOUR DOOR SPORT model—for four people—color, Periscope Green. The ALL SEASONS model—Springfield Type—color, Dark Blue

The J·I·CASE T·M·CO · INC · *Founded 1842* 159 LIBERTY ST · RACINE, WIS ·

HOW do you know
it's apple season?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the appealing *Fragrance* of ripened fruit. Nature labels her most particular products with *pure fragrance*—to guide you to her best. Sight, sound, taste, touch, often deceive—pure fragrance *never.* Depend upon it. Trust it—"Your Nose Knows." The *pure fragrance* of a fine tobacco is Nature's infallible guarantee of smoke satisfaction—a guarantee to *you* personally, and—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a guarantee you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Blue Grass sunshine and the soil of old Kentucky give the blended Burley leaves of Tuxedo that rich, *pure fragrance* which is so appealing, so satisfying. There is no fragrance like it—"Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

For sale by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

Look for the Name "Congoleum"

Every piece of genuine Congoleum has the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back for your protection. To avoid inferior substitutes, be sure to look for the name "Congoleum" when you buy.

Are Sanitary and Economical

LOOK at the two illustrations at the bottom of this page. Note what a simple task it is to clean a Congoleum Rug. A few strokes with a damp mop keeps your floors bright, clean, and *positively sanitary*.

Is it any wonder thousands of housekeepers have banished the dust and dirt and the back-breaking work of cleaning cheap woven rugs, for the modern and sanitary Congoleum way?

SEND FOR FREE RUG COLOR CHART

Don't fail to send for our handsome Rug Chart showing the complete line and telling the whole story. You can then make your selection from the entire list of patterns. Do it today before you forget it.

"No more dusty beating for me."

Lie Flat Without Fastening

Congoleum Rugs never "kick-up" at the edges and lie flat on the floor without any fastening whatever, preventing all dirt from getting underneath.

Beauty—Durability—Low Price

Congoleum Rugs are made in a great variety of sizes, colors and patterns, offering suitable designs for every room in the house. Wherever you can use a moderate-priced rug, Congoleum Rugs will give the utmost satisfaction. They beautify your home, save you money and make housekeeping easy. Sold at prices within the reach of every one.

Congoleum Art-Rugs

Congoleum Art-Rugs are our foremost line, with patterns of exceptional beauty and wonderful colorings like those found only in expensive woven rugs. We know they will appeal to you at sight. If you want the greatest rug value in America, be sure to buy Congoleum Art-Rugs. Made in five sizes and various designs as follows:

6 feet x 9 feet, $6.25	9 feet x 9 feet, $9.50
7½ feet x 9 feet, 8.00	9 feet x 10½ feet, 11.25

9 feet x 12 feet, $12.50

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

The Utility-Rugs are lower in price because fewer colors are used, but they have all the famous Congoleum characteristics and are unsurpassed by any low-priced rugs on the market.

3 ft. x 4½ ft., $1.28 each	4½ ft. x 4½ ft., $1.92 each
3 ft. x 6 ft., 1.70 each	6 ft. x 6 ft., 3.40 each

Congoleum Rug-Borders

For the borders of a room outside of a large center-rug, Congoleum Rug-Borders, or "Rug Surrounds," give the effect of a genuine hardwood floor at a fraction of the cost. Much less expensive and superior to staining and painting. Made in 36- and 24-inch widths at 60c and 45c per yard respectively. Your dealer will sell you any length required.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

Guaranteed to outwear printed linoleum under equal wearing conditions.

Waterproof, sanitary and requires no fastening to the floor. Many attractive designs, all in the very best taste. In rolls 72 inches wide at 60c per square yard.

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher

All prices subject to change without notice

The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 308. The 9 x 12 foot size retails for $12.50

Handsome Rug Chart free upon request

The old way. Unsanitary, out of date and wearisome.

Seventy Year Plate

1847

1917

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

Tipped Pattern

Heraldic Pattern

The appearance of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverware, as shown in the "Tipped Pattern" of seventy years ago, is as different from the present-day styles as the military figure of the Mexican War soldier is different from the khaki-clad fighter of 1917. But the quality of 1847 ROGERS BROS.—the silverplate that has proved itself by a seventy year test—is as sturdy as the spirit of Americanism that fires the heart today.

Teaspoons, $6.00 a dozen. Other pieces in proportion
Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalog "J-90"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling and Silver Plate

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO Canadian Branch, MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Ltd., HAMILTON